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THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

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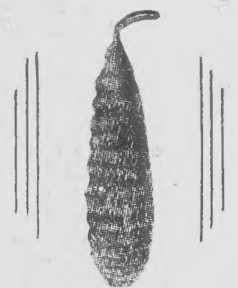
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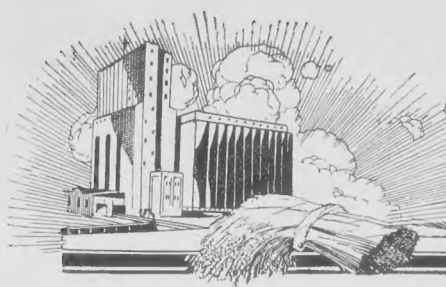
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EDITORIAL



Fiction

IT is not easy for a magazine to choose its fiction. It must think of its readers—their desires and their needs. The Atlantic Monthly will not print the stories that appear in Saturday Evening Post. This is not saying that one paper is better than the other. It is but recognizing the fact that the readers in one case differ essentially from the readers in the other. Each magazine must judge for itself what it is wise to publish. In so far as the Western Home Monthly is concerned, there are a few principles that guide selection. It is not always possible to observe these, but a statement may assist some contributors in understanding why their efforts have not always met with success.

In the first place fiction must be fiction. Last night the fiction editor read what was intended to be a story. It was a sermon. It reminded one of that story of Coleridge. Speaking to his friend one evening on the matter of preaching, he suddenly asked "Have you ever heard me preach?" to which his friend replied, "I have never heard you do anything else." Now fiction may have its moral lessons to impart, but the prime aim is to present attractive pictures. One must above everything else be interested in the characters, incidents, scenes and movements of the story. The moral effect should be incidental. The moral, if any, should be inwoven into the story.

In the next place fiction must be true—not that the names have to be real and the happenings strictly according to fact. There must, however, be consistency. A king of Egypt will not wear a Waterbury watch. A Norman baron will not use a telephone, nor will a young girl in an Alberta homestead have the characteristics of a New York flapper, or a movie actress. This criterion of truth must apply to conversation, manner, environment, dress, age and everything that has significance. Above all must a character be true to himself. It is this consistency in delineation of character that has made Shakespeare, Scott and Dickens so great. Micawber is always Micawber. Hamlet, even in his change of moods, is always Hamlet. There is not a single slip in the characterization of the actors in "The Tale of Two Cities." Many stories that reach newspaper offices are seriously lacking in this quality of truth. In this connection we cannot do better than print a criticism that has recently reached us. It refers to a story that has a pretty wide circulation, but our readers must, for obvious reasons, supply the name. The critic is Mr. Geo. H. Hambley, B.A., and part of his criticism is as follows: "In the first place we feel that (the heroine) is not a Winnipeg girl. Her language, thoughts and actions savour so strongly of Broadway and Fifth Avenue that we feel she certainly must be imported. She might alter her paces to suit Hollywood with very little difficulty, but it is easily seen that she is only the flippant cousin of Miss Winnipeg. . . . The story of (the heroine) would fit in admirably with "Snappy Stories," "True Story," with "Naughty Tales," "Red Book" and such magazines of the south. In such publications as the "Canadian Bookman," "The Canadian Magazine," "Maclean's" and our "Western Home Monthly," she would be very uncomfortable. She goes too fast. Life is too short for her. She must eat, drink, and dance and there is no to-morrow."

Next, stories should be morally sound. It used to be that half the stories received at this office were of the kind that would find favor in the movies. Marital infidelity was the pivot around which the whole plot revolved. A Canadian magazine can have nothing to do with such stories. They are a menace to society, and they are loathsome to the pure-minded, and so they must go into the discard. There are other forms of immorality, such as murder and robbery that writers can write at and condone, but none of these is so serious as this sin which strikes at constancy in the home. A blow at the homes is a blow at civilization.

Another characteristic of suitable fiction is that it must be readable. It must possess some charm of expression. Here, of course, is where variety may be permitted. One set of readers will not use the same standard as another. One man tolerates slang and colloquialism, another dislikes everything that is not chaste and refined. Whatever latitude is permitted to writers, they should at least be fairly grammatical, should spell correctly and should have some regard for rules of punctuation. All these are minor points, of course, but they cannot be disregarded.

Perhaps that which decides between two stories is this. One is prosaic, the other gives a thrill. One is straight narration the other calls upon the reader to add to the narrative by an exercise of the imagination. One makes the reader love the characters and live with

them, the other awakens no response beyond wonder that the story should even have been written.

It is not true that the best stories are concerned with the strange, the exceptional, the marvellous. Those are best which describe the real, even if it is simple and commonplace. The trials of the farmer's wife, the temptations of the man on the road, the ambitions of the lonely youth in the country, the fun of the small boy with his dog, the experiences of the hunter in the lone land, the unforseen adventures of a blunderer—any and all of these are not very suggestive as topics, but they have all been treated worthily by contributors whose manuscripts came to hand yesterday. And not one of these ended with "And their lips met." Something was left for the imagination of the reader.

One of the most admirable things in the writings that solicit scrutiny, is the emphasis which is placed on things worth while—mother love, loyalty of wives to their husbands, filial piety, ambition to serve, unselfishness in its many forms, the transforming power of sweetness and purity.

It is a matter of pride that so much talent is being developed in Western Canada. There is a great field here if one takes into account, history, adventure, travel, the happenings of daily life, the interweaving of the races, the difficulties of settlement, the hardships of settlers, the beauties of the streams and mountains, the wealth of the forests and the plains. As a matter of fact, there has been nothing written yet, except a few sketches. "The Sky Pilot," was the first and best of its kind. There are a hundred other topics just as interesting and just as worthy of treatment. Let no one be discouraged.

Raised In Incorruption

~~~~~ BY ~~~~~

Frederica Edmunds

Greetings for the season  
Earth pushes from their slumber;  
With and without reason  
Mingles all their number.

Blood-root, virgin lilies,  
Hepaticas she musters,  
Arbutus and the daffy-dillys,  
Star-of-Bethlehem clusters.

Violets, so faintly scented,  
Columbine, the slender,  
Meekly supplemented  
By the wind-flower tender.

These she offers in their glory,  
Frees them all from prison,  
Just to tell the glad old story  
That the Lord is risen!

## The Microbe

BACTERIA are so small that fifteen million million of them would scarcely balance an ounce weight. Some of them kill us but the great majority aid us. The bad name usually given to them arises from the fact that a comparatively small group act in opposition to man's welfare. Bacteria grow by parturition or division. A newly-born specimen will under favorable conditions be ready to sub-divide in fifteen minutes. It is easy to work out the increase in twenty-four hours. Bacteria themselves do not harm us. They create poisons in our systems. These are called toxins. Our systems prepare their own anti-toxins. If a man is healthy probably he will win out in the fight. If not the toxins will kill him, unless he introduced into his system artificially an additional supply of anti-toxin. Ordinarily we are not aware of the presence in our bodies of bacteria, but they are always there. If the skin is broken they often enter and begin to breed. The throat is a fine breeding ground for bacteria. Beware those who have colds and tuberculosis. They are constantly emitting germs.

## How the World Wags

IT IS interesting to note world conditions at the present time. Beginning at home it is noteworthy that politically the Liberal Government has gained nothing during the past year. Two of its mainstays are gone, Fielding is ill, and Gouin has retired. It is reported that Mr. King has made overtures to the Progressives, but if so there has been no favorable response. The Conservatives under Meighan are making a party fight on old lines. Outside of politics there have been happenings of importance. The West is picking up. The farmers who went to the United States are beginning to return.

In the United States the outstanding event has been the death of Woodrow Wilson. A good and great man—that is the verdict today and it will be the verdict of history. Next in importance to Wilson's death was the disclosure of the Teapot Dome transaction. One might think from the expressions in the American papers that there never before was anything corrupt in national politics. And even now one is not certain how much wrong there is in the transactions. The general election is close at hand.

In Great Britain the new Labor Government is getting down to business. It has more trouble with extremists in the Labor party than with the Liberals and Conservatives. In international affairs Britain under Macdonald is quite as impressive as Britain under the old line parties.

Ireland is again in for trouble. There is disruption in the republican party that might end in serious outbreaks.

In South Africa there is a strong anti-Asiatic movement, with a suggestion that there should be segregated areas for the non-white population.

In Australia and New Zealand there is the keenest desire that the Singapore base should be maintained by Britain. The cry is "Let Great Britain stay by the Empire, even if it has to ignore Europe." An interesting experiment is being tried in New Zealand. The manufacture, importation and distribution of alcoholic liquors is vested in a corporation to which all manufacturers and dealers are obliged to sell their business. The Government has an interest, and strong representation on the Board of Directors, and surpluses are applied to State purposes.

In India there is relief because of the action of the Turks in deposing the Caliph. The effect will be to make the Moslems of India more friendly to British rule.

In France, the Premier is having no little trouble with the Deputies. The Committee of Experts on Reparations by its last decisions is evidently going to make it easier for Poincare to carry out his policies. In the meantime the value of the franc is lessening daily. There is unrest in other nations because of the determination of France to keep up a standing army of 370,000 men and an air force of 132 squadrons of 8 machines each.

In Germany there is outwardly neither peace nor prosperity. Yet the Committee on Reparations have shown that the country has wealth so that she can pay reparations by degrees. But she will never do this unless pressure is brought upon her by some force such as the concentration of troops in the Ruhr district.

In Italy the events of importance have been the settlement of the Fiume difficulty, and the conclusion of a treaty with Jugo Slavia. There has also been an approach to a friendly understanding with Greece.

In Czecho-Slovakia the alliance with France is the outstanding event. Great Britain is naturally suspicious of French alliances, but there seems to be no military alliance in this case.

In Greece the die has been cast in favor of a republic. The exiled King George and Queen Elizabeth are now in Naples.

Russia has buried Lenin, and the world is awaiting developments. The best informed Russian says of Lenin "All evidences indicate that his death will accelerate an already inevitable debacle. Ninety-five per cent of the Russian population hates the present government more than it hated the old regime. It has spent all the national wealth, all private and church wealth. More than half the Bolshevik machine is composed of old Czarist bureaucrats. The "Red" Army is really "white" in its sympathies. The Communist party is divided not into two, but into many sections. Lenin was the only man who had a certain popularity among the Russian people. This was due to some extent to his Russian origin. The other great leaders are non-Russian, viz: Stalin, Dzerzhinsky, Trotsky, Kamenev, Zinoviev, Rudek and Litvinov.



# The Golden Trumpets

By WINIFRED PLOWDEN



OUT in the spring garden the birds were piping blithely, and the alders peeping out from behind their brown veils.

"There are those daffodils again."

"Where?"

"In the grave. We haven't yet conquered that grave."

I came out to the door. Sure enough, there were three staunch clumps of daffodil leaves in the middle of our lawn. They marked the limit of the original garden, where a narrow border was set tight into a bank of decayed wood, salal and braken. By degrees this native growth and decay were cleared away and the garden pushed a little further into the forest, so that the daffodil border was left 'in the air', and we christened it 'the grave'.

In the autumn we lifted the bulbs and set them in new quarters, but somehow we always missed one or two. Year after year these stranded ones made their appearance through the grass, duly increasing with each season, and standing together like brothers, determined to hold the position. Wheelbarrows of stones were steered away from them, the dog gnawed its bone on another sunny spot, games were played all around them, yet they survived. They seemed to bear a charmed life.

The same process of clearing was carried on all over the place, and the compound interest of our original daffodil investment was given another start at each new limit of the years work. Pushing back and pushing back into the British Columbia forest these daffodils soon marked the trenches they had conquered, and remained there on guard. What had seemed at first a large and promising bed took on a restricted appearance as the landscape opened and there was free space beyond, and more glimpses of the sea.

The man of the house moved around to another quarter and looked over another group.

"These daffodils will have to be moved," he said. "I need this space for chopping wood. Besides, the bed is very untidy, full of weeds."

"Very well," I dutifully replied, "but not just now. They'll soon be in bloom, it will be wicked to move them now. Next fall, perhaps—"

A blast from the boat coming up Howe Sound cut short my plans.

"The Lady Evelyn is early to-day," and off he scurried to the beach. Soon the sound of oars came through the quiet of the garden.

Down below a clearing fire was sending up incense of pale blue and over past the big maple were several others, a regular round of them. The words of an old song came to mind,

London's burning, London's burning.

Look yonder, look yonder.

Fire, fire! Fire, fire!

Pour on water, pour on water!

A fine old round it is, as old as Pepys himself for all I know,—such as people used to sing when they made music by themselves instead of depending on microscopic mountains and valleys and the points of pins: in the old-fashioned days of family comradeship, when they gathered together after the evening meal and lifted up their hearts in joyous music. In the century of Milton and Pepys the old chorales flourished. Father and Mother, the grown daughters, perhaps the guest under the roof, each stood with a part in hand, and together made a picture such as the old Dutch masters put on canvas. They wove the air in and out as those 'capable of Delights'.

While working in a garden one may sing, whether with voice or not: without a voice one has the greater repertoire.

THE condemned daffodils were in a bad way. They are the nearest to our kitchen window during the daily rites of persuading china and

silver to make their near approach to godliness we can get glimpses of this garden. In a pessimistic mood it was called 'the consolation garden'. We watched the daffodils from the first points that pierced the good brown earth rows of lances. When the last snow came the daffodils seemed to ward it off, to rise superior to a snow blanket. But morning showed the snow had covered them in. In a day or so they emerged, looking as brisk as ever, and more lance-like.

The first handfuls of chickweed and couchgrass were thrown on a little fire of resinous chips: the sound of oars was replaced by the tinkle of a digging fork against a stone: a curious old thing it was, showing glacial markings, a fit postern gate for the garden to issue from the mountains, ancient and grey.

Sorrel and couchgrass went into the fire.

"Burn, ou heretics, burn! In my garden you would spread the contamination of your creeping sin. When you are ready to recant, I'll take you out of the burning: but you must wear penitential garments of charcoal black and ashen grey after your cleansing fire."

THE troops of the daffodils emerged from the high tower of the Queen of the Amazons, whose household guards wield stout cudgels of thorn, and whose ladies, when they gather at the high casements, wear the pink satin of their mistress, Dorothy Perkins.

They swung down the valley in a curve until they reached cover in the thicket of Golden Thyme. They seemed to realize the threatened danger. It was "Lances to the rescue. Au secours, au secours." Up the lances came, four abreast and more, eight and twelve, blue green and straight, against the background of freshly stirred earth.

Those lances, in a sheltered and rather

sunless spot, called across to other cohorts under the maple—the sunniest place in the garden—"Au secours, au secours."

(Daffodils are the thermometers of spring. Wherever they first bloom is the warmest spot.)

Here were yellow coated troops, in trim, pointed jackets, ready to burst with eagerness. They answered: "We're coming, we're coming. We'll soon offer our daffodil gold. You'll not perish while we're here. There are hundreds and hundreds of us. Coming!"

The old round was singing merrily, only the words had changed. They did not seem to suit the daffodils. Now they were:

Summer's coming, summer's coming!

Spring's daughter, spring's daughter.

Come soon! Come soon!

Full of laughter, full of laughter!

The golden trumpets of the daffodils will soon make the joyous music. They are all arranged in groups ready to take the parts. One after the other they'll come in, those under the maple first, "Summer's coming, summer's coming"; then as many or more on the front lawn, "Spring's daughter, spring's daughter"; now the threatened row of lances, "Come soon, come soon"; then away up on the hill, near the gurgling brook, "Full of laughter, full of laughter."

Each of these mountains has an imprisoned princess. They rarely talk to one another, but they often reply to their own followers. Stately Lady Evelyn, on her progress up the Sound, is announced by the clarion call of her heralds.

"I'm here."

"Do you hear?" asks one princess, stirred to her very depths by the arrival of one from the far distant court of Vancouver.

"I hear," replies the other, faint with agitation.

When the golden trumpets blow their call is repeated, "Come soon, come soon." The princesses only pay attention to the most important things, and they speak briefly.

The orchestra is very versatile, and has no religious prejudices. You have only to suggest the words, and it will send them forth, with the hills always waiting to whisper back your heart's desire. Sometimes it is pure pagan, and sometimes the forces of Christendom attend the cohorts of those spears.

Perhaps the last assertion of good "every day in every day" is told by the daffodil chorus, under the beckoning hand of the great conductor, the sun. You yourself may fit the words, theosophic reincarnation, spiritualistic or clairvoyant, or whatever gives you most comfort, and the golden trumpets will blow them to the very heavens, and one by one the hills will echo them.

If, this passion week, you are thinking of Easter, the golden trumpets will proclaim:

Christ is risen, Christ is risen:

Tomb'd no longer, tomb'd no longer.

He is here? He is here!

Death is conquered, death is conquered.

The hills will give a joyful shout, "He is here! He is here!"

But the pagan forces will fight for their refrain, and the opposing hillside will pick up their cry, "Come soon! Come soon!" Until at last all the hills unite to send it back—

"Come soon! Come soon!"

"He is here! He is here! He is here!"

## Pawned Ideals

By Vera V. Robertson

IN such a difficult world there are many of us who do not succeed in living up to our ideals, or even succeed in retaining them, though their fair roots be deeply implanted in the soul's best soil.

It is by letting our worldly desires outsoar the yearnings of the spiritual self that we part with some of our finest details, for it is not easy to be contented with one handful of silver when your neighbor has two handfuls of gold. And so for a change of raiment we pawn our ideals—they are sacrificed that we might step from the drab garments of poverty into the glittering vestures of prosperity.

To pawn our ideals for the foregoing reason may seem only human, and the opinion not erroneous that we are justified in our action, but if we were to make room in the conscience for every human impulse we would place our lives beyond the reach of all God-created influences.

Perhaps some of us have grown weary of being immersed in the anxiety of striving to keep pace with worldly pomp, and into our tired hearts has crept the longing to live on a more spiritual plane.

The first step towards satisfying that longing is to find a place where the things of the world cannot intrude. We can ask God to show us some sanctuary.

"And there in holy silence

Among the shadows dim,

We will go and seek and follow,

And walk a while with Him."

When we have returned from that sacred walk we will have recovered all our pawned ideals, and He will have put in our possession strength enough to enable us to live up to them again.

Affect a Quality, and you confess  
That Quality is one you don't possess.

On the road to righteousness no one is exceeding the speed limit.

The Thing that irked him, so the Oyster found,  
Became a Pearl when Brightness wrapped it round.

Work is kind to its friends but killing to its enemies.

Do not crowd any man too hard: it is a long worm that has no turning!



Daffodils are the thermometers of spring. Wherever they first bloom is the warmest spot.





# CABRIA

By H. Mortimer Batten

## Chapter I

AS the horseman topped the sandy ridge he saw two creatures, indistinct in the glare of the sunset, moving slowly down the dry and thirsty bluff away from him. He watched without interest, while his tired, dragging horse, having accomplished the climb, came to a halt, only the man's head and shoulders visible above the brow.

As a matter of fact Lafont, strange as it may seem for a halfbreed of the foothills, had completely lost his landmarks, and for three days he had wandered, trying to retrieve them. His chief anxiety was for his pony. He could hold out indefinitely with his emergency rations, but the pony was played up, and he valued her.

Lafont watched the two beasts, wondering what they were. One was about the size of a goat, the other, which followed at its heels, little bigger than a prairie hare. He urged his tired cayuse on, and then he saw that the two were an antelope—the rarest of beasts in those hills—and her kid.

At the same instant the larger of the two saw Lafont. She turned, and he beheld her immense, dark eyes fixed upon him in an angry glare. She stamped her dainty forehoofs, and he thought she was going to charge. Instinctively his hand slipped round to his belt, for the charge of an antelope is dazzlingly swift, and the tired pony could never have avoided it.

But instead the mother antelope made off at right angles from her original line of travel, slowly, with painful stiffness, dragging one of her hind limbs which appeared to be paralyzed from the hip down. She reached a dense clump of cactus some ninety yards distant, and apparently lay down in the shelter of it.

Lafont drew his revolver, and went over to the place, thinking that as meat was here for the taking he might as well take it. When he reached the clump no antelope was there, but he saw her

tracks beyond—great mile-eating bounds, and in the far distant a little whirlwind of sand. Lafont had been fooled, of course. The mother antelope had acted thus to draw him off the line of her little one, which, he now realized, had miraculously vanished at the precise moment when the mother had sighted him. Leading his pony he went back to the point at which he had seen the two together, but on the way he passed a huge cactus, which had been cut open for the sake of its water. It was still half full of water, enough to supply his immediate needs.

Next Lafont turned his attention to the ground, where there were tracks, five days old. They were his own, made before he lost his landmarks. Yes, he remembered quite well drinking from this plant, and now in the gathering darkness he slowly recovered his landmarks, till every cloud-like ridge and purple hollow took on a friendly familiarity.

Eagerly the man mounted, but as he rode off he remembered the antelope kid. Lucky that he had run across them as he had! They had brought him luck—they had proved his saving star.

Lafont went to the point at which he had seen the two, and there he found the kid, flattened out under the shadow of a sage bush. Its big soft eyes were open; but it did not stir as he dismounted, and when he raised it in his hands it lay limp and motionless, feigning death.

Like most hill breeds, the man was superstitious, and he was anxious to show his gratitude, so that these gentle folk would accept him as a friend and remain in the good fellowship of his service. So he removed the cord from his neck, complete with its Mission Station Medal—his symbol of luck—and fastened it about the neck of the antelope kid.

"Little brother," he said, "so long as

that remains, no harm will befall you. It will bring greater speed to your limbs, so that you need not fear the eagle in the sky nor the coyote in the prairie hollow. Only God can harm you, if He will. The living things which are His servants will defend you. Farewell!" And as Lafont rode away, he saw the mother antelope crossing and criss-crossing his trail ahead, trying her best to lead him off, and uttering ever her hoarse and querulous bleat.

## Chapter II

WHEN Cabria's mother came back she sniffed him from end to end. She seemed surprised and a trifle mystified that no hurt had befallen him, but without delay she led him off from the horrible place at the best speed his tiny limbs could muster. Cabria was about three weeks old, and as yet every hour he lived was one fraught with peril. The antelope has but one weapon which counts against its many foes—its superb speed, and Cabria was still small. If danger threatened he could only crouch and hope for the best, as his mother hoped, but Nature had been generous in one or two respects. As yet the little antelope gave no scent, and the jackals and the wolves, if they found him, would do so by their eyes, for their noses were useless in hunting Cabria. The eagles in the skies constituted a greater peril than the wild dogs, and to defeat them Nature had given him his marvellous protective colouring, and the instinct to be still as the stones. These simple preservations the Goddess of the Wild supplemented by the fading of his mother's coat, which made her conspicuous, and by the abnormal development of her body scent, so that, when she willed, she could charge the air with it, and so attract attention to her own fleet self. And she could outspeed the swiftest greyhound let alone wolf or coyote.

Tonight Cabria's mother was obsessed by a new anxiety, and all through that night she led him on, on, at first frisking around her, but growing weary as the night passed. Soon the sandhills were broken up by little green valleys, with strips of timber here and there, and the mother seemed ever to be looking for something. In truth she yearned for the company of her sisters, just as, a month ago, the yearning for solitude had come upon her, and she had sought and found it along the edge of the sage hills.

At dawn next day Cabria and his mother topped a ridge, and looked down into a great fertile valley far below. At the first glimpse the valley seemed lifeless, then, under the shadow of a strip of forest about a mile away, there suddenly appeared a dozen or so white discs of light. They flashed in the sunlight so that they caught and held the eye, then quickly the discs drew together, and one saw a small herd of antelope, all with their heads in this direction, standing where the discs had been.

One of them had, of course, seen the stranger, and in an instant the news had been flashed to the rest by the bristling of the hair about her stern quarters. Normally the white disc is invisible, but immediately the owner of it is startled or suspicious the hair rises on end, and so the news is signalled from one to the other, and from herd to herd.

So Cabria's social training began, and such a life it was!—for here were other kids of his own age, and from dawn till dusk they pursued each other, like thistle seeds borne on the wind. The herd consisted entirely of mothers and young, and now the full value of the disc system of signalling became evident. There was no missing the signal, for some of the mothers fed always on the upwind side of the gambolling kids, and when an adult antelope raised its

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# ELOPING WITH SALLY

By M. Dalziel

Illustrated by Betty Evans

THE Watson family were assembled around the breakfast table when Sally announced with a casual air—that is, she hoped it sounded casual—that she had broken off her engagement with Donald Merton.

Father was the first to recover from the shock.

"Broken it off, eh?" he remarked, lowering his newspaper and looking at her over the top of it. "Well, well, Don has sure had a narrow escape."

This, as Sally knew, was intended to be pleasantly humorous, but she thought it was perfectly heartless of Daddy to make fun of such a tragic occurrence.

"Why, you're always breaking it off with Don. This is the second time, isn't it? Or is it the third?" queried her sister Angela.

"This is final," Sally returned, coldly. "Don and I are entirely unsuited to one another, we—"

"Unsuited! Well, I like that!" Angela gave an amused little laugh. "Why, you have been declaring right along—except when you quarrelled with him—that you and Don were simply made for each other. You said that if anything happened to Don you would die of grief."

"That was a long time ago."

"No longer ago than last week, I heard you myself. Talk about fickleness—"

"Well, dear," interposed her mother, hastily, "Sally is very young for her age, and I doubt if she really knows her own mind."

"Young!" echoed her kid brother, Jimmy. "She ain't young. She's twenty-two if she's a day. You'll be an old maid if you don't watch out, Sal."

Sally, who was a slight, pretty girl, with golden brown hair that waved naturally, and the bluest of blue eyes, relaxed to the extent of making a face at him. This he returned with interest.

Sally arose from the table, said "Excuse me," in frigid tones intended to convey her inexpressible sentiments towards her callous and unsympathetic family, and stalked slowly out of the room.

Once outside, she dashed upstairs to her room, banged the door and, flinging herself face downwards on the bed—her head buried deep in the pillows to smother the sound—she sobbed as if her heart would break.

Truth to tell, she was inclined to believe that that impressionable organ was already broken, and pictured herself "wandering lonely adown the years," a victim of blighted hopes, just like the pathetic heroine of a popular filmplay she had lately seen. And all through, no fault of her own. That was the awful part of it.

For how could she help it if Don were so unreasonable as to object to her dancing with the other boys, whom she had known all her life, when he was too busy, or said he was too busy, to take her to dances himself?

Donald Merton worked in his father's law office during the day, and studied law at night. A dry-as-dust subject, Sally thought, but she had always tried to take an interest in it on his account. And on two occasions she had actually missed small affairs rather than go without him.

When he did take her he was jealous of every man who asked her for a dance, and they nearly all did ask her, and he insisted upon dragging her away just when she was beginning to enjoy herself.

They had had several little quarrels on this account in the course of their



*With a deep sigh she arose, and, going to the mirror, began to rearrange her curls.*

engagement, covering a period of exactly two and a half months, but, as everyone knows, the course of true love never runs smooth, and anyway, they had always made it up again the next day, at latest.

But this was different.

On the previous Tuesday Don had promised to take her to the Parkinson's dance, the most important social event of the season in Prairieville. Sally had made elaborate preparations for it, including the making of a new dress. A perfect dream it was, of periwinkle blue, her own color, and made in the very latest style which Miss Minchen had copied from an imported model she had seen in Winnipeg. Then at the last moment Don had calmly informed her that he would be unable to go. He had explained at great length why he could not manage it, but Sally had paid little attention. Surely the dance was ever so much more important than any old business or study could possibly be. She was very disappointed and did everything she could think of to persuade him to go. But Don declared it was impossible. He was very sorry to disappoint her and suggested that she go with her sister Angela and her fiancé.

"You'll have just as good a time without me," he had said, "and I'll try to

get around in time to take you home. By the way, I hope you won't dance so much with Leslie Parkinson this time. It makes me quite jealous the way he monopolizes you at every dance."

"Well, you won't be jealous if I give the poor boy just one dance, will you?"

And Don had laughingly replied that it would take more than one dance to make him jealous.

But it turned out that Leslie Parkinson was going away and that this would be their last dance together for some time to come, and so she had danced with him not only once but many times.

Then it had most unfortunately happened that Don, arriving late in the evening to take her home, had come upon her unexpectedly, sitting in a secluded corner behind the palms, with Leslie Parkinson. And, to make matters worse, that gentleman had his arm around her.

Don had made an awful fuss. As if she had asked Leslie to put his arm around her! And anyway there was no harm in that. She had known him all her life, and it was natural that he should feel badly at having to bid her goodbye so soon.

Don had insisted upon her going home with him immediately. He had been quite disagreeable when she refused, and, to make matters worse, she had lost her

temper, pulled off his ring and thrown it—yes, thrown it—on the floor. And instead of picking it up, as she had expected, Don had simply glared at her and walked away. She had picked it up herself at last, after making sure that no one was looking, and now wore it on a ribbon around her neck, merely until she had an opportunity to give it him back, of course.

The worst of it was that although the quarrel had taken place on Tuesday and this was Friday, Don had never been near nor even called her up since.

A DOOR banged near at hand and Sally sat up with a start. It would never do to be caught thus giving way to her feelings. She would not for the world have her family know how she was suffering, after the unfeeling manner in which they had received the news of her broken engagement. She began to sniff again at the remembrance, dabbing away a tear that trickled down the side of her small, somewhat retroussé nose, with a very damp and crumpled handkerchief.

She drew out Don's ring and regarded it wistfully.

"If only—"

But it was not to be thought of. For if Don did not care enough about her to take the first step in making up their quarrel, there was nothing to be done. She certainly couldn't and wouldn't run after him.

With a deep sigh she arose and, going to the mirror, began to rearrange her curls, which had become somewhat disordered through their contact with the pillows.

It was while thus engaged the blue eyes of Aunt Sarah Ann, or rather, of Aunt Sarah Ann's portrait, a faded water color that hung close beside the dressing table, and—the plan flashed, full grown, into her mind.

Sally had been named after her aunt (although she preferred to spell it Sara Anne), and had a great admiration for that lady. Aunt Sarah Ann had eloped, and that at seventeen, with a man whom nobody knew anything about. A strolling player he was said to have been, who had wooed and won her in the short space

of a week. Sally had never seen her aunt and of that lady's subsequent history she knew little or nothing, but she cherished a firm and unshakable conviction that such a delightfully romantic entrance into the wedded state could not but be followed by an existence of perfect bliss.

Aunt Sarah Ann's blue eyes—blue as Sally's own—gazed out at her with a quizzical expression. While her demure little mouth, curled up ever so slightly at the corners, looked as if it might at any moment break into a bewitching smile.

Sally smiled back at her and decided to put her newly-thought-of plan into action at once.

Running downstairs she seized a bottle of ink and a pen and, fearful lest any of the family should notice her flushed cheeks and swollen eyelids, hurried back with them to her room.

It did not take her very long to write a note to Leslie Parkinson asking him to call for her the following afternoon and take her for an auto ride. He had previously offered to take her and she had replied "perhaps" she would. Now she was very anxious for him to come, and began to worry for fear anything might happen to prevent him from doing so. It seemed an age to wait until tomorrow.

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# YOUNG OLD

By Lydia Hamersmith Heath

YOU needn't sneer—it's my birthday, and I've a right to wear that blue sprigged voile sister Jane sent me, if I want to," defied Matilda Brown to the plump personage in the large mirror, that always hung just where Miss Matilda saw it's undignified reflection of curl-papers first thing in the morning, and before which the nightly combat commenced over that 'perfectly lovely marvellous front,' that the shop girl said made her look not a day over twenty-five years old, and which she'd never felt quite equal to wearing openly. Then the hour spent in massaging out the "crow-feet," that would persist in coming in spite of all Professor Bordoux, psychologist, professed to know about mind-control and perpetual youth, and Madame Boux's assurance that her latest discoveries in beauty touches would strike off at least ten years.

"It's all a lot of foolish rot, Matilda," the reflection would argue. "We can't defy the ravages of years."

"Pshaw!" Miss Matilda would throw back. "Now, there's Dr. Black's wife—I'm sure she isn't a day less than forty-five, and why, she looks—she looks—"

"Just forty-five, doesn't she?" laughed the reflection.

"Indeed not," snapped Miss Matilda. "Why there isn't a wrinkle in her face, and she's simply lovely!"

"And her waistline is thirty-two, and she weighs—let me see—why she weighs just the same as you, Miss Matilda," the reflection reminded her. "Don't you remember that day you both tipped the scale at one hundred sixty, and the doctor insisted on weighing you both over again? Wasn't Mrs. Brown muffed?—said she didn't believe in sensible folks trying to hide their age by camouflaging and you know how vexed you were, Miss Matilda. You were thirty-five, then, which is just about three years younger than you are right now, and five years older than Robert Gainsley."

"As if I cared," flared Miss Matilda, "and suppose I did! There's just lots of people marry that way—why grandfather was seven years younger than grandmother, and she just doted on him."

"And wasn't she a perfect little slave, too?" It really was getting most obviously disconcerting, the candid way the reflection had of saying things!

"But if I loved him," persisted Miss Matilda, "there wouldn't be a thing I wouldn't do for him. Now, I'm not saying I'm in love with Robert—that's premature, besides he hasn't asked me, so why should I? And then again, how could he with Clorinda always along?"

"Are you sure it isn't Clorinda?" argued the other. "Clorinda?"

echoed Miss Matilda. "How perfectly absurd! Why, she's only a child—barely seventeen, and Robert's thirty-three last March the fourth. I remember it distinctly, for the child got him a box of bon bons and he made up a joke about sweets calling for sweets, and when Clorinda couldn't guess, she had to pay forfeits. So he kissed her—which was perfectly proper—I was right there chaperoning them. Besides, Robert's a gentleman clear through—I'd trust him in Honolulu, or—"

"That's just it," tantalized the other, "your chaperoning them. Do you understand—just plain chaperoning them—which means a way of making love that's nice and proper, and terribly exasperating. Now, if you'd turn your back once in a while, or forget and leave the room for half an hour, why—"

"SUCH nonsense," snapped Miss Matilda, "as if I didn't know what's what, or when people's matched, or in love—being mixed up in at least fifty weddings, and as many more telling me the minute John or Henry proposed. 'You're so young in your thoughts, it's just like telling a girl chum with a mother's wisdom,' they've told me. Clara Joy told me yesterday that I seemed more like a girl than she, and—why she's twenty-five, and—and don't look a day over eighteen—goes with a fellow of twenty-two, a banker. Would you believe it? She was saying she wondered what he'd think when he found out. 'Hope he doesn't propose, it will spoil all the fun,' she said. I told her age didn't matter, but she shook her head. Said men liked youth."

"Wise girl, I say," agreed the other.

"But Robert's fifteen years older—just think fifteen years, why his hair is quite gray—there isn't a strand but brown in mine, and I'm—"

"Thirty-eight today," prompted the reflection, "and your joints ache. I'm sure that's what ailed Judge Henry Moreland, the last time you saw him—his joints ached—that's why he didn't walk as sprightly as twenty years ago, when you thought him the handsomest man in Bend County."

Miss Matilda hung her head. She had been thinking of her old friend several times that day. In fact, some one had mentioned him at lunch time, and remarked on the closeness of some people, hoarding money that might make other people happy.

"But Moreland's the soul of philanthropy," some one had defended, and Miss Matilda's heart had warmed towards the speaker.

"An old admirer of Matilda's," her brother-in-law ventured to inform, and Miss Matilda's cheeks had flamed.

"There was a time I'd have married him," she said aloud to the face in the glass, "but it's a risk, folks said, marrying a lawyer, that's always divorcing people, and settling up folk's fussing, and then being so handsome, besides."

"And he never married, nor did you, and he's only living seventy miles away, and a stamped letter would reach him in two days, and you remember, he told you ten years ago that he'd never ask you again, and it's leap-year, and besides, what's the difference, if you're in love?"

"In love!" gasped Miss Matilda. "In love—why I haven't been in love since—since—let me see—why I declare it must have been when I was seventeen, and Henry was just plain Henry going to college and I was in my first year. I always was stupid. Henry was just graduating taking up law. My! but all the girls were wild over him—jealous, too," Miss Matilda chuckled. "It was quite the thing being chosen for the first dance by the lion of the evening. My! but he was handsome, too handsome, that was the trouble, and I—well, I suppose I was jealous, if that's what you call it. Anyway, it was something miserably uncomfortable, and when he saw fit to escort some of the other girls home after seeing me safe inside my door, I couldn't see it that way. It was unfortunate, of course, yet he's done well. I heard he would be elected Superior Judge next election. Strange how these pressed pansies have kept all these years!"

MISS Matilda lifted a carefully pressed blossom from between the leaves of the old family Bible, and held it up carefully.

"Pansies are for thoughts," Margie," was written in Henry Moreland's sprawly hieroglyphics.

"Henry always did have a way of shortening everything, and getting down to facts," reminisced Miss Matilda. "He didn't like the name Matilda, nor did I—but I wouldn't say so because father had given it to me. Henry didn't like it and he said it just as he said when I told him Meg Banks and the rest of them could go home without him or I'd see him for the last time."

"I don't like it, Margie," he said, "but just the same, it's a go, and it was. 'Sometime if you're sorry, drop me a line, but don't wait too long, Margie,' he said, I'd awfully hate to have to go against Providence too long a time. There's no denying Henry's stubborn."

The face in the mirror looked cynical, but then reflections are only reflections, and any way, Miss Matilda never noticed, she was too busy, rummaging among a lot of old letters and trinkets.

"There it is," she panted breathlessly from hurrying so. "I was scared to death I'd lost it. Now wasn't that just like him, giving me a string of corals. 'To match your cheeks, Margie,' he wrote on a slip of paper. Henry always wrote things. I was just seventeen, and mother smiled as she gave me this box to keep it in; father had given it to her, she said, when



"What a master-hand at home-making you are, Margie."

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# THE COMPLETE WANGLER

By R. Ross Annett

RETURNING on the street car from a lecture, I gave myself up to the perplexing problem of the hedge. Assistant Professor Halsey has a fine *Hydrangea Paniculata* but I myself rather fancied *Rosa Rugosa*, or Japanese Rose. For my purpose the latter has certain quite obvious advantages.

And yet I was by no means decided which, if either, I should use along the drive.

It was while in this state of indecision that I fell an unsuspecting victim to the latest device of what my wife terms "flim-flam or bunco artists." The bait was a coupon in a magazine, an application for somebody's free book on "Landscape Opportunities."

Any book on that subject, I thought, would surely have something to say about hedges. And, really, *Hydrangea Paniculata* along my trim little drive would closely resemble a border of tropical palms about a bed of pansies. In spite of my distinct preference for the *Rosa Rugosa*, this book might have just the idea in hedges that I was looking for.

Upon the instant I begged permission of the young person sitting beside me on the car to clip the coupon from her magazine.

"Cer-tain-ly!" she replied with quite unnecessary emphasis—rather coldly too, I thought—after an astonished glance at me. "Help yourself."

While I carefully removed the coupon with my pen-knife the young person remarked quite audibly to her companion:

"Get this stuff, Aggie! Ain't he the fresh thing! And such a dignified old bird too! Looks like a college professor or something."

A young person of discernment surely, to be able to hit upon my profession like that but just what was the "stuff" Aggie was urged to get I was too pre-occupied at the time to note.

Several days later I came across the coupon in my pocket and mailed it without further delay to the "Absalom School of Engineering." Although the name was entirely unknown to me, it had a reputable sound. Doubtless the book was a calendar of some sort issued by the school, I decided, not being particularly interested in "Landscape Opportunities" save in the matter of the hedge.

AS a matter of fact, I had quite forgotten the incident and when, some few days later, I received a letter and considerable literature from the Absalom School of Engineering, it was the name alone which finally recalled the matter of the coupon to my mind.

I must say the "School" did themselves well in the way of stationery—quite too well, indeed, for a seat of learning. I passed over a long letter done out on an olive-green letter-head, an "application form" and certain other literature to examine the "Landscape Opportunities" book. This last, I regret to say, contained no information whatever on the subject of hedges. But it compressed within a few pages an array of facts which could not fail to impress even the casual reader.

It would appear that the sole course offered by this Absalom School was a

training in the "new profession of Landscape Engineering." Moreover it was claimed that this profession, being new and not overcrowded, offered the most exceptional opportunities. Landscape Engineers were in great demand in quite almost all parts of the country at salaries quoted as high as fifteen and twenty thousand dollars per year.

Quite almost anyone could readily qualify for a degree in this fascinating new profession; indeed twenty-dollar-a-week clerks, apprentices and such were numbered among the School's most successful graduates. One paid a surprisingly small fee of thirty dollars, studied just a few evenings in one's own home, and graduated—almost over-night—into the ten or fifteen thousand dollar a year class with the desirable privilege of writing the letters "L. E." after one's name.

Supporting these claims were letters from numerous persons who had taken up the new profession with quite remarkable success:

One, John Edwards, of Des Moines, had been working in an office at twenty-five dollars per week but, since obtaining his "L. E." degree, he was "knocking down his ten thousand a year cold," to use Mr. Edwards' own words. He had just recently opened another office in Omaha.

A Mr. Sothern, of St. Louis, wrote to express his gratitude to the school which had enabled him to "get out of the rut" as he termed his thirty-dollar-a-week position in a grocery. He now, it seems, is a successful professional man with a huge income acquired, as in the case of Mr. Edwards, in an easy and cold-blooded manner.

Many other gentlemen added their testimony to that of Mr. Edwards and Mr. Sothern.

Food for thought here for any man! The astounding opportunities of present-day life when practically anyone can qualify in a few days for a position and an income which makes my own look small by comparison! I could not help but contrast the ease with which this new profession could be mastered with the years of study leading to my own degree—my post-graduate work abroad. Speaking from a

materialistic standpoint, I had wasted years of effort.

The cover of the book pictured a small army of men carrying out a remarkable landscape project under the direction of a prominent figure in the centre foreground—presumably, a Landscape Engineer. This gentleman was of commanding presence. His index finger pointed imperiously as he gave directions. In his left hand he held a roll of blue-prints. Men hastened to do his bidding or hurried towards him at his call. Clearly he was a member of the "ten-thousand-dollar class."

I turned my attention to the accompanying letter. It proved to be of that disagreeably aggressive type approved by the salesmanship school, leaving—even to the least discriminating—considerable to be desired in the way of values, arrangements and other common principles of rhetoric.

The "Chief Engineer" of the School himself exhorted me to get "out of the rut" wherein he felt certain I was wallowing and let the Absalom School make me a successful professional man in return for just thirty dollars and a few evenings' work. Why not get into the ten-thousand-dollar class, he demanded repeatedly. Huge incomes were being made with little or no effort.

Quite too mercenary, really. I mean to say, the nobility of the profession, the joy of work for the work's sake—no appeal along those lines whatever.

It was in my mind to reply to these people, assuring them that, being a professional man already and rather well established—indeed internationally recognized—in my own line, I felt no desire for a change at my time of life. But the thing quite escaped my attention for several days.

ABOUT this time, when passing through the kitchen one morning, I was accosted by the cook:

"Could I trouble you for the loan of a little money, Professor? You see," she hurried on while I wondered why she always appealed to me at such times instead of to my wife, "I'm studyin' a little in my spare time and I got to have some cash to pay for my course."

"Surely, Olga," I answered and could not forbear to add, "I'm glad you are putting your spare time and money to

such a good use. What are you studying?"

"Why, I'm taking a course in Household Engineering, sir."

"Household Engineering!"

"Sure. The idea is—instead of drudgin' along all my life as a plain, ordinary cook, I can take a little trainin' and make real big money as a Household Engineer."

"Well, well. Fancy that! I suppose you will sit at a desk in the centre of some huge hotel or other establishment and direct the whole staff—menials running at your beck and call—all that sort of thing."

"Why, Professor," giggled Olga, "Ain't that funny, now. That's just like what the picture showed on the cover of the catalogue the school sent out. I expect it will be like that. 'There's a big demand for Household Engineers' the catalogue says."

"There seems to be a demand for quite almost all kinds of Engineers," I agreed, thinking how even I myself had felt the influence of that demand.

The following day I received a second letter from the Absalom School of Engineering. I quote from this letter:

"The world is funny. It is rather cold and indifferent. It seems to sit idly by and let people perish or thrive. It does not care. It lets destiny do what it wants. Success, then, is simply a case of survival of the fittest. If you find yourself in a rut with nothing to look forward to but years of slaving for a pittance you, and you alone, are to blame, for, by your indifference, you miss the opportunities which come to you."

The logic of this seemed rather obscure. However the letter ran on in a brighter vein:

"But we are convinced that you are not one of this type. We are sure you have ambitions, that you have dreamed dreams. It is our earnest desire to help you to realize those dreams. The new profession of Landscape Engineering offers the most astounding opportunities to men everywhere. Thousands are taking up this fascinating work and we feel confident that you will

want to be numbered among the successful ones.

"Opportunities do not come so frequently. Opportunity may never pass your way again. GET OUT OF THAT RUT! Send us your application NOW and we are sure that once you have obtained the privilege of writing 'L. E.' after your name, we will have your everlasting gratitude.

"We assure you that we make this offer with the heartiest feeling of goodwill towards you and the hope that it may bring you fruitful and abundant success

in the glorious field you have chosen."

THIS was a bit too thick. I mean to say, there was a quite too personal touch about it. My work a "rut!" my salary a "pittance!" I had never thought

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1 teaspoon butter,  
2 tablespoons  
cream or top milk,  
1 cup Grape-Nuts,  
2 squares unsweet-  
ened chocolate.

Melt chocolate in  
double boiler, stir in  
butter, cream and  
Grape-Nuts. Drop  
from spoon onto  
marble slab or  
oiled paper and let  
stand to harden.  
This recipe makes  
12 to 15 clusters.



**E**GYPTOLOGY is the bunk! I know—I been all through it, from initiation to nth degree. Highbrows? Why say, them fellers don't know beans about it. They don't even know why the pyramids were built. Tombs for the Pharaohs? Not any. Pharaohs built 'em, all right—but not for sleeping porches for themselves. They built 'em on top of—but listen, I'll tell you how I know.

My chum, King Carter, who has a college education and very little else, he started it. He went bugs on Egyptology when is name-sake, Howard Carter, found the tomb of King Tutankhamen.

I room with King—and there was nothing but books on Egypt, imitation scarabs, drawings and photos of hieroglyphics, etc., in our room for months. Carter could speak of nothing else but lapuli, scarabs, mummies, ancient curses and such-like, for months after poor Carnarvon died.

He got me going, finally, and it took hold of me to such an extent that, when a rich uncle of mine goes to his reward and leaves me mine in the shape of a wad, I suggested to King that me and him take a jaunt to Egypt and give the pyramids and Sphinxes the once over. King went nuts over the idea, so I goes and books our passage for the Red and Dead Sea.

Of course, King let me down at the last minute. He always does. Meets me at the dock with the glad tidings that something's happened, and he can't come. "But, here's a book on hieroglyphics—it's the very latest thing out. Read it up on the way. Good luck!" That's his parting word.

I go aboard mad, but determined to see this thing through, in spite of him quitting me cold.

It's a swell trip. I meets some real lady friends on board—but that's getting away from the subject.

Well, I lands in Cairo, or some such place, and take it from me, they is better places to go for less money, where hotel accommodation is better.

I hires me a native guide, which I names "Spark Plug" right off; he insists on bringing along a mangy yaller pup, and away we goes.

Right here, lemme tell you them pyramids is some sight. The Brick-layer's Union can holler their heads off, but they ain't no 1924 brick-layer can sling up bricks them size and make 'em stick a millyun years, like them Egyptian masons.

Lemme also inform you that Egypt ain't no place for a summer vacation. The climate ain't what she's cracked up to be. I brung along something, of course, but even so I got a awful dry throat by the time I look over them pyramids from top to bottom. Hot? I'll try to whistle!

As we finish lookin' over the biggest pile of rocks of the lot, I invites the guide to chase hisself, while I catches me a sleep; the last I see of him he's kneeling in front of Mrs. Sphinx, rubbing his face in the dirt. Why, I dunno—it was dirty enough.

Well, I climbs up the pyramid a few notches, looking for a shady spot. Finally I see a hole where there is just room for a little feller like me to lay in, and I settles comfortable.

But I can't rest for thinkin' about what does this huge pyramid mean. This gigantic pile of rock—which Pharaoh built it, and why? I pulls King's book out of my pocket, an' commences to read up on hieroglyphics. Lookin' it over, I soon gets wise to the language. I'm good at languages. Friends tell me that I can't speak English—but I ain't never had no difficulty in makin' my wants known from the day I made my Dad buy cigars for the crowd.

Anyhow, this Egypt stuff is pie for me. I reads a few pages, when—WHAM!

The bottom starts dropping out of everything—and down I goes into inky blackness.

**I** OPENED my eyes on a strange and beautiful scene. They is queer-looking people all round me, and the landscape I see is different to anything I ever see before.

Reclinin' on a magnificent golden litter, with a beauteous, Cleopatra-like maiden by his side, is a feller which sure looks Ace-high to me. They ain't much clothes on either him or the knock-out, but what they is is *clothes*! All gold, silver and precious stones in funny lookin' settings. They is three funny fellers, with snakes on their heads, waving big palm fans over the litter, and croaking: "Long live Tut!" "Long live Ankh!" and "Amen!" respectively. I recognized the language at once from my study of them hieroglyphics. Then the crowd begins to holler "Tutankhamen!" and lots of funny words just like them pictures in Carter's book.

"Hm!" says I, "so this is Tut!" Then the Pharaoh fixes me with his crool, piercin' Nile-green eyes, and bellers:

"Strange Thing from an unknown world, how come you here?" Then not waitin' for me to give a guess, he goes on: "But, seeing you are here, you shall learn how we of royal Egypt treat such as thou!" He wriggled hands and arms like a snake, and turned with a chesty smile to the charmer by his side.

Cleopatra looks at me slyly—and oh, boy! Slant eyes and all, she's got anything beat I ever see! Then, I'll swear it, she tips me a wink!

The Pharaoh sees—and—dern my fatal beauty—he goes nuts.

"Thing!" he hollers, his snake cady shaking, "Thou shalt see quickly what manner of Pharaoh is I..." Turning a somersault in the litter, he bawls out: "Away with It to the dungeon! Give It the electric chair at sunrise!"

He whistles, and his pet peacock lights on his shoulder, and a flock of Ki-yi or some such birds light on his head. Away goes the litter, the dame tossing me a kiss and some lotus flowers.

The three fan-pushers grab me. One clubs me over the bean with a meat-axe; soon's I recover, another jabs me in the ribs with a night-stick; the third grabs my feet, and with 'em all chanting: "Tutank; Tutank" and "Amen, Amen," away we goes to the dungeon.

**I**'M having a swell time enjoying the scenery and checking up on them hieroglyphics on the walls to see's they got 'em right, when a electric buzzer rings and the door swings open, and in comes a dame which looks like Cleopatra's little sister. Looker? Say! She'd knock 'em on Broadway!

It seems my fatal beauty attracts her also and, as is the custom, she's puttin' in a formal claim for my hand. "Well," I think, "this is Leap Year, but they do work fast here, wherever it is!" My knowledge of the language is standing me in good stead—when they come a thunderous knock at the door, and in come King Tut himself.

"Aha!" he whistles through his teeth. "So-ho!" (I shiver). "Thing from another world—thou wouldst steel my Lotus Fower from beneath my kingly nose—wouldst thou? We shall see what we shall see!" They is a horrible gleam in his eyes.

Striding to the wall, he presses a button, and a little door flies open. Then my eyes fly open, as I see a neat little buffet, well stocked. Mixing a Manhattan, the Pharaoh swallows it at one gulp, then hurls the glass at me.

At this insult added to injury, I commence to get huffy, but he calmly pushes another button, and several black-jacks appear. "Ho, slaves!" he hollers, "send out a wireless at once, all over my



## WHY THE PHARAOHS BUILT PYRAMIDS—

Continued from page 10

dominions, summoning the royal Masons and Bricklayers—and send it C.O.D. Tell them there is a task to be accomplished; there is an enemy to be done in; they is dirty work at the cross-roads." His snake top shakes with rage; the gold-encased hairs on his shins begin to bristle; fire shoots from his green eyes, as he riddles me with a glare. I commence to feel ill.

Cleopatra II hangs round my neck, whispering sweet hieroglyphics in my ear. She is terribly excited over something. I stroke her blue-black hair, telling her I could learn to love her in a few lessons, when they is a horrible clanking sound outside the French windows; looking out I see a horde of Egyptian soldier fellows, all carrying meat-axes, stickers and machine guns. A loud banging noise comes from a distance. Looking in that direction, I see the Nile river flowing green, with a odd palm and date tree along the banks; and I see something else which puzzles me.

They is a ring at the door-bell, and in marches King Tut again.

"Is't ready, Thing?" he yells shrilly, still making snake passes with his arms. "Ready for which?" I come back.

"Oho! Thou shalt see!" He chuckles horribly.

hollers, pressing the hair-trigger of his gat.

Immediately things began to begin. Bricklayers sprang up, swinging trowels; huge slaves picked up the rock slabs, and commenced throwing 'em around like baseballs.....

With a nasty, sneering smile, Cleopatra I approaches me. "Fool!" she hisses: "Had'st thou looked upon me, instead of she—thou would'st perhaps have reigned a Pharaoh. Arrr-h!" Her fingers snaps, spitefully.

"Have a heart, Queenie!" I pleads. "Now, looka here, I never thought I had a chance with you...."

"Whang!" A gold-encased club, set with jewelled lotus flowers, fell on my bean. King Tut hopped in front of me, grinding his one remaining tooth. "Tie him, and start the sacrificial fires!" he hollers.

"Gee! This is getting serious!" I say to myself, as a black tramp bigger than Jack Johnson trips me up and commences staking me out like a tripod.

Then a huge slave approaches, swinging a slab of rock looking like a square of city sidewalk. This he begins to lower down slowly over me. They is a fire burning near, and flames begin licking my face, as the rock descends.



This photograph just received from the Holy Land shows the every-day activities of the people who dwell amid the sacred places of Jerusalem. This is St. Stephen's Gate, one of the gates through which Jesus, during his life in Jerusalem, passed many times.

They is a loud cry from Cleo. II as a gang of tin-covered chimney sweeps rush in and pin me. Jabbing and sticking me with them doo-dads, they drag me outside and away towards the Nile. The girl comes stumbling along in the rear.

Then I see what it was puzzlin' me back in the cell. They is a huge pile of rocks, all hand-trimmed and squared, each one weighing tons, spread all over the landscape; settin' on each of these was a brick-layer, armed with a trowel. Then I see that the whole Nile is bein' used as a cement-mixer.

"What's this?" I asks a black, "brick-layer's strike, or suthin'?"

Then the Pharaoh drives up in a jewel-set chariot, mounted on a Ford chassis, all gold-encased. His queen is beside him in the tonneau, dressed as usual.

He glares at me. "Hey, King!" I hollers. "that's a bum model you got there. Now, I can book your order for a real car, guranteein' delivery by May...."

"Cease, Thing!" he hollers; "to-day royal Egypt shalt be rid of another enemy. Thou shalt see how a Pharaoh deals with his enemies."

"Well, King, looks like it's your deal, let's make it a hand of draw, with deuces wild....."

"Arrr-h!" he grinds his teeth to powder. "Slaves, begin the dirty work," he

I hears a shrill scream, as Cleopatra II faints. Then the harsh voice of King Tut grates in my ear: "Thus, Thing, Egypt's Pharaohs treat their enemies. A thousand rocks will be piled upon you."

"Hey—one's plenty!" I try to holler. Then, as the rock begins to settle on my chest, a croaking chant comes: "Long live Tut." "Long live Ankh." "Amen!"

WHEN I opened my eyes, they is a hot flame licking my face. A big slab of rock is parked on my chest, and I see a black feller, poking away at me with a spear.

I try to move, but only squirm a bit; so I holler at the black, "Lemme up!"

"Oyez, Master. Oyez. Soon I get this stone off. You fall in hole, and stone fall on you." He heaves with his pole, and over goes the rock. Then he kicks away from my face the licking mongrel cur.

I wabble to my feet. "Spark Plug?" I holler, surprised.

"Oyez, Master. We go back to Cairo, yez?"

EGYPTOLOGY? Naw, them high-brows know nothing about it. I've got Carter convinced now that them pyramids weren't built for king's tombs—they was piled on top of king's enemies, to make 'em stay put.



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## From infancy health depends on internal cleanliness

NO one can remain healthy who does not keep clean internally. To be youthful all through the years, to have a sound body and a clear mind, requires a constant condition of internal cleanliness.

Of late years medical science has sounded urgent warnings of the dangerous effects of intestinal clogging. Poisoning from clogged intestines often starts in infancy and as the years pass by, its baneful effects are shown in damaged nerves and a grievously impaired body, says a famous medical writer. The first results of clogged intestines are the minor ailments. But as the clogging becomes chronic, other more serious conditions appear, until the individual is suffering from some grave organic disease.

Don't run these risks! Minor ailments that come from intestinal clogging warn that poisons are saturating your body. Each of these ailments weakens your health and power to resist graver diseases.

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## More Spray from the

YOU will remember seeing the picture of the *Aberdeen*, the lighthouse tender, in my column in The Western Home Monthly lately. Well, she is now but a rusty wreck under Atlantic waters. Many a rough mile she has logged before she threw her mud-hook out in this sheltered harbour. Never another harbour will she anchor in, for she left Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, on Saturday in a thick fog and headed out of Fundy. It was thick with a bit of a swell on. That fine old Inspector of Lighthouses, John Kelly, was aboard with the Agent for the Department, (Chesley). Captain Kinney was at the wheel, an alert navigator. Evidently he did not like the fog as he stayed at the wheel all the trip, with just time to snatch a snack. They had the men on the lookout but you might as well look up a smokestack full of smoke as search Fundy waters when the "pea-souper" is on.

All went well in that network of reefs and islands that lies along that tragic coast until just after 1 p.m. on Sunday. Suddenly the watch cried "wreckage ahead!" and bang! the *Aberdeen* struck the wreck of the *Snipe* (she had laid her bones on this fatal Black Ledge some six months ago). Rip! Rip! Rip! went the plates—a ghastly gash from well forward to well aft. Immediately the

pounds is often taken in a twenty-four hour trawling period with the men working at high pressure and the trawler mounting and dipping, rolling and pounding. Some of them are new boats, other-old ones. One lately sold for less than ten thousand dollars that cost \$175,000. I have known one to be seen puffing along a calm ocean at nightfall and to disappear with all her crew of 22 men from the surface of the sea—foundered with all hands, cause unknown.

The *Snipe* was smelling her way through a thick fog off Seal Island last Thursday, fog mixed with smoke of forest fires—thick, impenetrable. The tide was ebbing and the bow was invisible from the aft rail so "woolly" was the wet drifting vapour. This is a time to try the temper and the courage of a seaman. A score of hands aboard, a valuable hull beneath, a reputation to preserve, when—crash! bump! bump! she went on Black Ledge. At once the sea rushed in through her torn hull: with a rush of spurting flame and hissing steam the fires under the boiler went out, and high tide saw her full to the rails of clean green sea. Meanwhile the crew were safely taken off. The eleven men were landed at Yarmouth. The mate stayed in charge of the wreck to prevent salvagers looting her. They might as well have let them,



All that protects the lighthouse when the tide is in, is this wall of surf-thrown stones

good old *Aberdeen* started to fill. Luckily she was firm on and the tide still running out or that crowd of about thirty men, all told, would have had to fight a death struggle in those awful criss-cross currents. You see Fundy's great bay pours its mighty flood waters out at a fearful pace. (60 foot tides). "Launch the boats!" came the order, and these departmental men and crew worked like true British navies, and, before the water was knee-deep in the cabin, all the departmental officials and some of the crew were in the boats and off to Seal Island; but Captain Loran B. Kinney stayed aboard. The wireless was squealing out its thin high messages and soon two other steamers were heading towards the scene of the accident, going as fast as they dared in that thick fog. Soon all who were ordered to left for Yarmouth, but the Captain stuck to the ship. The great supplies for the new Cape Sable Light were aboard and these and much gear were stripped off before she was declared "lost and abandoned."

Here is a case of a trawler perishing. These mighty little tugs with their great drag nets that land and bring to port within three suns as much as a quarter of a million pounds of fish, are small, stout, high powered, thirty-three hundred tonners—all coal and engines and fresh fish. It's a case of a smashing trip a hundred miles out to "the bank" a swift trawling period, great masses of cod and pollock, haddock and cusk, flatfish and baitfish are literally poured over the rail into the capacious

for save a load of parts and fittings and easily salvaged stuff, the *Snipe* lies a total wreck, open to any motor-boat man to break up. And what a host of these little "put-put-putting" things appear as soon as the keel lodges on a reef! Like wasps about sugar they swarm, and the wreck simply disappears. It was this wreck of the *Snipe* the *Aberdeen* struck.

These underwater reefs take their regular toll of the passing fleet. It is not an uncommon thing for us to sight a steamer or pick up her lights as she passes and to hear later that she is on hard and fast, or else sinking in the Bay of Fundy with its fifty foot tides and swift currents that soon sweep away and cover anything the rocks gash. My neighbors, whose sons man the coast-wise fleet, live a life of continual worry—not showing, brave hearts that they are, but endured daily nevertheless—and we too are made sorrowful recording the dangers. Last night's full gale (50 miles) with snow blizzard must have been a dreadful night afloat.

WHEN we go to the edge of the ocean and see a friend of ours rowing out into the open sea to look at his lobster pots, we wonder if he will return safely. The sea may be calm and smiling and the farthest out pot not two miles off. Read:

Early on Monday, April the 16th, Lawson Madden of our next neighboring lighthouse village of Baccaro rowed out in his skiff to "lift" his lobster traps. There was a heavy wind and sea outside



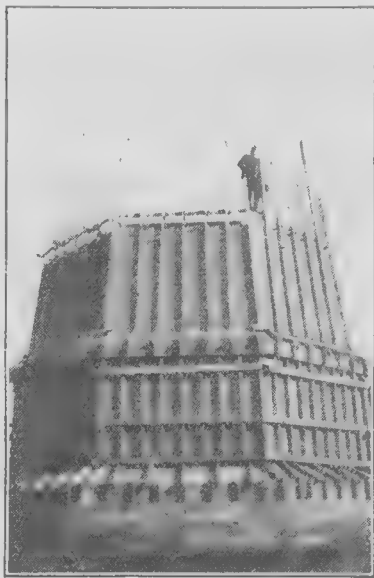
# Atlantic—By Bonnycastle Dale

and a bit of fog trailing along, but the wind was so-west and fair so on he went with his work of hauling up a trap, taking out a rare lobster and re-baiting the bag on the spindle with salt herring bait.

Swiftly, as if the great elements were intent on fooling him, the wind shifted right around to the nor-west. The lobsterman, busily hauling his trap, failed to notice this and, when he had baited the last one, he rowed shorewards, as he thought, guided by the wind. Straight off shore for the open sea he labored and he wondered that familiar landmarks did not show up in the fog. Once he saw a schooner go drifting dimly past him, too far off to see or hear him; frantically he hoisted the fisherman's distress signal, an oil-skin on an oar, but the schooner passed on unheeding.

All Monday night, now satisfied that he was lost, he rowed and scooped out the windchop that flew into his little boat. How long the night seemed! Finally there came that faint grey band in the east and another day was born. All this stormy day, over miles of rough seas, he rowed his little boat, weak, despairing, but as yet unconquered. All Tuesday night and Wednesday morning the now perishing man kept up his arduous labor. He had passed unseen the harbours of the many inlets, rowed along 200 miles of wild sea coast, always too

straight onto the rocks off Clam Harbour, below Halifax, a few hours sailing. No sooner did that awful grinding occur under the keel than she started to heel over until her decks were like the sides of a house. In all haste the captain and his men lifted the dories



Building cement sides of the new Cape Sable Lighthouse, Nova Scotia



The lonely island-dwellers rejoiced when the supply steamer "Aberdeen" arrived.

far out, always too weak to look for rescue. Then he rowed up beside a lobsterman off far away Port Mouton and was saved. What an experience! He is home today. The ocean is just as it looked when he rowed forth—wide, far-reaching, shrouded in fog, harmless?

You have all read of the International Fisherman's Race, great two-masted schooners romping over the seas with white sails crowded on the topmasts, loaded with a crew of about 25 men each and sparred and rigged and furnished with every modern improvement. Well! of all the trim, white gleaming sailed beauties that darted across the starting line at Halifax two years ago very few are left. The *Esperanto* pounded her bottom out on Sable Island's bars. The *Puritan* sank not far off after striking those deadly sands and the accompanying schooner the *Marschal Foch* perished within five miles of the other two. You see the fog settles down and the immense fleet that fishes all year long on "the Banks" of Sable Island cannot get bearings. The sandbars extend for fifteen miles out off Sable Island into deep water, so the poor wandering, jogging schooner strikes in what looks to be good water, and instantly she is being pounded ahead onto the bar and none ever get off.

Now comes word of the loss of another of the contestants in that great race. The trim *Elizabeth Howard* of Gloucester, Mass. Again the fogs caught a schooner. There was a mighty sea running and she was all unknowingly being headed

out of their nests and launched them and piled in, but not before she began to break up. It is astounding how fast the swell will break up a spruce and oak fitted schooner, built as stoutly as iron and wood can be put together, but the awful strain, when the sea runs out and leaves her pointing like a distress signal out into the clear air off the rocks would break the back of anything man can fashion.

Some odd things come up out of the depths of the sea. One of the "banks," deep water covered sandbanks on which the food fishes love to hunt their finny prey, is called La Have. Above there, on the surface, the schooner *Ellen Marchall* jogged along while her crew in dories set the trawls like long spider webs from a central anchoring place. One of our neighbours who was fishing from one of the dories caught a black dog fish. These are rare, but the common velvety grey dogfish exists in countless millions, much to the disgust of the fishermen as they strip their baited hooks or are hauled up and thrown away. Many fishermen kill every one they catch.

The black dog was taken with the other fish to the schooner and later one of the men saw something shining in its mouth. He stooped down and took up a bit of coined American silver. This is always thought to be money from some drowned fisherman's pockets, but it is very rarely found. There is no doubt that these lesser sharks worry and tear any body that sinks into the

Continued on page 45

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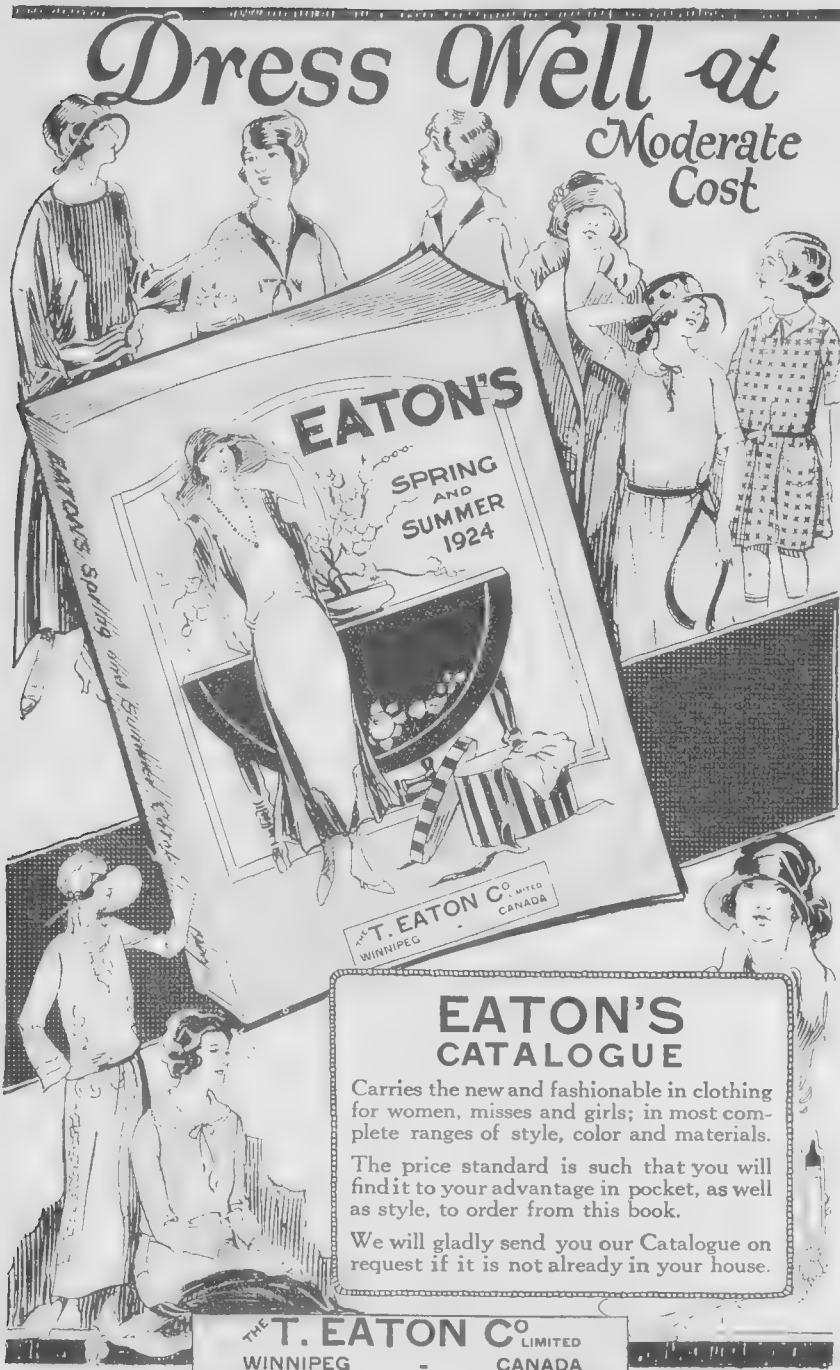
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Poet, Writer of Advertising, and Literary Critic

By Louie Macdonald

A BOOK shop, a veritably haunted book shop, fascinatingly eerie with the shades of all the greatest writers England has ever known, her father's book shop—that was the favorite childhood rendezvous of little Ruth Jacobs, twenty years ago, and doubtless it was that background which colored her life from that time to this, and helped to make her what she is now; first, a poet, then a literary critic, and lastly one of the cleverest writers of advertising on this continent. As Ruth Arakie Cohen (for she married before coming to Canada) she has composed gems of real poetry, three of which are included in Garvin's Anthology of War Poems. As Wilhemina Stitch, she writes, each day, a chatty morsel of rhymed prose, which is sent off to a syndicating company to appear in a dozen or more papers in Canada and the United States. As Sheila Rand, she has been reviewing books for six years now, and as Mrs. Cohen she is

guineas, for an essay on "The Penta-teuch" the money to be spent on books. Her choice fell first on Bagehot's "Literary Criticism," but she was reproved by an assistant in the book shop, who told her, with some severity, that she was quite old enough to read originals and form her own judgments, not taking the opinions of critics. Acting on this advice, she then chose a red leather set of the works of Charles Lamb.

From five o'clock in the afternoon until bed-time, the little Jacobs were occupied with studying lessons for the following day. Free afternoons were spent in becoming intimately acquainted with the National and Tait galleries, and the British Museum, while the West and South Kensington museums were goals of delight. Shakespeare's plays and Covent Garden opera were frequent treats, and Sundays were often passed at the Zoo. Of this life, Mrs. Cohen has said that it may have been a little



Mrs. Cohen at work in her charming library.

the leading advertising writer for the T. Eaton Company's Winnipeg store.

Born in Cambridge, Ruth Jacobs, as she was then, lived there until she was eight years of age, when her family moved to London, where they occupied residential quarters in connection with a book shop in Edgeware Road. The little Jacobs, of whom there were three, attended school, and spent the most of their time at home, engaged in the pleasant pursuit of home work.

"When we came home from school," Mrs. Cohen told me once, "We were supposed to go right up stairs, but I used to creep into the book shop and read, in a corner, hoping that no one would notice me or pack me off with the others. I remember one day while I was sitting there, an old man, with a white beard, came in, and appeared very much upset when my father told him that the Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' which he very much wanted, had not been procured. I remember I felt sorry for him."

Imagine a little girl of eleven who was acquainted with that noble tome of Burton's!

Just about this time, little Ruth was successful in winning a prize, of several

lop-sided in lacking freedom and lighter forms of entertainment, when compared with the life of a girl today, but still, memories of it have supplied her with all the emotional and artistic life which she has had since she made her home in Canada.

In the book shop it was, she made the acquaintance of such men as G. K. Chesterton, Israel Zangwell, Landon Ronald, Dr. Gaster of folk-lore fame, Stuart Mason, known for his work on Oscar Wilde, Samuel Gordon and Sir Israel Gollancz, editor of the Temple Classics. These, and many others, would gather in the little shop to gloat over old editions and rare bindings; and Ruth, from her corner, though apparently intent on her reading, would miss not one whit of what was said.

At the age of 19, Ruth Jacobs married a brilliant young graduate of Calcutta University, who, upon entering Lincoln's Inn Fields added Cohen to his surname of Arakie, for fear it might not be known he was a Jew—a fact of which he was tremendously proud. Thus it was that Mrs. Arakie Cohen obtained her name, and shortly after, she and her

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# First Impressions

of a Winnipeg Journalist returning to London after an  
Absence of Sixteen Years

By Sheila Rand

"**B**E not hasty in your judgments! Trust not to first impressions! Thus does Age admonish Youth in each generation. There's wisdom perhaps in this advice. Nevertheless, there is this virtue in first impressions received after an absence of sixteen years: they have a peculiar significance just because they are unconsidered. First impressions are somewhat like intuitive knowledge which may seem quite unreasonable to the logical but nevertheless very near to the truth. Nearer to the truth than logic could arrive.

Let me be more personal, and more specific. Before sailing on the S.S. Montcalm for Liverpool. I had spoken to the Editor of the Western Home Monthly and arranged with him to write a series of articles that would be of interest to the readers of this magazine. On board ship, as I sat sunning myself on deck, despite the fact that it was the middle of January, and we should have been freezing, I began to make plans of how I would gather information of interest to you. My plans were very business-like. I would observe conditions of London households, of London houses, of housekeeping methods, of women's activities, for a month at least, and then I would calmly consider the things that I had seen and compare them with what I knew prevailed in Western Canada and thereupon write a careful, well-balanced, well-considered article. That is what I thought I would do.....

**T**HREE days after my arrival, I suddenly became aware that each time I left or entered the house in which I was staying, I unconsciously jumped over the two steps onto the pavement! Not with joy, but with pity for the woman who each grey, cold, raw, damp morning, went down on her knees and whitened those steps in time for the first pair of muddy boots to leave their impress. "I must tell them at home," was the thought that flashed through my mind, "I must tell them at home that the women houseworkers of England still have to whiten the steps as they did sixteen years ago." And with this casual thought came the realization that I wanted my first article to the Western Home Monthly to be nothing more pretentious than the jotting down of first impressions.

Sixteen years is a long absence. Facts are forgotten. The imagination builds up pictures that have little relationship with actualities. It is human to over-estimate the joys and advantages of things we have relinquished and to treat the substitute as something very inferior. Because, when I first arrived in Winnipeg sixteen years ago, I longed vehemently to return "home." I have been clinging to this desire with the tenacity of perversity! Now that I am in London, I speak of Canada as "home." I catch myself saying every once in a while to those questioning me about Canada, and Canadian life: "Oh, at home, we do so and so." Or, "at home we have so and so." And this veering round of a mental attitude must not be put down entirely to the perversity of human nature. If sixteen years is a long time in

which to be absent from the land of one's birth; sixteen years is also a long enough time in which to take root in the land of one's adoption. I think one may count it good fortune to have divided one's life of consciousness between the mother country and a Dominion; between the old and the new; the settled and the settling; the completed and the country in the making. It is so delightful an experience to return to the old Country which in imagination was perfect in every respect and then to learn through its imperfections the virtues of the new country!

It was over those newly whitened doorsteps that my faith in London's perfection first faltered! In all these years, efficiency has not discovered a way in which to side-step that unpleasant, burdensome duty of kneeling each morning, no matter how bleak the day, and making white that nature intended should be stone color.

From the problem of the steps, it was not much of a stride to notice other duties still common to English households and unknown to homes in Western Canada. For instance, as I was typing the foregoing paragraph, my rosy-cheeked landlady came in carrying a freshly filled coal scuttle of no mean dimensions. She does not do this once in twenty-four hours, but once every four hours; and not to one room only, but to many rooms in this house which is three storeys high—each storey being separated by a stair case of generous height. She does not make a hardship of it—but, my heart ached! I couldn't help comparing her lot with housekeepers in Winnipeg who have no open fires to attend, who have electrical appliances to left and to right, and who would consider themselves "hardly done by" if there was no furnace man employed throughout the winter months. This lack of central heating and the expensiveness of electricity constitute a great hardship to the housekeepers in London and bring home to a person like myself who has kept house in Winnipeg for many years, the truth that we of Western Canada are a spoiled people! We are not thankful for the household contrivances that are truly luxuries; we look upon them as necessities.

**T**HE houses that I have visited so far have all been of one type—very large, many rooms and large rooms, and basement quarters where the cooking is done on the huge, old-fashioned coal range. This means that always one flight of stairs has to be mounted before the heavy tray, laden with dishes, is reached. Several journeys are made from the setting of the table to its clearance after the meal. As the rooms are decidedly large, and the weather just now extremely cold, each room must have its fire—think of the ashes to be carried away each morning before the family rises!

Another thing that impressed me soon after my arrival is the amount that English people eat. Milk and biscuits at eleven after a very hearty nine o'clock or eight-thirty breakfast, is not uncommon. Afternoon tea is universal, and it

*Continued on page 39*



## To Good Fellows

*Please try this Shaving Cream we made*

By V. K. CASSADY, Chief Chemist

### GENTLEMEN:

We have spent a lifetime studying soaps. Our success is known to all. One of our creations—Palmolive—is the leading toilet soap of the world.

We asked men—hundreds of them—what they most desired in a Shaving Cream. Then we set out to perfect it.

We worked 18 months. We made up and tested 130 separate formulas before we attained our ideal.

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But then we had a Shaving Cream which all who know applaud. We offered samples which millions accepted. And they flocked to this

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Men talked about it, urged others to try it. Thus in two years Palmolive Shaving Cream became the sensation in this field.

### Now your turn

Now it's your turn, if you have not tried it. We made this Cream for men like you—made it to delight you. Now we claim that you owe to yourself and to us a test.

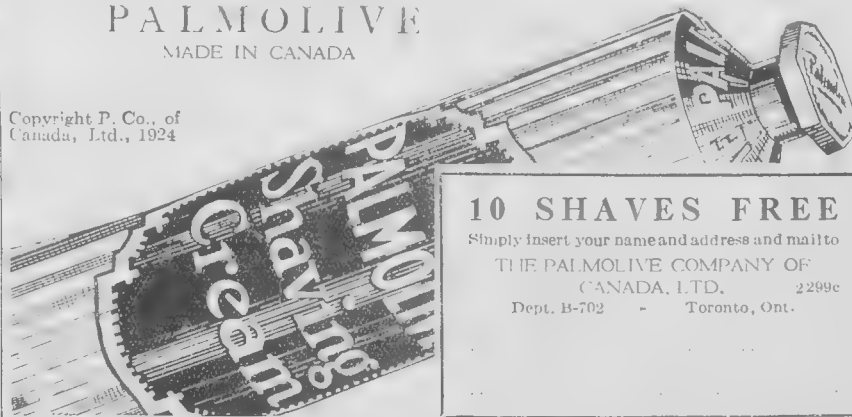
Make it in fairness to yourself. Make it in kindness to us. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

### 5 Reasons

- 1—It multiplies itself in lather 25 times.
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- 4—Strong bubbles support the hair for cutting—a new, important factor.
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Spring—Reproduced from an etching by George Fawcett

# UMINGMUK, King of the Barrens

By Francis Dickie

**A**N hour passed. Still the grey wolf sat, as still as though the northern cold had made him one with the frozen Barren.

In that period Umingmuk shifted his feet a dozen times uneasily. The restlessness of youth was his, and, too, he was weary from a long day of traveling. He longed to lie down again, to give way to the drowsiness that was upon him. His neck ached from holding his head in attitude of alertness and attention. Several times his eyes blinked closed in the very face of this unknown but fully comprehended enemy.

Another hour dragged by; found Amaruk still as a thing of stone, and Umingmuk doubly uneasy. Once Umingmuk, goaded to desperation by this unmoving antagonist, had made one step outward from his cave, impelled by very nervousness to take some action. Then caution had conquered, and held him an uneasy guardian in this cavern doorway.

At the end of the third hour Amaruk moved, started suddenly, with two leaps covered the score of feet of distance lying in front of the ridge's end, and disappeared around the corner to the left of Umingmuk.

This action, so surprising and unexpected, was the crowning achievement of age, the culmination of wolf wisdom, an action subtly cunning, arising from Amaruk's far roaming in the past and many years of stalking caribou, and creatures kindred to this half grown musk-ox bull upon which his life now depended.

With craning neck Umingmuk looked out from his rocky stronghold. Twenty minutes he stood expectantly awaiting his enemy's return. Yet, with this time past, the wolf's continued absence did not bring ease of mind to Umingmuk. Instead, came a curious wonder to see beyond the ridge's end, to search the Barren about for this creature which so short a time before had confronted him, and find whether it still lurked near, or was loping far away and out of his vicinity.

Safe here in retreat so easy of defending Umingmuk for several moments fought this inconsistent wanting that urged to foolish action. Yet stronger and stronger did the feeling grow, this avid curiosity which was the heritage of Umingmuk and all his kind, and so many other species of horned creatures that walk the world. A woolly bundle of contradictions was Umingmuk, just as countless other living things that move on earth, a thing of flesh and blood, and varying emotions often warring with each other. Now, safe here in this cavern, instinct, deeply wise, bade him with sternest warning not to venture forth. Opposing it rose curiosity, a foolish inhiation, a gaping after needless information. On went the battle between these conflicting emotions that were older than the body and brain harboring them, and which ruled Umingmuk's life, now one force uppermost, now the other.

Curiosity, in five minutes after the first twenty had passed, conquered, and sent Umingmuk marching forth seeking its satisfac-

## Summary of Preceding Chapters

**T**HROUGH the dreary, bitter cold of the Arctic winter, Umingmuk, the young musk-ox bull, had wandered solitary over the barrens. Months before, the rest of his herd including his mother and brother, had been captured by hunters, and taken to the civilized world as specimens for a zoological garden. Umingmuk alone had escaped, and during his lonely wanderings had never found so comfortable a spot as this sheltered cave in a rocky ridge, facing the barren. It was evening, and Umingmuk was just dozing off sleepily, when suddenly his every sense became alert. His sensitive nose had caught an unfamiliar scent, which instinct warned him meant danger. Rising to his feet, his eyes searched the barren, and saw Amaruk, the grey wolf, old and thin and hungry, approaching slowly. For days Amaruk had had no food save a caribou bull so old and weak that he had brought him down with little difficulty. Now he was faced with youth, strong and alert, and he knew that all his wolf cunning would be required in the coming fray. So the grey wolf sat a short distance before the cave, gazing longingly at the young musk-ox, and Umingmuk, so advantageously placed in the cavern entrance glared defiantly at this hitherto unknown enemy.

tion. Even in this moment, with instinct's wisdom unheeded, instinct still maintained some control, so that Umingmuk, after emerging from his cave did not keep close to the rock face in moving to where the ridge ended and gave way to level tundra; instead, walked out from the cave mouth straight ahead for a dozen yards and then on in a half circle till he looked upon the Barren beyond the wall of rock.

There was no sign of Amaruk. A faint breeze blew from the musk-ox in the direction of where the wolf had last appeared, a factor Umingmuk was sufficiently old enough to consider and realize it counted against his being sure the wolf did not lie somewhere near in front of him, which truth his eyes denied.

Standing bulked against the empty sky-line, Umingmuk searched the expanse before him. The Northern Lights still waited, waving torches forlornly flaring, that dimly lit the waste. Their gleaming showed no grey wolf form. Umingmuk roved his eyes over the stretch of Barren directly ahead where was the only possible shelter, a dozen irregularly shaped boulders, lying widely scattered. But only one of these was as large as an apple barrel, the rest too small for the enemy to hide behind. Upon this largest the musk-ox fixed his eye, an oval boulder a hundred yards away. As he stood studying it,

suddenly something at one end seemed to move. Almost certain of this he was. Yet five full minutes more of gazing did not bring confirmation. Still a prey to senseless curiosity, he went slowly forward for half a dozen steps, halted, stood staring. Again he started. Undoubtedly something had moved at one end of the boulder.

There then was the enemy, instinct warned, and bade him keep away. Instead Umingmuk took a dozen more steps toward the boulder, for something within him cried foolishly to know whether his eyes told the truth or had failed through falsely declaring there was a movement at a place where all was still.

Now stopping, now moving ahead, Umingmuk approached the boulder, the half of which reared black above the snow, never very deep upon the Barrens. Twice again he was sure something moved, a something showing swiftly from behind the end of the boulder, and then disappearing. And yet he went on, governed absolutely by this hereditary weakness, this force of curiosity so powerful it could conquer and cast aside all the restraint of instinctive knowledge that warned of the folly of his present action.

Nearer and nearer, very slowly, with numerous halts, and much standing to gaze, Umingmuk approached the boulder with movement like a creature fascin-

ated by some mystic machinations, until only five yards separated him from the oval rock. And still he was unsatisfied whether something did or did not lurk behind the boulder, for during the quarter of an hour he had taken to cross the last fifty yards there had been no repetition of the movement he had first been so sure he saw. This fact, while serving to weaken his conviction and assure him his eyes had played a trick, only heightened this semi-madness of curiosity which held him slave.

Then as from his last halt and staring, he again got into snail-like motion, he found his answer.

**A**MARUK, his plan successful, his prey drawn from the impregnable position in the cavern to the open Barren, charged, with heart exultant at this result of his disappearance and his hiding, and the so carefully planned flashing flirt of his stall beyond the boulder's end—a wolf ruse fostered in his kind and become instinct from ten thousand generations of ancestors who had used it in the prolonging of their ferocious lives.

Straight for Umingmuk's throat he leaped with bounding great, his attack assisted by the calf's confusion; for, strange to say, though Umingmuk had been looking for his enemy, such was his state of mind caused by the past half hour of nervous apprehension, he now gave way to momentary panic, was guilty of an act unpardonable and contrary to all the laws of survival which rule the lives of horned beasts, be they ox or buffalo, or sheep, or deer—he did not keep his head down and to the enemy, his throat protected by horns and boned headplate as strong as steel; instead, half turned away, excited, frightened, confused, contemplating flight, his head held high, the throat fully exposed, a mark magnificent for the fangs of the hungry wolf.

And hurtling with precision perfect, his hind legs still upon the ground, Amaruk threw himself open mouthed at this meaty mark so tempting, and closed them home with all the biting power that was his. In the next space of time, an infinitesimal fraction, he threw all the weight of his body into

movement to give toothsome quarry's aid to his fangs in tearing out this jugular vein. Then nothing remained save to dart away, no further fighting needed; only to wait watching, and see the red blood flow till the musk-ox fell from weakness; then on to the feast.

But alas, in this great movement, with teeth fixed firm in desired spot, and all his seventy pounds exerting pressure to make short the fight, the victory easy, and leave himself unhurt, Amaruk knew the tragedy of age: that pitiful weakening of the fabric of the body. His canine teeth, much tried, long withstanding hard tests numerous, had these many days been loosening. Still white and as sharp as of yore the two upper ones now gave suddenly under this too heavy strain, were jerked from their sockets, breaking Amaruk's advantageous hold.



The snow beneath him gave way with a treacherous suddenness.

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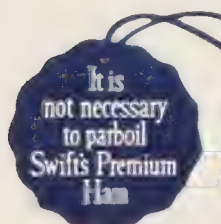


## A Delightful Easter Breakfast!

Easter morning! Herald of Springtime; sounding the call of Nature's reawakening to life and vigor. No wonder Easter is a glorious festive season, impatiently awaited: no wonder mankind seeks adequate expression—in new apparel—new colors—and—in thousands of homes by a

special breakfast of Premium Bacon or Ham. But be sure it is "Premium", for, as Easter is an *outstanding* day, it is but appropriate that you should mark it by that which is *outstanding* in quality and goodness.

## Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon



Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice



Be careful to get Swift's "Premium" when you buy Bacon or Ham—make sure of it this coming Easter Morning. Order from your Butcher or Grocer.

Swift Canadian Co.  
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The pattern on the floor is Gold-Seal Rug No. 396. In the 9 x 9 ft. size the price is only \$13.50.



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*mean more leisure at home!*

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*Gold-Seal Congoleum Rugs* on your floors will give you this leisure because they'll save you from the tedious sweeping and beating so necessary with dust-collecting woven rugs and carpets. The sanitary, smooth surface needs only a few minutes to clean. A damp mop; a few brisk swishes; that's all there is to it.

They're very good-looking, too; artistic patterns appropriate for any floor you wish to cover. They never wrinkle or kick up—never catch threads or lint—never show marks of spilled things. They're waterproof, durable and exceptionally low in price.

If you don't know *Gold-Seal Congoleum Rugs* you really must go to your dealer's and get acquainted with them. They're the most popular floor-covering in the Dominion.

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*Made in Canada—by Canadians—for Canadians*

### Always Look for this Gold Seal

Every guaranteed *Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug* carries the Gold Seal pledge of "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back." That pledge in itself proves that Congoleum Rugs have the quality to back such a promise. The Gold Seal (printed in dark green on a gold background) is pasted on the face of the material. Don't fail to look for it when you buy.

Gold Seal  
**CONGOLEUM**  
ART-RUGS





To left—The windows were all leaded, and most of the panes were diamond-shaped

Below—Our avenue of beeches



## AN ENGLISH COTTAGE

By H. H. Pittman

IT was the garden that decided us, I think, in our choice—not as we saw it then, rank and neglected and full of weeds—but for its possibilities. We had mental pictures of a delightful old-world garden with Dorothy Perkins roses, crimson ramblers and love-in-a-mist, and here was the very place. No! on second thoughts, perhaps the little waterfall in the brook flowing through the garden was the real reason. Anyway, it doesn't matter now. We were tired of town and were looking for an old-fashioned cottage and here was one that seemed ideal. For anyone fond of nature and seeking the simple life, let me suggest a season or two in an old English country cottage. After hard and strenuous work of any kind there is nothing I know of that will restore one to a normal and even condition quicker than a summer spent among the flowers and bees. Wordsworth wrote:

"The world is too much with us, late and soon,  
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers."  
That is how we felt and so we wanted a small secluded house with a large garden where we could be among the plants and flowers which "seem intended for the solace of humanity."

The cottage we chose was in a recess in an avenue of giant beech trees with some great elms at one end and a few horse-chestnuts at the other, belonging to a neighboring mansion and was far from a main road. A tiny brook bordered by yews, holly and laurel, and a narrow hay-meadow, separated it from a long hill partly covered with beech trees, so close, that looking at the house from a little distance, the sheep feeding in the open spaces seemed almost able to step upon the roof. The house was of time-stained dull red brick with a red tiled roof partly moss-covered, and was shaped like the letter L. As we first saw it everything was rather dismal, the dark house against a background of dark evergreens, and the brook in the vegetable garden smothered with a tall, mottled, bamboo-like plant that had run wild. This was the base upon which we had to work, and our object was to retain the appearance of age while making it habitable and satisfactory to people accustomed to what the advertisements call "every modern convenience."

The first thing we had done was to have the brick work of the whole house color-washed cream, and the windows and eavetroughs painted a soft apple-green. This made things more cheerful, especially when the great straggling branches of the trees had been trimmed and the sunlight could get through. We then had an extra window put in, in harmony with the older ones, and some new fireplaces. The windows, perhaps, gave us our greatest pleasure. They were all leaded, opening on hinges and most of the panes were diamond-shaped.

First let me state the drawbacks and then the reader can picture the conditions better and understand more clearly our efforts to overcome them. The greatest drawback was dampness, but this was largely remedied by the Russian tallow in the color wash applied externally to the walls, and by ventilators we had put under the ground floors. Then the ceilings were low and the windows rather small. These were the only flaws in an otherwise ideal little house.

There was a delightful lattice-work porch with yellow jessamine on one side and white on the other, over the front door, which opened directly into the dining room. This was a rather large room with a heavy oak beam in the ceiling and a large fireplace built into the wall. We had it papered in a soft, dull, light green—a thick heavy paper without pattern—and painted the inside woodwork of the windows and their ledges with a good white enamel. With linoleum, carpets and furniture harmonizing, and soft little casement curtains, the result was satisfying and restful to the most critical eye. All the inside woodwork, with the exception of the windows, was painted either pale green, or apple-green—in fact green predominated throughout the house, although we had one blue bedroom.

Most of the furniture was in keeping with the old-fashioned house—the tall, oak, grandfather clock with its quaint brass dial we bought for the angle in the little stairway, some modern, but ancient-looking gate-leg tables we placed here and there, ottomans and rose bowls and various specimens of village pottery, together with some good pictures. Looking back over a gap of several years—a gap



A picturesque kitchen entrance

filled with the greatest turmoil the world has ever known—it all seems a peculiarly happy dream. The discords of the last few years have so predominated, so crushed everything else, that such a period of restful harmony seems quite imaginary.

THE garden gave us great pleasure, and there was hardly a day that we did not make some little improvement. There is an old belief that the people living in houses sheltered by yew-trees are worth knowing and as the cottage was shaded by several ancient yews the writer in passing wishes to emphasize the truth of this. We replaced the cinder paths with gravel, in the middle of which were placed narrower paths of dull bricks. Round the back door and the outside kitchen door were great mill stones which made a delightful and unusual pavement and the remaining space down to the flower-bed and the rockery on the brook bank was cobbled. The vegetable garden, outhouses and driveway, together with a little strip of woodland was separated from the small island on which the house stood by a brook over which was a wooden bridge, shaded by an immense nut-tree.

Remaking the paths and restoring the narrow turf-edging and cutting back the great overhanging branches of the trees to allow the sunshine to enter quickly, made a great improvement. From the bridge, along the brook we built a rustic birch rail to train roses on, which was elaborated on the east side of the house into a pergola, smothered as quickly as Nature would permit by masses of pink and white rambling roses. On each side of the front path we placed rows of iron hoops, over which roses were tied, while across the path at intervals stood large arches, a rustic wooden one at the gate, succeeded by both ornamental and plain metal ones covered with roses, honeysuckle and other climbing plants. The old moss-covered, low stone wall, which ran from the boundary brook on the west to join the clipped holly-hedge of the vegetable garden, was studded with the old "tenpenny nails" described by Gilbert White.

Across the avenue in front of the small gate, was the remains of an old mill, and beside it, squarely in front of the dining room window was the waterfall where once the mill-wheel and chute had been, shaded by great laurels. The tinkling rush of the falls, together with the pervading roar of the rapids in the garden, filled the air with the sweetest music imaginable. The water plants, and above all, the water birds—the kingfishers, the moorhens at the lower end of the garden, and the ducks that passed

Continued on page 54



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Everbearing Strawberries.....20 for \$1.00  
Hardy Hybrid Raspberries.....14 for \$1.00  
Wild Plums, 1½ to 2 ft.....5 for 50c  
Everybody should grow Wild Plums  
Hardy Hybrid Plums, 3 ft.....75c  
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Compass Cherry, on plum root.....75c  
Red Currants, good roots.....per doz. \$1.50  
Black Currants, good roots.....per doz. \$2.00  
Very best Red Rhubarb.....per doz. \$1.50  
Lilacs and Honeysuckles, 2 ft.....each 25c  
Virginian Creeper.....5 for 50c  
Peonies.....50c. Iris.....3 for 50c  
Maples, 8 to 12", \$1.50 per 100-\$12.00 per 1,000  
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# THE FLOWER GARDEN ON THE PRAIRIE

By G. A. B. Krook

Horticulturist, Canadian Pacific Railway Company

At one time there was a general impression that wheat and other grains were the only crops that would grow on the prairie, but we know now that in spite of many drawbacks, such as short growing seasons, drought, and at times severe winter weather, many vegetables can be grown and many varieties of flowers.

No doubt a great many readers have grown flowers around their homes with considerable success, but to those who are still doubtful I would suggest a visit to the many public gardens in our cities and to our government stations, not to mention the numerous private gardens which are being constructed in large numbers every year.

Having decided to make a flower garden you will have to choose the style of garden you want and where you will have it. I would recommend what is known as the "mixed border" rather than formal flower beds, it being less trouble and cost to maintain and more in keeping with the general surroundings. Place the and do not make it too prominent a feature in the front yard.

Of course you will have to look to the soil. You don't want it too light and

to frost. We need not consider the tender plants, as they can be grown only indoors, or where the growing season is much longer than here. Of half-hardy plants we can use quite a number, but it is on those that are perfectly hardy that we must rely.

Drummond, Mignonette, Candytuft, California Poppy, Portulaca, Calendula and Sweet Alyssum.

If you wish to obtain extra early bloom, Marigold, Centaurea, Nasturtium and Phlox seed may be sown indoors in shallow boxes about the middle of March. Put



A garden in Mundare, Alta.



A Winnipeg flower bed that won first and third prizes in local garden shows.

two or three inches of sandy loam in the box, sow your seed and cover twice the thickness of the seed, pressing the soil down with a board or the palm of the hand.

Take special care until the plants are up and during the early stage of growth, to give plenty of air and moisture and yet not too much moisture or they will "damp off."

When they are well out of the seed-leaf they should be planted in other boxes, in rows about three inches apart to allow them room to grow and make strong plants. They should be planted in their permanent places about the middle of May.

Of the half-hardy annuals there are several that can be used to advantage, such as Aster, Flowering Tobacco Plant,

sandy, as it will not hold moisture, neither do you want a heavy clay which is too hard to work, but you should aim to get a soil between these two extremes, one that will be rich and hold moisture and easy to work. A heavy clay soil can be improved by adding plenty of manure.

The next consideration is the preparation of the soil. This should have been attended to last Fall, but we will assume that you had not then decided on making a garden, so that you will not feel that you neglected an opportunity, however, as soon as the frost is out of the ground sufficiently this Spring, I would advise you to have it dug deeply with a fork or spade, and if the soil be poor see that some well rotted manure is worked in during the digging process.

As it is too early to start work on the land, I would suggest that you secure a seed catalogue from some reliable seedman. Now you will have an interesting time choosing among the many different kinds of plants, and possibly some worry, if you do not know what plants you want to grow. I will, therefore, try to simplify matters for you. Plants may be divided into three classes, namely:

Annuals—Those that grow from the seed, bloom, form their seed, and die in one year.

Biennials—Those that form a plant the first year; bloom, form their seed and die the second year.

Perennials—Those plants which live more than two years. These may be divided into tender, half-hardy, and hardy, according to their resistance



Beds of Polyanthus on a well-kept lawn.

LET us first consider the hardy annuals as they are the easiest to grow. They require no artificial aid, such as hotbed or greenhouse, but grow and bloom freely in the open air. The seed should be sown outdoor, as soon as the ground can be worked freely. The following kinds are best for the prairie country: Sunflower, Sweet Peas, Centaurea or Cornflower, Marigold, Poppies, Calliopsis, Dwarf and Climbing Nasturtiums, Phlox

Zinnia, Stock, Verbena, Petunia, Pyrethrum (Golden Feather) and Lobelia. All of these can be raised indoors from seeds as outlined for the hardy annuals but would advise planting them outdoors a little later, say about the first week in June, or when danger of frost is over.

As there are few Biennials worth the trouble to plant, we will not stop to consider them.

Continued on page 63



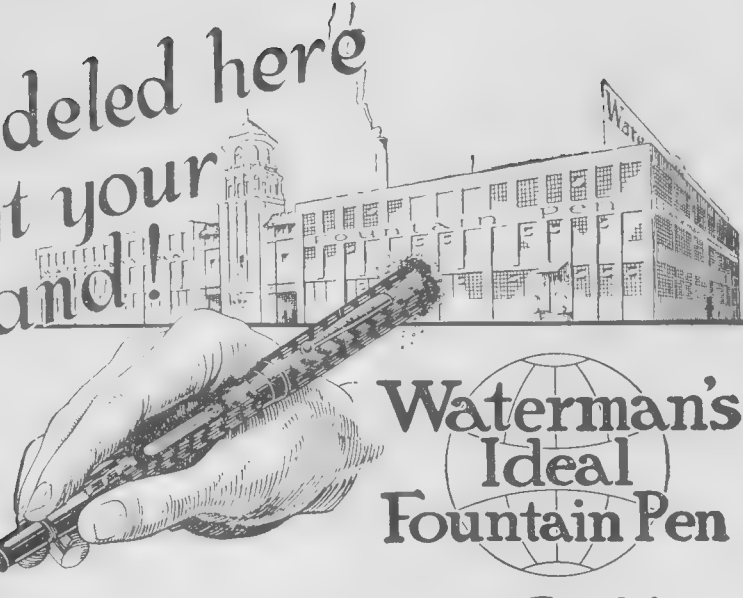


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## Little Things

**W**ITH the coming of Easter, interest is always aroused in the ancient beliefs, ceremonies, customs, and observances brought together in the celebration of this modern festival. These include such things as the Easter egg, the hot cross bun, Easter flowers, the Easter hare, the sacrificial candle, to say nothing of the other items obsolete in our times.

Individual notings of one or another of these ceremonies or observances have there been, but it is no easy matter to lay one's hand on an assembling of them. They represent very ancient customs of devotion or superstition, which, like the disaster of spilling salt or of sitting thirteen at a table, are persisting relics of a time when the world was filled with signs and omens.

And so I mean in this article to give only a few of the "Little Things About Easter" that come to my notice in various ways in the course of my reading.

### The Name Easter

To a student of world history there is great interest and food for thought in the facts concerning the origin of Easter. Strange enough it may seem, this popular church festival dates back to a heathen custom. In Anglo-Saxon language this feast was termed "Eastre," and was held at about the same time as the Christian festival.

The Goddess Ostara seems to have been regarded as the personification of the beginning of spring. The worship of this Goddess was brought to our ancestors in Britain from Northern Germany in the early centuries. It is well-known that the Anglo-Saxon name for April is, or was, "Eastermonath," and in Germany this month is still known as Ostermonath.

Easter is the modern English equivalent for the Saxon word "oster" or "osten," meaning rising. The German word is "ostern," the Hebrew form is "pascha," the French "pasques," the Scotch "pasch," the Dutch "paschen," the Swedish "pask," the Danish "paaske." The common word in the East was "paschal feast" because kept at the same time as the paschen, or Jewish Passover, and in some measure succeeding it. In the sixth of the Ancyran canons it is called "The Great Day." You will perhaps be able to gather from this why we call this great religious feast, Easter.

### The Modern Celebration

The coronation of Christendom is expressed in the phrase, "I am the resurrection and the life." Triumph is the keynote of Eastertide. A few weeks ago whole forests showed their tracery of bough and twig without a single leaf. The fields were hidden under the snow. There was an aspect of austerity and silence in the familiar landscape. As if Nature were waiting for something to happen she withdrew herself and dwelt in mystery and reserve.

But the earth has felt an elemental thrill. Nature has heard the command, "Come forth!" and is obeying the promptings of the resurrection pulse throbbing in her veins. The vernal fields, the bursting buds, the day springing out of darkness are all reminding us of Him that burst the tomb.

Easter is a day of holy memories. The sun shines upon an open grave and into it, flooding out its darkness. The Sun of a new righteousness comes with wings of healing, and death loses its sting and its bitterness.

The resurrection has its message for every age. In the midst of doubt, and the helpless speculation of our own time, and the love of the temporal that seems to crowd out spiritual realities and the sense of the life to come, it is something to know that the gospel of Christ lifted the vision higher; that He enobled this world with the glory of the next; that He made time eternal and gave the duties and responsibilities of time the

significance and determining value of eternity; and this is the message of Easter to us.

### Observance of Lent a Pagan Custom

Although Lent has the claims of Christian origin, Lewis, who has delved deeply into the history of pagan customs, asserts that it is of very ancient origin. It arose, as nearly as has been determined, in the fasting that was customary among the Babylonians, whose worship formed the starting point of Easter. The fast was one of sympathy with the goddess of reproduction, who mourned her escort, and the period was marked by fasting and an abstinence from mirth and social festivals.

Fasting has been a widespread custom. Humboldt, the noted traveller, found the Mexicans observing fast days when he visited that country many years ago. Landseer mentions fasting among the Egyptians and it is still a custom among the tribes in Kurdistan.

In civilized countries there is today in several of the churches a season of comparative abstinence, and its effects are felt in a commercial way by amusement enterprises and confectioners. Few persons in these churches will marry in Lent, while occasionally there persists some custom that has placed restrictions on individual action, as in Hungary, where it is forbidden to make love on Easter Eve. From Ash Wednesday to Good Friday we may if we will, go into retreat from the world, shake off its dust, compromise with its care, and seek the blessedness of heaven. Swiftly after the gloom of Good Friday with its memories of the Cross, follows Easter Day with its memories of the Crown.

### Easter Flowers

Easter is the season for flowers all over the world. Perhaps the real reason is that this most joyous festival of the Christian year happily coincides with the return of spring and the fuller pulse of life when all the world is bursting forth into a glad exultant mood. It comes just as the warmth of approaching spring has caused to blossom forth the first blooms since the winter's icy blasts made bare the fields.

After the gloom of a long winter, Easter flowers are especially entrancing. To the invalids especially they bring hope and cheer. To the youthful they tell tales of budding love and fragrant joy. To the children they are the harbingers of sunshine, fragrant fields and dewy meads. To the aged they bring glorious promise of rejuvenation and hope out beyond the evening star. They bring the Easter miracle into all our lives, and whisper, "We came out of the blackness of the soil; why may not your dark and black past also produce flowery blooms which may bless not only yourselves but others as well."

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent each Easter for flowers for churches. Lovers and sweethearts exchange flowers at Easter, and in many a little cottage on back streets of every town and city in the land, house plants fill homely living rooms with perfume and brightness.

To go back to an ancient use of flowers at Easter, Gurber tells us that altars known as Easter stones may still be seen in Germany, and up to the middle of the nineteenth century, at least, they were crowned with flowers, and the young people, and not infrequently the old, danced about them.

### The Sacredness of Fire at Easter

"Easter fires continue even now in Northern Europe," wrote Grimm a generation ago. On the Weser a tar barrel was tied to a fir tree and lighted in the evening. Around this men and maidens danced. There was a fire on every hill-top. Processions to these fires and hymn-singing and the bearing of white rods were features of this ceremony. The people liked to carry the fire home with them because it was



# About Easter



sacred fire and embodied the elements of the old fire-worship. It was produced by friction and to kindle it two boys were selected who knew nothing about the vanity of the world.

The sacredness of fire was an element in later worship in Scotland and Ireland, but the fire must have been carried home from the Easter ceremonies on the moors and hills. In these countries the ceremony had to do with fertility.

## Giant Sacrificial Candle

The heathen bonfires of the Weser were perpetuated in the paschal tapers with which the churches were once lighted on Easter eve. The brilliant illuminations of the cities of Russia and other European countries at Easter are also reminders of the early heathen festivals.

A giant sacrificial candle, said to be the largest and most beautiful ever made, was blessed by his holiness the Pope last Easter morning, before the altar of St. Biagio, in St. Peter's at Rome. The great candle weighed two hundred and eight pounds, stood eleven feet high, and nearly three feet at the base, tapering to one foot at the top. Made of sweet-smelling wax, this great candle was beautifully decorated and embossed with solid gold to the value of \$300.

Following the blessing of the candle it was lighted, and the flame kindled will not grow dim for six years. Saint Biagio is the patron saint of all who suffer from throat affection. The candle was a sacrificial Easter offering to this saint by a great Italian singer who had lost his voice from disease.

## Hot Cross Buns

Hot cross buns, it is claimed, are a direct descendent of the cakes offered by the Jewish women to the Queen of Heaven, that so vexed Jeremiah.

Cakes and libations have in all parts of the world and in all ages been convenient and customary offerings to the deities. The Greeks offered them to Astarte, and other divinities. The pagan Saxons also used cakes in honor of their goddess of Light, Easter. The Mexicans and Peruvians are shown to have had a similar early custom. And strange to say, for one reason or another, these cakes were marked with a cross.

Today in England hucksters of all kinds offer hot cross buns from earliest daylight until twilight closes another Good Friday. Many quaint customs attach to the cross bun. In one place in England a sermon is preached to the boys of a boys' school after which each boy is presented with a cross bun. This is according to the provisions of a will and has been strictly followed for many years. It is said that at a stall in Chelsea, George III. once stopped to partake of these delicacies, and since then the buns at the sale table are called "royal" hot cross buns.

## The Sailor Who Never Returned

A sad story associated with cross buns has grown into an east London legend. In the densely populated district there lived a widow and her sailor son. The lad on leaving home to join his ship, promised his mother that he would return and receive her blessing on the following Good Friday.

The poor woman, relying implicitly upon her son's promise, hung a hot cross bun in the front room of the little cottage for him to partake of when, as she anticipated, he would rush with joyous excitement into the house. But the boy did not come; neither did any news of him reach the sorrowing widow. Her faith in his promise, however, did not diminish, and every Good Friday a bun was hung in the room to gladden the eyes of the wanderer if he returned.

The widow died without ever hearing a word of her son's whereabouts or fate. That was more than seventy years ago. The house has passed into other hands but the custom of adding another bun

to the mouldy ones that hang in a group from the ceiling of the room is still preserved, and today will see a number of curious customers gazing wistfully at the tangible reminder of a far-away romance.

## The Easter Egg

The Easter egg is the acceptance by a modern festival of an emblem that is older than any human record. In the early systems of philosophy the egg was already well established as the symbol of life. When spring returned after the winter's death—precisely the import of the Ishtar festival—the oldest of the nations used the egg to typify the new life, just as the newest nations do without knowing why.

Easter eggs were colored to show the joy of the people at the reawakening of the earth, and were used in connection with the spring Astarte festival celebration. In ancient as in modern times, the eggs have varied from simple uni-colored ones to creations in gold leaf and gorgeous tints. Everywhere, in all ages, there has been a spring festival and it has been celebrated with eggs.

Several superstitions have grown up around the Easter egg. One is that empty egg shells are witches' goblets, and may be used to the harm of him who ate the egg. Irish and English children are taught to put the spoon through the egg shell.

## "Jack and Jill" Have Easter Connection

When "Jack and Jill" went up the hill together for water they may have been pursuing a devotional act connected with Easter. Their journey far antedates the name Easter, of course, yet it may have had its origin in a practice that Easter ceremonies have perpetuated.

It was the custom on the continent for the youths and maidens on Easter morning to go together up into the mountains to the holy springs for water, which they brought home with them. Such a custom is undoubtedly the survival of an older pagan one, and it relieves Jack of some criticism for going up the hill for the water. If it was a water-worship observance Jack was right.

In this Easter morning water seeking there is a relic of water worship, for springs, being direct gifts of the gods to men, miraculous gifts, were more sacred than brooks or wells. There are other customs that have obtained at Easter that point to water worship.

## Time of Easter

The proper time for the celebration of Easter was the source of great discord among the early Christians. There has never been any difference of opinion as to why Easter is kept but there has been a good deal of disagreement as to when it ought to be kept.

The great mass of the Eastern Churches in Asia Minor kept Easter on the 14th Nisan, the Jewish month corresponding to our March or April, considering it to be equivalent to the Jewish Passover. But the Western Churches kept the feast on the Sunday following the 14th day, remembering that Christ's resurrection took place on the Sunday, and also wishing to mark more clearly their disconnection with the Jews.

A primary source of this divergence was the imperfection of the Jewish calendar. It sometimes happened that the Jewish Christians celebrated their Easter before the vernal equinox which was regarded as the commencement of the natural year. This was remedied by Constantine in the fourth century when it was agreed that Easter should be celebrated on the Lord's Day following the first full moon after the 21st of March, this date being accepted as the vernal equinox. If the full moon happens on a Sunday, then Easter Day is the Sunday following.

—By W. McD. Tait



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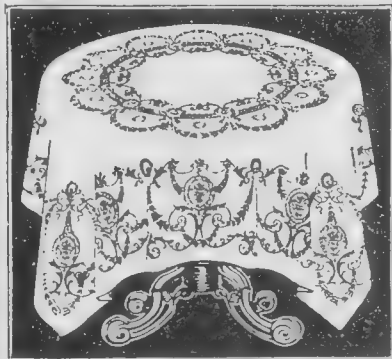
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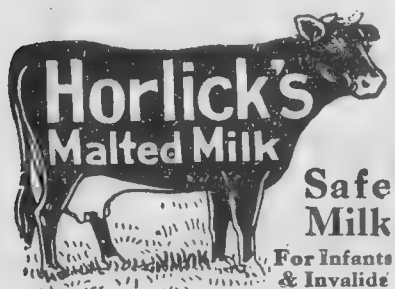
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## MOTHER'S PAGE

### Making Over Men's Clothing By Maude Hymers

**M**OST women practice the art of remodeling feminine garments, but only the few realize the possibilities in men's discarded clothing, even when the family consists of little girls instead of boys.

Fortunately my husband and brother favor navy blue and grey for business suits, which pleases me perfectly for blue is always good, while grey may be dyed any desired shade, thus providing for variety in raiment. As in all remodeling, the garments should be first ripped, thoroughly cleaned and pressed, (sometimes washed) and turned or dyed as necessary; then the patterns should be laid on and studied to find how the goods will cut out to best advantage.

From trousers and coat alike I have frequently made a coat suit for my eight year old girl; the skirt gores being cut from the trousers tops; the jacket from the coat with judicious shifting of the pattern to avoid slits left from pockets.

From negligee coats having patch or applied pockets much more may be done. Indeed a modish box jacket for myself was cut from such a coat. The material was grey with pin stripe of green, which I matched in velvet for collar, cuffs and buttons, when a neat jacket with fashionably slender lines resulted.

One Christmas, husband's gift was a long-coveted smoking jacket which fitted him to perfection. And why not, since it was made from a summer coat of his own, the patch pockets making remodeling possible. The light grey cloth was dyed a warm brown, all padding removed and a new lining of his favorite color inserted. The notched collar was replaced by a wide rolling one of plaid in shades of tan shading from brown to red, with cuffs and pocket laps to match, and husband had a high class garment with no expense except for lining and frog fasteners.

From a light-weight broadcloth overcoat a modish three-piece skirt for the fifteen year old daughter was evolved. The back of the coat cut the wide front section, and by careful placing of the pattern the front gave the two back gores, the skirt length being just sufficient to clear the pockets.

A gray cravenette was similarly recut into a petticoat for myself, though in this case a yoke was set on to do away with the pocket slits, on account of the greater skirt length necessary.

A tan cravenette of brother's was also cleaned (by scrubbing on a table with brush and soap and water) and recut into a neat raincoat for the ten year old girl; when with brown velvet collar and buttons on cuffs it had no resemblance to the original garment.

From underwear I have made many things; small union suits for the babies; warm petticoats from the skirt portion of woolen shirts, (these requiring only a band, with perhaps a crocheted scallop at bottom), and tights for extra warmth in winter. For this use the legs or sleeves of woollen garments were dyed black, a slash made on inside of each to waist depth, then the two joined as for children's drawers, and a rubber tape run on the top for quick adjustment. With one of these garments over their regular outfit the children can play out of doors in coldest weather, in comfort.

One heavy, ribbed wool garment was dyed red and fashioned into a sweater for a small girl, the necessary seams being lapped and carefully fastened at each stitch, and buttons and buttonholes added, making a warm and comfortable garment for playtime.

For myself I have made long-sleeved corset covers for winter wear from husband's silk-finished union suits, when the upper portion remained good. The suit was simply cut off at waist line, and shaped by cutting straight up underneath the arms and narrowing the back, then gathering to a belt, which gives fullness enough for the average figure. Buttons and buttonholes were already in place.

From percale negligee shirts, broken at neck and wristband only, I have made simple dressing sacks for myself; cutting neck square, elbow sleeves, lengthening front opening to belt line and laying extra shoulder width in a Gibson plait. At waist line the fullness is simply shirred to a fitted inside belt.

Pretty afternoon aprons for myself are easily made, from this material as are also baby's simple slips, and pinafores for the small girls.

From discarded felt hats I cut soles for bed slippers, making the tops from eiderdown, bath-towel of similar material. These are donned for the children's customary evening romp, which is now practically noiseless. My hardwood floors are also protected from the ravages of heavy chairs by having the rockers fitted with "shoes" of this felt, cut to shape and glued on.

From cast-off silk ties I often obtain the bit of bright color to use as a piping on some small garment, thereby providing the requisite bit of ornamentation. Or I use them, (ripped and cleaned) to shirr over cheap wood or wire skirt hangers, concealing dainty sachet bags made from smaller ends of other ties.

Thus experiment has taught me a sure economy along lines too often overlooked by the less venturesome, or—shall we say discerning?

### When Winter Comes By Annie Sheppard Armstrong

**A**FAMOUS book has been written, its name borrowed from the initial words of the couplet "If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" In practical, prosaic life there is no "if" about it, winter simply comes, and I have headed my few remarks with just that—"When winter comes."

Everyone has been young, and it is a pleasant duty for older people to review their own youth and to watch, to warn, and to guide, those in life's spring-time.

April paths are pleasant to retrace, but December's snows are not so flowery to consider, and yet they are to be trodden some day, and the faltering footsteps of age need guidance as much as those of youth, perhaps more so. We must all grow old, and, while our

faculties are still keen, we should protect ourselves against the time when not only our earning, but our discerning powers, are impaired.

Nearly all families are happy in their home life. Mothers and fathers are tender with their children, and parents foresee the time when their families will look after them when they are old and helpless. Sons and daughters appreciate their parents and would indignantly deny the possibility that they could ever be neglectful or unfilial.

But time goes on; the girls marry husbands; the sons take wives. The infusion of new blood into the family makes all the difference in the world. There are other groups of old people



## MOTHER'S PAGE—Continued from page 24

then to be considered, in the general mix-up. The married son has a wife who often seems to think her own parents the only real grandparents. The daughters marry men who believe their old folks worthy of at least a little appreciation, and there you have things all set for unpleasantness for somebody.

It is a fact that old people with married daughters are almost sure of considerable care, as, of course, they have charge of the house, the wife, too, having the main bringing up of the children who have also to be dealt with. In this connection comes the old adage, "A son's a son till he gets him a wife, but a daughter's a daughter all the days of her life." It is evident that old people who have just sons and no daughters are out of luck. But then, again, there are many cases where, in spite of the faithfulness of daughters, a son-in-law can make himself very unpleasant, too.

One would think that old people who have accumulated considerable worldly goods are sure to be well looked after, but such is not necessarily the case. Many men who have quite a large amount accumulated at, say, sixty-five, immediately, on account of failing judgment, begin to make disastrous disposal of it, so that, "when winter comes"—from seventy to eighty-five, perhaps, they are pitiable paupers. There is protection for minors and it seems as though a court officer should safeguard the interests of the old. But while the faculties are still keen, a man, foreseeing his probable mental decline, should make provision for that old man who will be himself, and for his aged wife if he has one, "when winter comes."

Nearly every one has read Shakespeare's play "King Lear." How that Lear, king of Britain, when he began to get very old, wished to be rid of the cares of state, and, silly with age, called his three daughters, Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia, the youngest, to tell him how much they loved him, so he would know

how to divide his kingdom. The absurd protestations and flatteries of the hypocritical Goneril and Regan so disgusted the straightforward Cordelia that she simply told her father that she had the proper feeling that a daughter should have and no more. Lear was so taken back by her apparent coldness that he divided the whole kingdom between Goneril and Regan, with their husbands. As soon as the king abdicated and was stripped of his power the sisters appeared in their true light and the paupered Lear was glad to take refuge with the honest Cordelia, then queen of France.

Whatever a man has—a thousand or so of life insurance, or a bit of property, or a bank account—that is his kingdom as much as Lear's, for it is his all. How often you see a man turn over his possessions to a son or daughter with a loose arrangement that he is to have his "keep." There is friction and then he is pottering around from place to place amongst others of his family, not altogether welcome, because he gave what he had to the one. A man is safe, from my observation, in keeping whatever he has, little or much, in his own hands, during his life time. That is certainly a safe rule to follow.

In providing for his aged widow a man would be safest in having the money paid to her in installments, or else she will likely be an easy mark for some one, for the life insurance money, or whatever she has in hand. The insurance companies, I understand, encourage this paying by installments. Indeed, all they want is the chance to arrange matters in the best possible way for the beneficiary.

So let us often leave the flowery path of youth and plan for ourselves, and help to plan for others, a course of action that will make things as pleasant, cozy, and frictionless as possible, when the last act is about to be staged, in short, "when winter comes."

## Homely Beauty

By Joan Jack

WE all sense the elements of beauty in the obviously beautiful; a gorgeous sunset, a raging storm or stately mountain range, but do we appreciate it in the little things of life? The quiet beauty in a friend's character, in the eyes of youth or in a shining kitchen. The beauty in your home itself. It is good to bring as much material beauty into your home as possible, but by that I do not wish to suggest that you go out and procure new or gorgeous furnishings. Even if this were possible it might not create an air of beauty on arrival. The piece you select may be beautiful in itself but become incongruous when brought home. There may be beauty in what you have not got as well as in what you have.

All beauty is harmonious and all harmony beautiful. The little cottage furnished simply and harmoniously may be much more beautiful than the most gorgeous mansion stored with handsome furniture in an incongruous and tasteless array.

Take stock of your belongings, arrange them so that the whole room radiates harmony and remove anything that causes a jarring note. Select your most desirable pieces and place them to the best advantage, overshadowing and distracting attention from those that are more utilitarian and less beautiful. Nowadays, however, even the most utilitarian and ugly things can be made at least interesting, if not really beautiful. The women's magazines are full of suggestions and show you how to metamorphose anything from an ugly telephone pad to a battered and broken bureau into an acceptable condition, at least harmonizing them into obscurity amongst your other things.

You would do well, in your inventory, to eliminate the majority of not so beautiful dust catchers, ornaments, etc. No home can be beautiful without cleanliness and these things have to be dusted for ever to keep them looking clean.

Besides, too many ornaments give a cluttered effect. Remove the china dog and dinky saucer off the bookcase and leave nothing but the clock or a vase. It's a great improvement, isn't it? It is the china dogs and saucers that make us slaves to our homes and spoil our dispositions and when you come right down to facts they are anything but an improvement to the beauty of our homes. Even beautiful things may lose a part of their effect by too great a profusion.

In China, where people exist with the minimum of furniture, the housewife keeps her household ornaments stored away in a special receptacle and each day takes out one piece and one only, for each room, in order that one may appreciate the beauty of that particular piece without distraction. Personally I think it an excellent plan.

If you keep your home simple, harmonious and clean it is bound to be in good taste and play an important part in helping you to a full sense and appreciation of the beautiful. At the same time it is assisting greatly in the creation of an important element of the perfect atmosphere—the environment that your children will reflect. They will greatly appreciate it in later years for who can really enjoy or appreciate life without a sense of the beautiful.

## Sunset

Over the hill the Sunset  
Is gold and blue and gray;  
A million tints are coloring  
The sky at close of day.

Over the hill the Sunset  
So slowly slips him down,  
He leaves a golden halo  
A-top the hill, for crown.

Over the hill the Sunset  
Has hidden from our sight,  
But left his robes behind him,  
Soft blue, and gray, and white.

—Reba Ray



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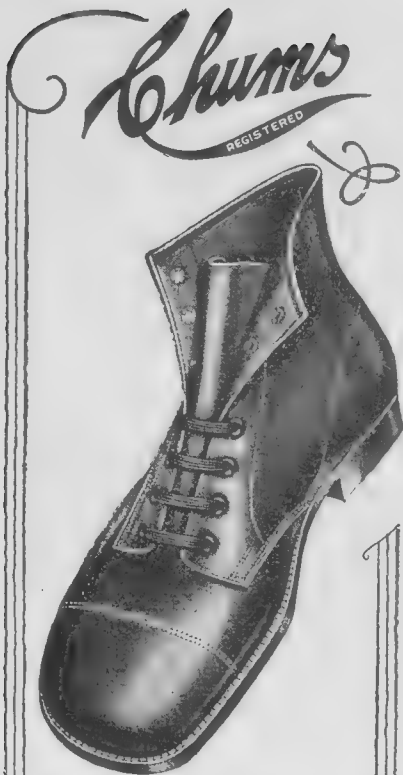
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## A Table Runner for Your Living Room

THE three filet designs illustrated on this page make up into lovely ends for table scarfs when worked in ecru crochet cotton. Such a scarf may be just what you require to give a brightening touch to the living room or library. Any of these patterns may be worked in fine white thread also, and set into white linen for a buffet cover.

### Directions for Daffodil Design

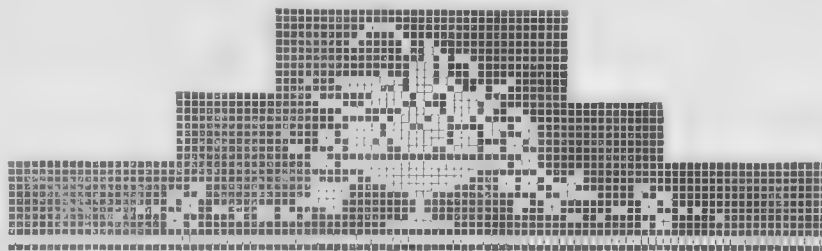
Materials—Coats Mercer-Crochet No. 30. No. 10 hook.

Start at one end, working up and down. Ch 194.

1st Row—63 sp.

2nd Row—1 sp. 62 bl.

3rd Row—Add 1 bl at lower edge, 63



A complete set, comprising table runner, chair tidies, and cushion covers, in one design, makes a very charming effect.

The daffodil design lends itself particularly well to this use. For the cushion cover, the group of daffodils in the centre of design could be worked in a square or diamond-shaped medallion and inserted into the material. Natural linen crash is usually used, but pongee silk is also very pretty, particularly on a circular cushion, ruffled and corded.

For the tidies, the head piece could be made from the central group, and the arm-pieces from the two outer panels. The edge should be finished with some closely worked edging.

For the table scarfs that have a straight lower edge a crocheted fringe is an attractive finish.

bl. 1 sp. Continue to follow design, adding meshes to form points.

### Directions for Bowl of Fruit Design

Materials—Coats Mercer-Crochet No. 70. No. 13 Hook. Ch. 220.

1st Row—Tr in each st, beginning in 4th st from needle.

2nd Row—110 sp.

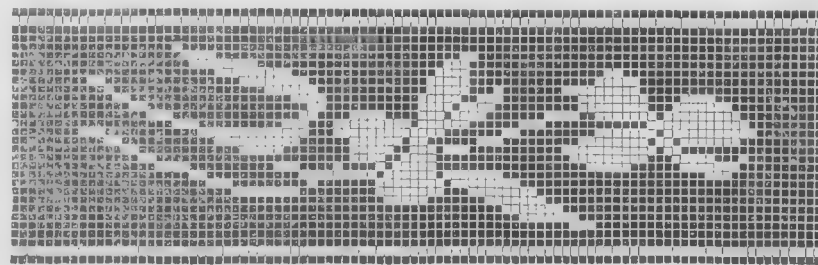
3rd Row—Start design and follow. Finish 11 rows and fasten thread.

12th Row—Fasten thread in 23rd tr and follow design. Finish 19 rows and fasten thread.

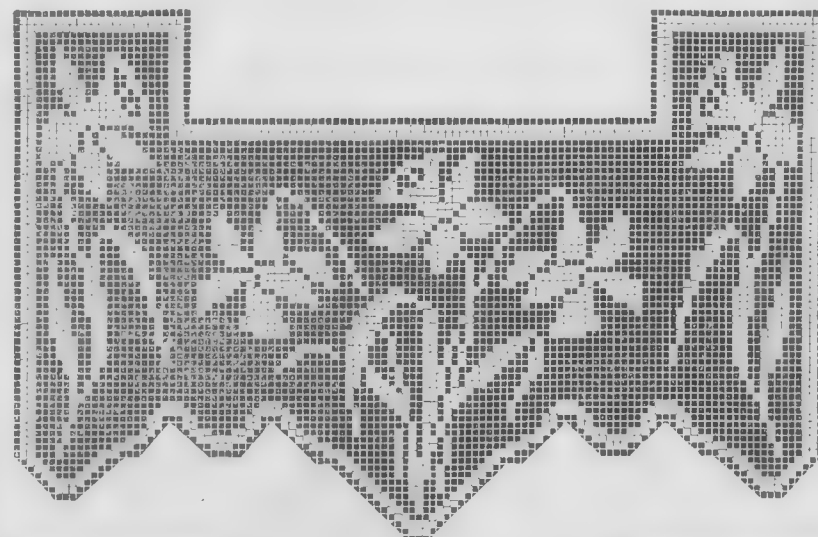
20th Row—Fasten thread in 14th tr and finish design.

EDGE—Make ch as long as scarf is to be, turn and fill with tr and sp.

2nd Row—Fasten thread in corner and tr in 2nd sp, p, ch 2, tr in same sp, p, ch 2, tr again, p, ch 2, p, ch 2, p, fasten in 4th sp, ch 6, sk 3 sp and repeat around scarf.

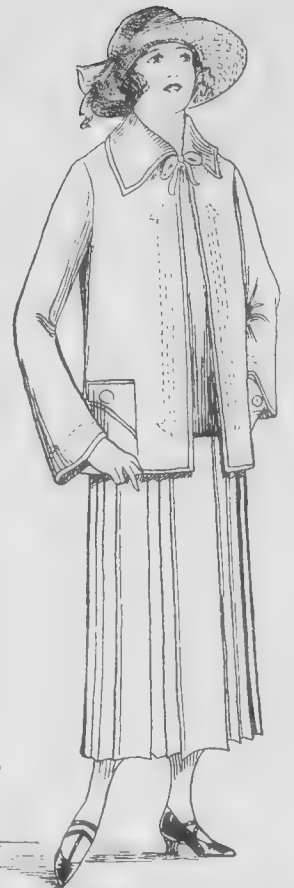


The Iris Design Illustrated above may be easily followed from diagram.



The little girl will enjoy making these simple motifs to set into a luncheon cloth for her own little table.

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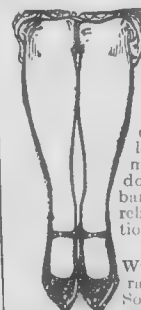
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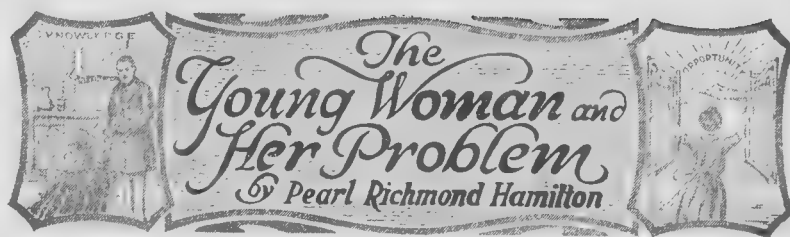
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### The Dairy Maid

THE girl of art, poetry and song is in Canada. This time she means business. With all of her breeding in literature and pictures she has developed into a practical up-to-date business girl, for she is helping very materially to solve some of our most important financial problems.

Miss E. Cora Hind tells us about Mary Anderson of Vawn, Saskatchewan, who is a girl in her early teens and has full charge of a dairy herd which is paying its way and yielding a profit. In the winter of 1912 she and her mother moved to a homestead 40 miles north of North Battleford, where her father had taken a homestead. She liked animals and helped feed and care for them. When ten years old she began to milk the cows. In 1920 her father took her with him to a dairy meeting and she learned many things about dairying. Her father asked the speaker questions and as a result he bought four Holstein cows. Mary took care of these cows with three others. She brushed them and combed them as her father did his horses. Then she learned all she could from other dairy meetings and from material sent out by agricultural colleges. Every bit of information she could get on the subject she studied.

In 1921 her father died suddenly. Mary Anderson then assumed entire responsibility of the dairy herd and is making her work profitable. She cares for them intelligently and tests the milk. She joined the cow testing centre and at Vancouver two of her cows were in the honor roll the first month of the test. She says good feed, plenty of water and general good care are necessary to success in dairying. She says one cannot make too careful a study of every cow.

Miss Anderson attends carefully to the watering of her cows, sometimes she hauls the water from a lake a mile away. In 1923 her herd brought her \$701.35 cash. They averaged over 300 pounds of butter fat apiece. In January this year her cream cheques amounted to \$130.05. Her success is due to hard work, enthusiasm, study and determination. But she loves animals and she has genuine interest in her work.

In Mary Anderson, the new maid of the dairy, the artist might find his model; the novelist his story; the poet his song, but Canada sees in her the girl of the Golden West.

### The Girls of Teulon

THE Canadian girl may well be praised these days. At the T. Eaton demonstration of all productive activities in Canada West the past two weeks, two girls placed their town on the map of commercial position. These girls belonged to the demonstration team of Teulon. They gave very complete and instructive addresses on the bee industry. Their talks on honey and bees were broadcasted over radio to all parts of the country, and I am sure that thousands of people will remember Teulon as the town where the bee industry has first place. So clear and interesting were these addresses over radio that we predict a substantial increase in the bee business for 1924.

Teulon may well be proud of these girls.

### The Silence of Sincerity

AT the commencement exercises of the graduate nurses of Grace Hospital this year, Dr. Prowse gave a very sincere address on the value of silence. While this may seem to apply more to the profession of nursing, it applies with equal worth to the business girl, the teacher, the young woman in the home, or in any other position of trust. We talk too much.

"The tongue is a little member and boasteth great things. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

"And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity; as is the tongue among our members that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature." The lack of silence ruins many a life. We hear so many conversations that germinate trouble.

Dr. Prowse, in this address, gave one of the finest talks to young women that I have ever heard, especially to a class of graduates. As I thought of the tragic stories under the roof of that institution, I realized that "silence" had been a great factor in the success of Salvation Army Refuge. How often we hear a group gossip viciously about another and perhaps one member will intercept with a kind word for the absent person who is under discussion. She is like a rainbow appearing among the clouds. She seems to us such a safe friend. I know a young woman who has risen to a superior position in the business world and socially as well, through this trait of character. Quiet, strong, sincere, she moves among her circle of friends and acquaintances, always defending the absent person under discussion, always putting that one in the sunlight where we can see only beauty and admirable qualities. This young woman is a living sermon.

We are all soul revealers. Dr. Emerson White in an address on character has shown how the true and false in our lives are constantly being revealed to others. We do not go through the world veiled, we wear our life on the outside, as we wear our clothing. The first soul revealer is the temper. The temper is the soul's publisher. Another medium is the face, the eye is the camera through which we look. The face speaks the language known by every human heart. It is the life back of the face that makes the face beautiful. The voice is another soul revealer, the voice is the harp tuned by divine art. In its compass is all of human experience, joy and grief. There would be no discord in the voice if there were no discord in the life. The most subtle revealers of a woman are her manners, because they are a compound of form and spirit. The heart is a telegraphic battery with a thousand batteries. There is a sacred connection between the heart and the life, between the affections and manners. A noble and attractive bearing comes of goodness of heart or refinement of nature. Our language is a great revealer, speech is gold when the soul has gold to put into it, and sounding brass when the heart is not right.

Do I help or hinder others by my tongue?

"Oh, teach me this that those who move By Order's kindly law,  
Find all their lives to music set,  
While those who this same law forget  
Find only fret and jar."

### A Girl's Budget

EVERY young woman who works would find a budget of her expenses well worth keeping. It might mean a future of prosperity and success to her. A little book to record all expenses and savings requires very little time and determines the difference between thrift and distress.

No matter how fascinating the temptation to buy on the instalment plan may be, do not do it. It is a slow development of weak financing. A thrifty wife was never trained that way. On the first page of the budget book, write: "Spend Less than You Earn." Follow this rule. I know a girl of sixteen whose mother deposits her allowance every week in the bank. This girl must buy



# Correct Furniture Design

and Color Schemes are Fundamental Features of the  
Ideal Bedroom

By Lola Mary Williams

**A** THOUSAND and one details of shape, location, window and wall space, character of curtains, hangings and pictures, go to make up the general atmosphere of good taste and repose in the modern-day bedroom.

From amid this mass of detail, there are several outstanding factors that must be decided upon first, before the rest can be disposed of properly.

Every woman particular as to the impression her home produces on others, as well as its satisfaction of her own personal preferences, must include the bedroom in her scheme of careful arrangement and fitting decorations. For no longer is the bedroom that negligible affair of our grandfathers—a place where a bed was a bed and a curtain a curtain. It is not only one's own retiring place, more intimately than ever; but it is also a chamber planned today to keep pace, in colors and appointment, with every other major room of the house.

All of which accounts, then, for the need of carefully considering the bed itself—its design, finish, size, location and coverings—as well as the color scheme carried out, in harmony with that bed. The scheme, in other words, which relates to carpets, rugs, draperies, hangings, wall coverings, pictures, and the remaining furniture of the room.

## How the Manufacturer Helps

**T**HE wide variety of choice offered housewives today, in this matter of bed design, is common knowledge. Practically any and every justly popular, worthwhile creation of the great English and French masters of the 18th century, is today available in reproductions that are models of fidelity to the lines of the originals. While the mind instinctively associates the more sumptuous pieces of the Louis XVI period, for instance, with homes of well above average appointments, and incomes rated among the top few, furniture craftsmen have today advanced their art to a point where less pretentious tastes can still be gratified with "adaptations" of master works. Not makeshift copies, but expert productions that are admirably suited to the expression of charm and individuality in one's own bedroom.

However handicapped one may be in opportunities for definite study of the interior decorating art, one need not feel that a bedroom of sound taste and restful simplicity is beyond her acquirement. Reliable sources of suggestion are everywhere open to her. In the catalogues of established furniture builders, for example; in magazines devoted to the interests of the home-maker; in the many helpful books to be found in any well-stocked library; and in the very carefully planned and thought-out advertisements and special booklets currently published by leading builders of beds, who foresightedly plan their bedroom backgrounds (often shown in full color) with a careful eye to their value as guides for the bed buyer herself.

To dwell for a moment on this last-named source of suggestion—which is, perhaps, as easy as any for the housewife to secure and adapt to her own needs—one finds in the literature of a present-day leading manufacturer many timely aids to the solving of both the bed design and color scheme problem. Aids that are simple, sensible, possible, yet in no sense of the word, "stereotyped."

## Tasteful Interiors Ready-Planned

**A**S an example for the housewife who inclines to the Colonial, because of its cheery simplicity and pleasant kinship with the everyday—notice how definitely these effects are secured through commonsense attention to design and color scheme. Walls may be in sand-finish plaster, or, as an alternative, they can be painted a tint that corresponds in color. The floor may be a dull yellow. The printed casement curtains, a rich blue, perhaps, which is advantageously contrasted by a paler blue-green in the ceiling panels, with stronger notes of the same color in the bed covers and rag rugs. A couple of Windsor chairs stand comfortably near, one in the corner under the window, another at a gate-leg table opposite the walnut-finished Windsor twin beds. Then there is a Queen Anne "lowboy," reminiscent of the times of the sturdy Colonists; while a night table between the bed-heads carries a reading-lamp, and perhaps one of your favorite bedtime books.

Could any bedroom interior be more charming? Yet the item of actual cost accompanying its furnishing is well within the average income. Interiors are not necessarily expensive because they are done in appropriate taste. And as to color; let it be suggested here that no bedroom interior deserving the name should be planned or executed in terms of a single color, however inviting. Never for example, indulge the questionable taste of a room all in pink, or cream or white, or any other monotone scheme. The human eye is accustomed to colors grouped for contrast. Correct contrast, remember, such as Nature never fails to supply in all her combinations. Hence, the importance to elementary taste of colors in a variety that harmonise, but never clash.

## Color is Always in Vogue

**I**N the Colonial suggestion detailed above, the fortunately unlimited processes of the present-day manufacturer make it possible to indulge in a selection of color finishes, as well as the walnut or brown mahogany finishes offered. Charming effects (bearing in mind the demands of other colors in floor, walls and window furnishings) can be had by selecting your beds in soft old French blue, for example, in jade green, or in old ivory, all of which give brightness to the room not found in the quieter wood finishes.

To go into further suggestive descriptions, here, of individual bedroom interiors would transcend the space limits at our disposal; but it is hoped that one or two points of interest have been sufficiently emphasized to be helpful to the woman interested in making hers a home of harmony, charm and good taste.

Let us repeat: choose your beds and bedroom furniture carefully. Whether in period or modern design, in wood finishes or in color, see that they bear a definite relation to the home itself and the room in which they appear.

Give equal care to the question of color, relieving the one dominant "note" of color selected by others that harmonize with and accentuate it. Never allow colors to "clash." Never color a room in monotone; restrained variety is the source and spice of all good decoration.

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By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND  
Graduate Nurse

There is a new way in personal hygiene. A scientific way that gives women new poise and peace of mind—new exquisiteness and better health.

Although but a recent discovery, 8 in every 10 women of the better classes already have adopted it.

It is called Kotex. And this offers you an opportunity to test it—free. Simply mail me the coupon below.

## Five Times More Absorbent

American nurses in wartime France first discovered Kotex. Found that it solved woman's most distressing problem in an amazing way.

Made of Cellucotton—a newly-discovered super-absorbent—Kotex absorbs 16 times its weight in moisture. It has 5 times the absorbency of ordinary cotton "sanitary pads."

And, in addition, two other secret advantages which I cannot mention here.

You can dispose of it easily, without embarrassment—a point all women will appreciate.

Hygienic immaculateness—that is Kotex. Ask your doctor.

## Now Try Kotex Free

Kotex has become a health habit among all womanhood. And I believe every woman should at least be allowed to try it. So I have appealed to the Kotex laboratory. And they have consented for a short time at least—that I offer women a trial of Kotex, without charge.

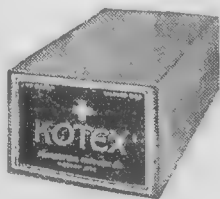
So do this now; mail the coupon to me, personally. A packet will be sent you post paid, by return mail—in an absolutely plain, undistinguishable, unmarked wrapper. Tear the coupon off now before you forget.

*Kotex is on sale at all drug and department stores simply by asking for Kotex. Two sizes: regular and super (extra thickness).*

# KOTEX

CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO., CHICAGO

Canadian Distributors: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto and Montreal.



## FREE SAMPLE—Mail this Confidential Coupon

ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, G.N.,  
Care of Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd.,  
10 McCaul St., Toronto, Ont.

I want to accept free trial offer made by you, with the understanding that it is absolutely confidential.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... W.H.M. 4-24

## YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM—

*Continued from page 28*

her clothes, her books, everything she buys must be under this allowance. The girl is happy in her independence. She is learning the value of every dollar she spends and her mother says she

is much more economical than before she adopted this plan.

Thrift and economy develop young women of poise and confidence, and they will realize future happiness and security.



MADE IN CANADA

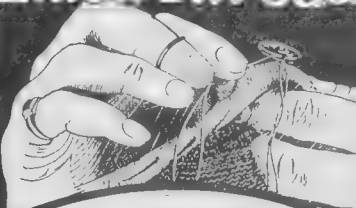
## Pure White Cleanliness

Fairy Soap cleanliness is pore-deep cleanliness, real cleanliness, white cleanliness. The use of Fairy Soap marks the difference between really clean and nearly clean.



# FAIRY SOAP

## Barbour's Irish Linen Thread



Linen Thread, the strongest sewing material known, saves time and money in the home. It sews a seam that will not rip, and a button that will not drop off.

Ask for Barbour's Irish Linen Thread at your store. If unobtainable there, write to

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MONTREAL

## Your HAIR NETS

from Cinderella mean economy at half, or at most two-thirds of the price you pay elsewhere.

12 nets for 75 cents, postpaid, made of real human hair, thoroughly sterilized, single or double mesh; all cap shape—fringe 12c extra.

Quality the very best. Your money back guaranteed if not pleased. Buy Cinderella nets by the dozen and be sure of having a supply always on hand.

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429 Pender St. W., Vancouver, B.C.

**B**ig Bargain parcel Remnants for Aprons, Shirts, Rompers etc \$2. 5 lbs Quilt Patches \$1.50 Money Back if not Satisfied.

**A. McCreery & Co. Chatham, Ont.**



4687



4098



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# OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS-PATTERNS

The most interesting and important Spring Fashion is that of the tailored suit, which seems to have swept into universal popularity, and has quite put the coat dress and three-piece costume in the shade. The smartness of the suit depends on fineness of material and tailoring. It is shown in Oxford suitings, and tan covert cloth, as well as in hairline striped suitings.

One also sees the suit with the skirt of black cloth and the jacket of the hairline striped material. The new tailored skirts hang from the new hip waistline or are buttoned to a blouse or underbody. With the tailored suit one may wear a fitted waistcoat of bengaline, linen, moire or pique. The waistcoat may be finished with a self collar, or one of figured silk.

The "two-piece" effect is also featured in the new tailored dress, the blouse or "waist" varying in length from that of a middie to tunic length, and should be beltless.

Sometimes the dresses indicate the two-piece style in the front with the back flat and straight from neck to hem.

The new blouses are beautiful in the new colors, of moss green, brick dust, navy blue or badger tan. Novel embroideries, cloth and silk tassels and ingenious Indian trimming, make the blouses quite gay and elaborate.

It is the detail that makes the fashions attractive this season. For evening wear, the materials are rich, and the trimmings most artistic, the colors are all those of the rainbow, and run into the palest shades. Black and white are not absent, but well and elegantly displayed.

There are two distinct silhouettes, the bouffant and the straight slim lined. Though these styles are rivals they are a stimulus and a foil for each other. Soft laces, flowered silks and lovely ribbons belong to the Spanish or bouffant styles. For the straight lined models, one will use stately brocades, rich velvets and cloth.

Embroideries, fur, trailing panels and draperies, the position of the belt, the shape of the neck, the style and number of flounces are all interesting details.

This season more than ever, will fur be displayed, although one also sees marabou used in place of fur. Countless little flounces on a dress of pink satin indicate the bouffant mode. The waist is fitted and sleeveless, and the neck is finished with a wide bertha of lace.

The new "pirate" sash is a detail of many afternoon dresses of cloth or satin, or chiffon. The sash may be wide and worn at normal or low waistline. It must be folded so that it will give the idea of a flat scarf.

A knee length Russian blouse of dull blue or brick color crepe will look well on a short skirt of black satin. The closing of the blouse is defined by large braid covered buttons. A belt of wide satin ribbon is tied at one side.

A charming sports dress of red poplin is made with a sailor blouse joined to the skirt at hip waistline. The joining is covered by a black satin belt, which material is also used to edge collar, cuffs and pockets.

Coats are shown in various lengths, and with straight lines. Short coats are likely to replace the long ones as the season advances.

Plaided taffeta is combined with soft woolen materials for Spring dresses.

Flowered cotton crepe or voile are made up in simple dresses, with which is worn a belt or sash black ribbon.

White mohair and alpaca are much in vogue. It is the latest thought in material for a scant straight skirt and a straight close coat in knee length.

Warm weather dresses are shown in striped linens. No trimming is required on these dresses, excepting a belt or sash.

Fine embroidered batiste is used for collar and cuff sets.

Dresses of changeable and brocaded taffeta are made with flounced or frilled skirts, joined to a plain straight waist, finished with a small square neck, and puff elbow sleeves. The short sleeve appears on many of the youthful dance frocks.

Linen dresses show collars and cuffs of white batiste and fine mull. These "sets" are made in double and triple tiers, and have the edges bound in contrasting or self colors, with a dainty decoration of French knots.

With the prevalence of sheer fabrics comes the need of well fitting dainty princess slips; these should be cut on lines that conform to the lines of the dress.

A good plan is to fasten the dress to the slip at the underarm seams with snap fasteners, then when one raises the dress with her arm, the slip does not hang below.

Tunic styles are much in evidence in various effects. Sometimes it is in the form of an apron, or has the appearance of a redingote.

Short capes will be seen during the coming weeks. One smart cape is only an inch or two below the waistline. It should be a part of the dress and flare prettily. Sometimes the cape forms the sleeves.

Plain and striped serge used together is very effective.

Along with the beltless styles come the "back buttoned" dress. It is well to use small buttons and real buttonholes on such a dress, so as to avoid the gaping in case of strain.

Frocks of black taffeta are shown, bound with organdy in white or a color.

A bertha of organdy and lace with matched cuffs forms a quaint and pleasing trimming.

Every Spring brings the usual quota of new styles for juveniles. Light-weight wool frocks should always be considered in a girl's wardrobe for Spring. Jersey and wool rep are ideal materials and sufficiently pliant to admit of gathering, tucking or pleating.



BLOUSE 4688

SKIRT 4418

4676

4685

4684

4679

4098

4440

4653

4448

4440

4653

4448

4683

4687

4672

4448

4448



**A Fashionable One-piece Dress—4676.** Black satin was used for this style. The collar and cuffs are of bright figured silk. This is a good model for linen, taffeta or silk alpaca. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material. The width at the foot with plaits extended is  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yard. For collar and cuffs of contrasting material  $\frac{1}{2}$ -yard is required.

**A Charming Frock for Juniors and Misses—4679.** Silk and crepe could be pleasingly combined in this model which is also nice for linen, figured crepe or printed voile. One may have the sleeves in elbow length, or in wrist length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires 4 yards of 40-inch material. To make as illustrated will require  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of plain and  $\frac{3}{4}$ -yard of figured material 40 inches wide.

**A Comfortable Morning or Day Dress—4672.** Linen, repp, gingham, serge or chambray would be good for this model. The closing is reversible, so that the dress may be worn buttoned from right to left or left to right side. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material. The width at the foot is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard.

**The Season's Popular Style—4688-4418.** For sports wear, for business or street the costume here portrayed will be ideal. White flannel with binding of black suede would be very striking and "sporty." Serge with a simple finish of machine stitching and with collar and cuffs of linen or organdy make a neat business suit in this style. The blouse pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt is cut in 7 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years for misses, (25, 27 and 29 inches waist measure) and 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure for ladies. It is a wrap model and measures  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards at the foot. To make this costume for a medium size requires  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material. Two separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c for each pattern in silver or stamps.

**A Popular Style—4684.** This becoming little model may be of gingham, pongee, sateen or printed voile. It is also good for linen, serge or wool crepe. The guimpe may be of lawn or batiste. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of material for the dress and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  for guimpe 36 inches wide. With short sleeves the guimpe will require 1 yard.

**A Very Attractive Frock for the Growing Girl—4685.** Wool crepe, pongee, linen or gingham, could be used for this model. The closing is under the plaits in front. The trimming folds may be omitted on sleeves and waist. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch material.

**A Sleeveless "Cover-all" Apron—4099.** Unbleached muslin with cross stitching in red or blue would be nice for this serviceable model. One may use gingham, percale, crepe or drill. Sateen or chintz is also desirable. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 32-inch material.

**A New Skirt Model—4697.** Checked suiting was used in this instance for this attractive skirt. It is a good model for linen and other wash fabrics, and also for taffeta, kasha, serge and broadcloth. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure, with corresponding hip measure 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45 and 47 inches. The width at the foot is  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yard. A medium size will require  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of one material 40 inches wide. To make as illustrated requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of checked material cut lengthwise, 54 inches wide, and  $\frac{1}{4}$ -yard of plain material cut crosswise.

**A Dainty Summer Frock for a "Little Miss"—4683.** Dotted Swiss or embroidered batiste would be pretty for this model. The style is also good for taffeta, for organdy or chiffon. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size requires 3 yards of 32-inch material. To trim with bands as illustrated requires  $\frac{1}{4}$ -yard 40 inches wide cut crosswise.

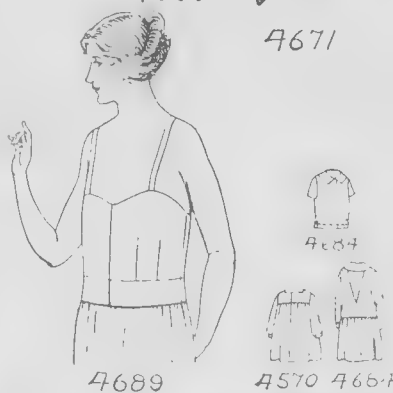
**A Stylish Costume—4653-4448.** The costume with the long blouse as here illustrated is new and very fashionable. It is attractive for outdoor or indoor wear. The accompanying skirt is a circular two-piece model that may be finished with or without the pockets. Silk or wool crepe, with braid or embroidery would be suitable for this style. It is also nice for linen, or pongee. The blouse is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt is cut in 7 sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure. To make the costume for a medium size requires  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch material. The width at the foot is  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Two separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c for each pattern, in silver or stamps.

**A Pretty Frock for the Growing Girl—4440.** Printed and plain crepe are here combined. This style is also pleasing in embroidered and plain voile, or it may be developed in plain or figured goods, with pipings of a contrasting color. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size will require  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards of one material 32 inches wide. To make as illustrated will require  $1\frac{1}{4}$ -yard of plain material and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of figured material.

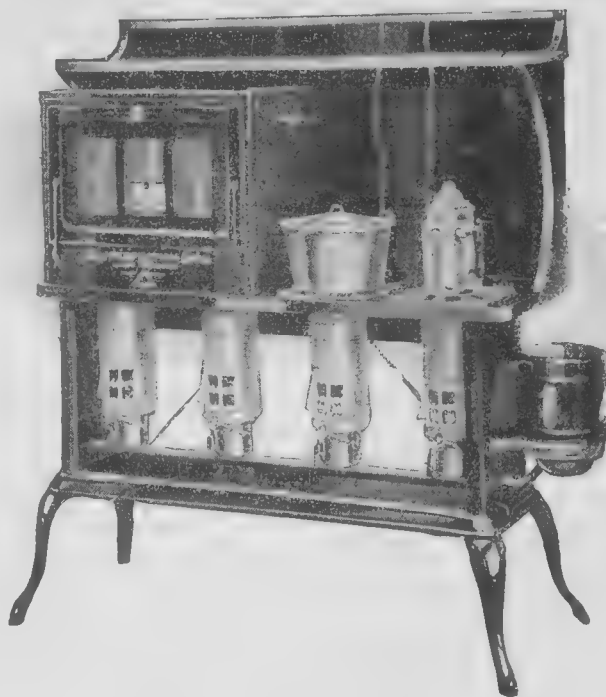
**A Popular Model—4687.** Serge, jersey cloth, linen or poplin could be used for this style. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires 4 yards of 36-inch material.

**A Pleasing Morning Dress—4671.** Printed voile is here portrayed. One could use gingham, chambray, linen, sateen or crepe. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 32-inch material. The width at the foot is about  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

Continued on page 55



# Sweeping Away OLD oil stove IDEAS



**The High Speed Blue Chimney New Perfection** sets a new standard with quicker heat, greater economy and the finest cooking service ever offered in a moderately priced oil stove.

It satisfies a woman's cooking needs as if she herself had planned it!

She delights in its faster cooking speed and its big saving in fuel—in its trim attractive appearance—its convenient cooking top with ample room for big meals and canning—its new square grates. When equipped with the roomy, perfect-baking New Perfection Live Heat Oven, it has all the cooking facilities the modern woman needs.

She knows, too, that it gives the same reliable year 'round service that has made the Blue Chimney New Perfection the world's most popular oil cook stove.

At your dealer's you will find a full range of styles and sizes to suit every requirement—each one the utmost in cooking satisfaction at its price.

PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY LIMITED

SARNIA - ONTARIO

Montreal, P.Q.

Winnipeg, Man.

## New Blue Chimney Burner Faster—More Economical

The remarkable increase in cooking heat and the greater fuel economy of this new burner, are due to its new double-wall, double-draft construction.

The picture above shows how the EXTRA volume of air drawn in through the small holes around the chimney, is converted into an ADDED ring of intense cooking heat. This quicker cooking cuts down fuel consumption.



Your Dealer Will Demonstrate

# NEW PERFECTION

Oil Cook Stoves and Ovens





## The Possibilities of Cheese

**C**HEESE is one of the most widely used foods there is, and one of the most important. Many people have a mistaken idea that it is hard to digest, and should be used only in very small quantities. Perhaps this belief is due to the fact that many people only eat it as an accompaniment to pie after a hearty meal, when they have already eaten all the protein food they require, instead of using it as an important factor in the meal.

The housekeeper finds it valuable for several reasons. It keeps well, is very easy to prepare, can be used in countless ways, and she knows that when using it, she is providing the family with a valuable body-building food. When made from whole milk, it contains all the food elements of the milk, except the sugar, most of which has passed off in the whey. When made of skim milk, the fat also is lacking.

### Kinds of Cheese

**C**HEDDER, named from the English village, where it was first made, is the most common type of all. The ordinary "store" cheese in common use, is Cheddar. It is made from whole, skimmed, or partly skimmed sweet milk. It is usually made in large flat round cakes, 5 or 6 inches high, weighing from 25 to 32 pounds each, yellow in color, mild-flavored when new, gradually becoming sharper in flavor as it ripens.

**Sage Cheese** is Cheddar which has been flavored with sage, which gives it a mottled green appearance.

**Soft Cream Cheeses** are made from rich cream thickened either by souring or by the use of rennet. They are much more perishable than harder cheese, and are put up in small sizes.

**Neufchatel** is a soft cheese named from a town in France, made of whole or skimmed milk. After being drained and pressed it is kneaded, then formed into small rolls or blocks, and ripened for four weeks. It is then wrapped in tinfoil for sale.

**Parmesan** is a very hard Italian cheese, usually grated for use in cooking.

**Sap Sago** is an extremely hard Swiss cheese, which must be grated to be used. It contains a clover grown in Switzerland, which gives it a peculiar flavor and greenish color.

**Roquefort** is a highly flavored cheese with molds throughout it, and is made from sheep's milk.

**Gruyere, etc.** There are several cheeses varying in name according to the different districts of Switzerland, but all similar in appearance and flavor. They are mild and rather sweet, and full of large holes or "eyes."

**Edam** is a cheese from Holland, usually round, and dyed red on the outside. In this country, the top is usually cut off, and serves as a lid. The inside is scooped out as it is required.

**Brie and Comembert** are soft strong flavored and strong odoured cheeses, used as an accompaniment to other foods, not in cooking.

### Cheese Sauce

To 1 cup of white sauce grated or chopped cheese may be added in any proportion desired, according to the purpose for which it is intended.

### Welsh Rabbit

$\frac{1}{2}$  c. milk  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. chopped cheese  
1 t. flour  $\frac{1}{4}$  t. salt  
1 tb. butter  $\frac{1}{4}$  t. mustard

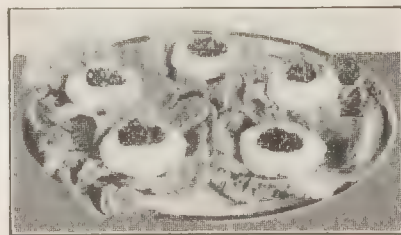
A speck of cayenne or paprika.

Cook the flour and butter, then add the milk slowly, and cook one or two minutes. Add the cheese and stir till it is melted, season, and serve on crackers or toasted bread.

### Cheese Fondue

$1\frac{1}{2}$  c. soft bread crumbs  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  c. grated cheese  
4 eggs  
1 c. hot water  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  t. salt

Mix the crumbs, water and cheese, add the well beaten egg yolks, and salt, then



*Cream Cheese and Currant Salad*

fold in the stiffly beaten whites, pour into a buttered baking dish, and bake half an hour in a moderate oven.

### Cheese and Corn Souffle

1 tb. butter 4 tb. flour  
1 tb. chopped 1 c. cooked corn  
green pepper 1 c. grated cheese  
2 c. milk 3 Eggs  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  t. salt

Melt the butter and cook the chopped pepper in it. Add the flour, and when well blended, the flour, then the cheese, and corn, and the well beaten yolks and salt. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and pour into a buttered baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes.

### Cheese Souffle

2 tb. butter  $\frac{1}{2}$  t. salt  
3 tb. flour  $\frac{1}{4}$  c. grated cheese  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  c. hot milk spk. of cayenne  
3 eggs

Melt the butter, blend the flour in it, then gradually the hot milk, seasonings and cheese. Stir till the cheese is melted. Remove from the fire, and add the beaten egg yolks, and cool slightly. Fold in the very stiffly beaten egg whites and bake 20 minutes in a slow oven.

Souffles should be served at once or they will fall.

### Tomato Rabbit

2 tb. flour 1 tb. butter  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  c. milk  $\frac{1}{4}$  c. tomato

$\frac{1}{8}$  t. soda 2 eggs  
1 lb. cheese Salt, mustard  
Cayenne

Make a sauce of the butter, flour and milk. Add the strained tomato after stirring the soda in it. Add the grated or chopped cheese, the slightly beaten eggs, and season well. Stir till the cheese is melted. Serve on toasted bread.

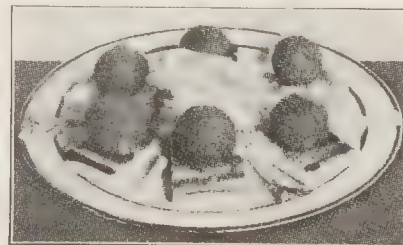
### Red Rabbit

1 can tomato soup  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated cheese  
Heat the soup, add the cheese, and stir till it is melted. Serve on toast or crackers.

### Baked Rice and Cheese No. 1

$\frac{1}{4}$  lb. cheese  
2 c. cooked rice  
Milk

In a buttered baking dish, put a layer of cooked rice, then a layer of grated or chopped cheese. Alternate these layers till all is used. Pour in enough milk to nearly cover. Put buttered crumbs on top, and brown in the oven.



*Cheese Croquettes*

### Baked Rice and Cheese No. 2

Make a sauce of 1 c. milk, 2 tb. flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  t. salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. grated cheese. In a baking dish put alternate layers of cooked rice, and sauce. Cover with buttered crumbs, and brown in the oven.

### Baked Crackers and Cheese

9 or 10 crackers  $1\frac{1}{2}$  c. milk  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. cheese  $\frac{1}{4}$  t. salt  
2 tb. flour

Cut the crackers in pieces of uniform size. Pour the milk over them, then drain it off at once. Make a sauce of the milk, salt, flour and cheese. Put alternate layers of the soaked crackers and sauce, in a buttered dish. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake till hot and the crumbs are brown.

### Macaroni and Cheese

$1\frac{1}{3}$  pkg. macaroni 1 c. grated cheese  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  c. thin white  $\frac{1}{2}$  c. crumbs  
sauce salt and pepper

Break the macaroni in pieces, and cook in boiling salted water till soft. Drain in a colander, and run cold water through it to prevent the pieces sticking to each other. Make a sauce of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  c. milk, 1 tb. butter, 1 tb. flour, and season well.  $\frac{1}{2}$  t. of mustard may be added to the sauce. Add to it  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the cheese. Stir the crumbs in 1 tb. of melted butter. Add the remaining  $\frac{1}{4}$  c. of cheese to the crumbs. Put the macaroni in a pudding dish, pour over it the sauce, lifting the macaroni with a fork, to have the sauce penetrate to all parts of it.

Cover with the prepared crumbs and bake till the crumbs are browned.

### Cheese Soup

1 qt. milk 2 tb. flour  
1 onion 1 t. salt  
2 tb. butter  $\frac{1}{4}$  t. pepper  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  c. grated cheese

Slice the onion and cook in the milk. Make a sauce of the butter, flour and milk, after the onion has been removed. Add the grated cheese, and stir vigorously till the cheese is melted, or use a Dover egg beater. The yolk of an egg may be added with the cheese, if a richer soup is desired.

### Cheese Pudding

1 c. stale bread 2 c. milk  
crumbs 2 tb. butter  
1 c. grated cheese  $\frac{1}{2}$  t. salt  
2 eggs Paprika

Soak the crumbs in the milk for a few minutes. Stir in the cheese, slightly beaten eggs, melted butter, and seasonings. Set the baking dish in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven till a silver knife comes out clean.

### English Monkey

$\frac{1}{2}$  t. mustard 1 tb. butter  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  t. salt 1 c. milk  
1 egg crumbs  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  c. cheese 1 c. stale bread  
 $\frac{1}{8}$  t. paprika

Soak the crumbs in the milk. Add the butter, salt, mustard and paprika. Heat on top of the stove, stir in the beaten egg and the grated cheese. Cook while stirring, till the cheese melts. Serve on crisp crackers.

### Rabbit with Bacon

In a double boiler, put 1 tb. butter. Add 2 tb. flour and cook till smooth. Add 1 c. milk, and stir till thick. Add 1 c. of strained tomato with  $\frac{1}{8}$  t. soda stirred in it, 2 c. grated cheese,  $\frac{1}{2}$  t. salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  t. mustard, 2 slightly beaten eggs, and a dash of paprika. Stir till the sauce is thick and smooth. Serve on biscuits or toast points, with a roll of cooked bacon on each.

### Cabbage or Cauliflower Baked with Cheese

Put alternate layers of cooked chopped cabbage, or Cauliflower divided into flowerets, and cheese sauce in a baking dish. Cover with buttered crumbs and brown in the oven.

### Sauted Savory Potatoes

Brown sliced cooked potatoes in a frying pan. Sprinkle grated cheese over the top. As soon as the cheese is melted, serve.

### Cheese Croquettes

Melt 2 tb. butter in a saucepan. Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  c. flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  t. salt, a little paprika. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  c. milk, the yolks of 2 eggs, one cup of cheese, chopped. Spread on a dish to cool. Shape into balls, dip in crumbs, then in beaten egg diluted with 1 tb. water, and again in crumbs. Fry in deep fat and drain on soft paper, or brown in the frying pan.

*Continued on page 37*



*It's easy to bake good bread if you use*

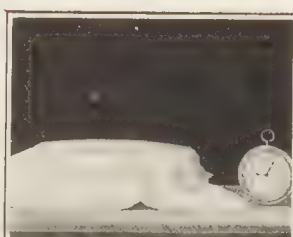
# ROYAL YEAST CAKES



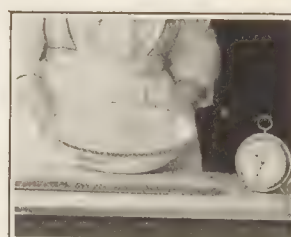
WARM TWO QUARTS OF FLOUR AND KNEAD IN TWO PINTS LIQUID ROYAL YEAST,



TURN OUT ON BAKE BOARD AND KNEAD FOR A MINUTE OR TWO.



COVER AND SET IN A MODERATELY WARM PLACE,



UNTIL BULK IS ABOUT DOUBLE, WHICH SHOULD BE ABOUT ONE HOUR AND A HALF.



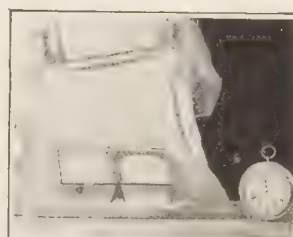
THEN KNEAD AGAIN



DIVIDE INTO TWO LOAVES, AND PUT INTO GREASED PANS.



COVER AND ALLOW IT TO RISE AGAIN,



UNTIL BULK IS DOUBLE IN SIZE, WHICH SHOULD BE ABOUT ONE HOUR.



PUT IN OVEN AND BAKE FOR ONE HOUR OR A LITTLE LONGER.



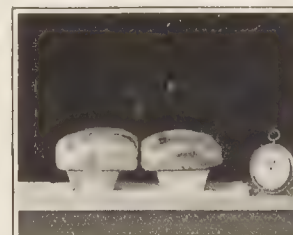
TAKE OUT OF OVEN.



TEA ROLLS

## TEA ROLLS

4 cups scalded milk. 1 teaspoon salt. 3 tablespoons butter. 1 Royal Yeast Cake dissolved in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup lukewarm water. 2 eggs. 1 tablespoon sugar. Pour scalded milk over the sugar, salt and butter. When lukewarm put in two cups flour and the dissolved yeast, and allow to stand over night. In the morning add two well beaten eggs and enough flour to knead. Allow to rise until double in bulk, then form into long, narrow rolls and placed together in a well greased bread pan, brushing between each roll with melted butter. Allow this to rise until it doubles in bulk, then bake for 25 minutes in hot oven.



REMOVE THE LOAVES FROM THE PANS.



COVER OVER AND ALLOW TO COOL BEFORE PUTTING IT AWAY.



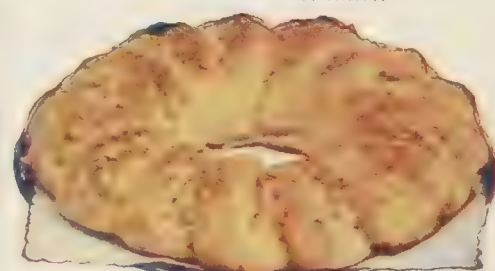
PARKER HOUSE ROLLS

## PARKER HOUSE ROLLS

1 cup scalded milk. 1 saltspoon salt. 2 tablespoons butter.  $\frac{1}{2}$  Royal Yeast Cake dissolved in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup lukewarm water. 1 tablespoon sugar. To the scalded milk add the butter, sugar and salt. Allow it to cool until lukewarm and then add dissolved yeast and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups flour. Stir well and let stand in moderate warm place over night. In the morning add enough flour to knead, and let rise until about double in bulk, then roll out  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick. Cut with biscuit cutter, and brush each piece with melted butter, crease through the centre and fold over. Let rise again until double in bulk and bake for about 25 minutes in moderate oven. Above is sufficient for about ten rolls.

## FRENCH TEA RING

Make dough as for Parker House Rolls. Roll out thin, spread with melted butter, sprinkle with chopped nuts and brown sugar. Roll up like jelly roll, form a ring and cut with scissors nearly through one inch apart. Place on a greased tin sheet and allow to rise until double in bulk. Bake slowly in moderate oven. Set basin of hot water at bottom of oven.



FRENCH TEA RING

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ROYAL YEAST CAKES





# HARVEY UNDERWEAR



*For Style, Comfort and Wear*



## *Harvey Tailored Underwear*

*Provides that Subtle Feeling of Being Well Dressed*

Perfect fit of any gown depends to a great extent upon your underwear.

Harvey Underwear, made of the very finest of combed Sea Island mercerized, is of gossamer fineness, yet provides long wear.

Harvey Underwear, what wonderful quality it possesses.

The seat and under arms where the bulk of the wear occurs, are reinforced with an added thickness of material; the non-slip shoulder feature, the extra fulness of bust, the narrowed back, the extra width of seat and thigh and flat locked seams insure snugness and perfect wear. Harvey Underwear is not stretched; it moulds itself to the body relieving all strain and chafing.

Harvey Underwear is made in a variety of shades and styles.

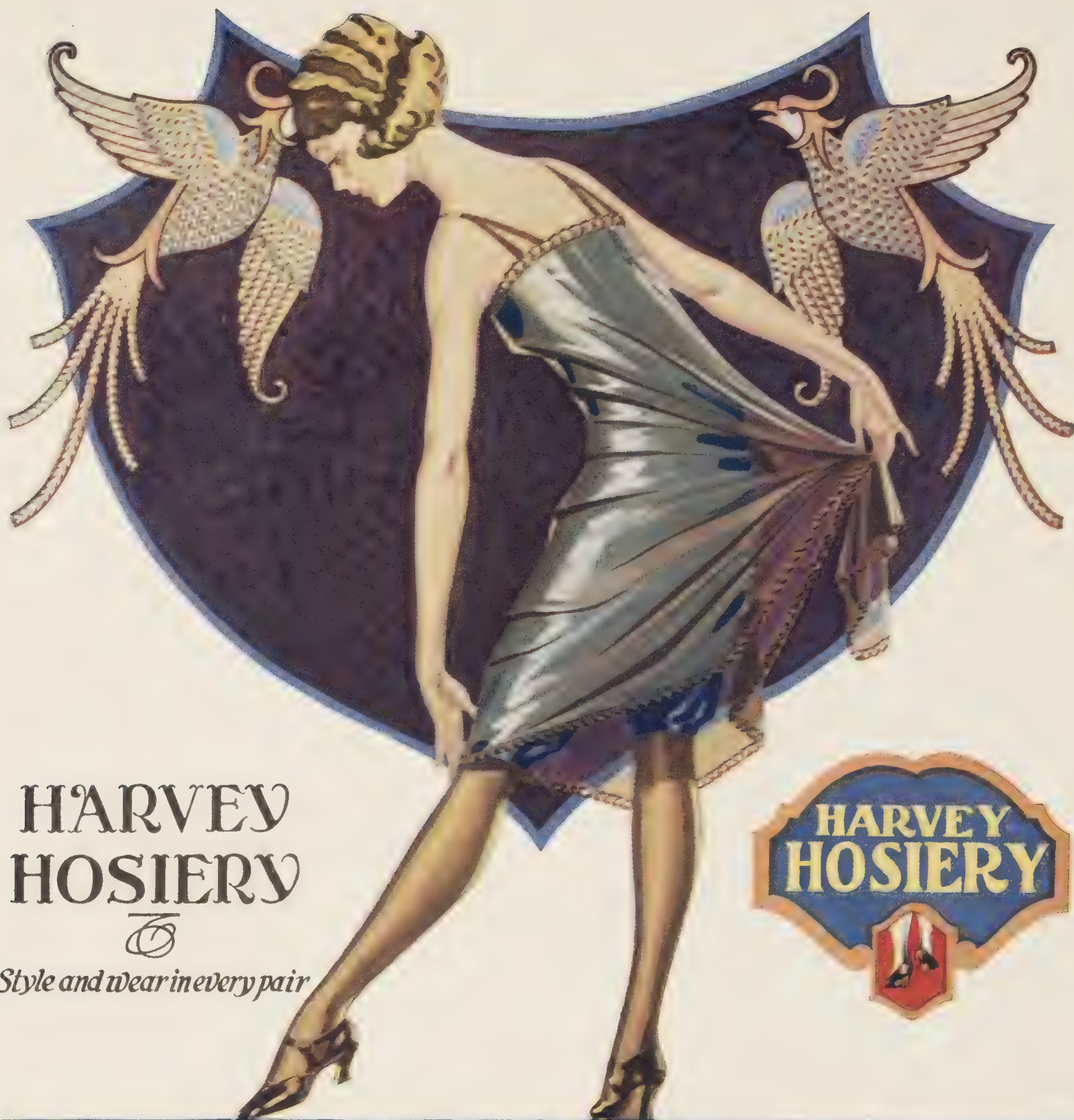
Truly it is the part of wisdom to look for the Harvey label on your next underwear purchase.

Harvey products—Underwear and Hosiery—are well known to discriminating buyers. Ask your dealer about them. If he does not stock them, write us.

MADE ONLY BY

HARVEY KNITTING COMPANY LIMITED  
WOODSTOCK ONTARIO





# HARVEY HOSIERY



*Style and wear in every pair*



## *Wear Harvey Pointed Heel Hosiery*

*For a pleasing combination of Beauty, Smartness and Genuine Economy*

Harvey Hosiery of finest Japanese silk—unweighted—in colorful tones, add elusive loveliness to the frock for every occasion.

Lustrous beauty, delicate flawless texture, perfect fit and unusual durability make Harvey Hosiery a real economy and a big asset to any wardrobe.

The patented pointed heel lends grace to the shapeliest of ankles and also reinforces the hose where the strain is greatest.

Extra strong and perfect fitting tops and feet provide the economy of long wear.

Harvey Hosiery is not ordinary hosiery, but hosiery that will wear and wear, long after its modest price is forgotten.

Harvey products—hosiery and underwear—are recognized leaders in Canada.

Ask any dealer about them. His recommendation is our guarantee.

If your dealer does not sell Harvey Hosiery, write us direct.

MADE ONLY BY  
HOSIERS LIMITED  
WOODSTOCK ONTARIO





The Tudor Sedan

Not even a chilly all-day rain need upset the plans of the woman who has a Ford closed car at her disposal. Knowing it to be reliable and comfortable in all weathers, she goes out whenever inclination suggests or duty dictates.

The car is so easy to drive that it constantly suggests thoughtful services

to her friends. She can call for them without effort and share pleasantly their companionship.

All remark upon the graceful outward appearance of her car, its convenient and attractive interior, and its cosy comfort. And she prides herself upon having obtained so desirable a car for so low a price.

TUDOR SEDAN, \$755

FORDOR SEDAN, \$895

COUPE, \$665

(All prices f.o.b. Ford, Ontario)

**Ford**  
CLOSED CARS



## BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 32

## Cheese and Rice Croquettes

2 c. cooked rice 1 c. milk  
1 egg 2 tb. butter  
1 c. grated cheese 4 tb. flour  
Salt and paprika

Make a sauce of the butter, flour and milk. Add the cheese and seasonings, and stir till melted. Cool, mix with the rice and shape in balls, rolls or cones. Roll in crumbs, then in diluted slightly beaten egg, and again in crumbs, and fry.

## Nut and Cheese Roast

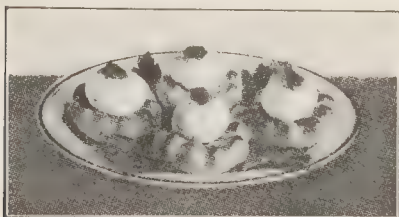
1 c. grated cheese 2 tb. chopped onion  
1 c. chopped wal- Soup stock  
nut meats 1 tb. butter  
1 c. bread crumbs Juice of ½ lemon  
Salt and pepper

Cook the onion in the butter until tender. Mix the ingredients, using enough soup stock to moisten. Form in a roll, or put in a flat baking dish, and brown in the oven.

## Pimento Roast

2 c. cooked lima 2 canned  
beans pimientos  
¼ lb. cream cheese Bread crumbs  
1 egg Salt and pepper

Put the beans, cheese and pimientos through a meat chopper. A mild piece of rather soft fresh cheese may be used in place of cream cheese. Mix with the egg slightly beaten and season, then add enough fine bread crumbs to form the mixture into a roll. Roll in bread crumbs and bake in a moderate oven till brown, basting occasionally with butter and water. Serve hot with tomato sauce.



A Tasty Luncheon Dish

## Vegetable Cheese Roll

Greens such as spinach, beet-top, Swiss chard, may be used.  
2 qts. greens 1 tb. butter  
1 c. grated cheese Bread crumbs  
Salt and pepper

Wash the greens and cook in very little water till tender. Drain, add the butter and salt and pepper, and chop. Add the cheese and enough bread crumbs to form a roll. Bake in a moderate oven till brown, basting occasionally with butter and water. Two cups of canned spinach may be used in place of the fresh vegetable.

## Boston Roast

2 c. cooked kid- Bread crumbs  
ney beans Onion  
½ lb. grated Salt  
cheese Pepper

Slice and chop the onion, and cook in melted butter and a little water till tender. Mix with the mashed beans, cheese salt and pepper and sufficient fine bread crumbs to form a roll. Bake in a moderate oven till brown, basting occasionally with butter and water. Serve hot with tomato sauce.

## Cheese Potato Puffs

2 c. mashed ¼ c. milk  
potato 1 egg  
½ c. grated cheese

Beat the milk and well seasoned potatoes together. Add the cheese and beaten egg, and whisk till very light. Boil in an inverted pan or in muffin tins and brown in the oven.

## Creamed Potatoes and Cheese No. 1

Cut boiled potatoes in neat cubes, and heat in rich cheese sauce.

## Creamed Potatoes and Cheese No. 2

Put alternate layers of the cooked potato cubes and cheese sauce in a bake dish, cover with buttered crumbs and brown in the oven.

## Cheese Spinach Timbales

2 c. cooked 2 tb. butter  
spinach ¼ lb. grated  
3 eggs cheese  
2/3 c. milk ½ t. salt  
⅓ t. Pepper

Chop the spinach. Make a sauce of egg yolks, milk, melted butter, cheese and seasonings. Mix one half of the sauce with the spinach, and fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Put in buttered custard cups, set in a pan of hot water, and bake in a moderate oven till firm. Turn out on a hot platter and pour the remaining cheese sauce around it.

## Baked Potatoes and Cheese

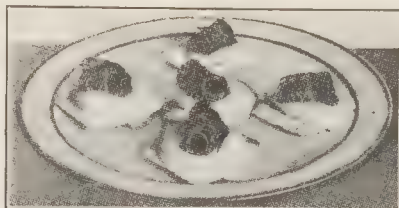
6 large baked 1 tb. butter  
potatoes ¼ lb. cheese  
1/3 c. hot milk ⅓ t. paprika

Cut the potatoes in halves, lengthwise, and scoop out the centres. Mash, mix with the seasonings and the cheese and hot milk which have been blended. Beat till fluffy and refill the shells with the mixture. Reheat in the oven.

## Peppers Stuffed with Cheese

6 green peppers 1 t. grated onion  
⅓ lb. cheese 2 tb. butter  
1½ c. bread Salt  
crumbs Pepper

Cut a thin slice from the end of each pepper and remove the seeds and membrane. Parboil for 2 minutes. Fill with the other ingredients, mixed. Cover with grated cheese, place in a bake dish and bake 20 minutes in a moderate oven.



Rabbit with Bacon

## Mayflower Eggs

On slices of toast put a rich tomato cheese sauce, using tomato instead of milk, in any recipe for white sauce, and adding ¼ cup of cheese to 1 cup sauce. Scramble the required number of eggs and put on the slices of toast and sauce. Over the top scatter chopped parsley, or chopped cooked ham, or shake a dusting of paprika.

## Creamed Eggs with Pimento Sauce

6 hard cooked 3 tb. butter  
eggs 3 tb. flour  
6 slices of toast 1½ c. milk  
⅓ lb. pimento Salt  
cheese Parsley

To make Pimento cheese, soften American cheese with cream or melted butter, and mix in canned mashed pimento. If commercial pimento cheese is used it will require a somewhat larger amount than ⅓ lb. Make a sauce of the butter, flour, salt, milk and cheese. Arrange the toasted slices on a hot platter. Put a little sauce on each slice, arrange halves of eggs on the toast, pour over them the remaining sauce, sprinkle with parsley and serve at once.

## Deviled Eggs

Cook the desired number of eggs till hard. Shell, cut in two, lengthwise. Remove the yolks, mash them with cheese, and if necessary a little melted butter, add a little salt and paprika, pack back in the whites and stick a tiny sprig of parsley in each one.

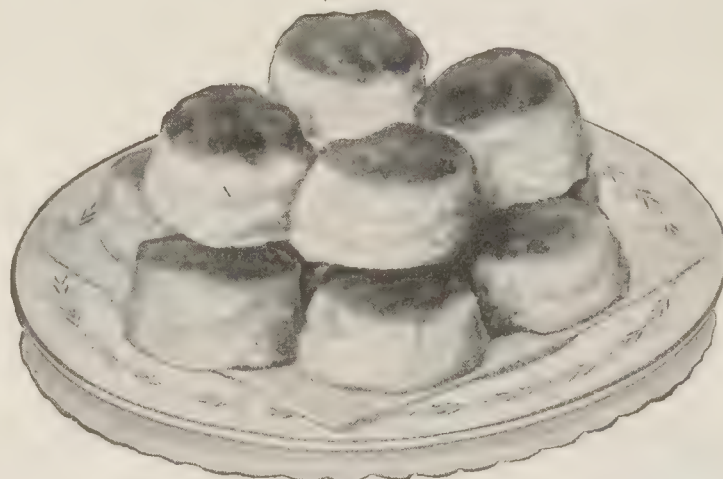
## Scrambled Eggs and Cheese

¼ lb. grated cheese 8 eggs  
½ c. rich milk Chopped parsley  
Salt and pepper

Beat the eggs slightly, add the other ingredients, except the parsley. Pour into a buttered frying pan, and cook slowly, stirring constantly till thick and creamy. Serve on toast, at once.

Continued on page 38

# It Takes But a Few Minutes To Make Royal Biscuits



There is nothing more delicious than hot Royal Biscuits — light and delicately browned.

They are very easy to serve, too, because when made the Royal way, biscuits may be put in the ice box or very cold place and kept until the next day before being baked, and they will be as delicious as though put into the oven the minute they were mixed. The double raising action of Royal makes this possible.

## Try These Delicious ROYAL Biscuits

(Use level measurements for all materials)



2 cups flour  
4 teaspoons Royal  
Baking Powder  
½ teaspoon salt  
2 tablespoons shortening  
¾ cup milk or half milk  
and half water

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt, add shortening and mix in very lightly with fork; add liquid slowly; roll or pat out with hands on floured board to about one inch in thickness (handle as little as possible); cut with biscuit cutter first dipped in flour. Bake in hot oven (475° F.) 10 to 12 minutes.

If you would like a book of excellent, tested recipes, write for a copy of the Royal Cook Book. It will be sent free of charge. Royal Baking Powder Co., 10 St. Lawrence Boulevard, Montreal.

Royal Contains No Alum —  
Leaves No Bitter Taste



Salada is synonymous with the best in Teas. Skillfully blended from choice, fresh, tender leaves, and sold only in sealed aluminum packets, it gives to the consumer the utmost in delicious flavor, strength, and purity. Properly made, every cup is perfection.

*The "Perfect Blend"*

# "SALADA"

H569

## BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 37

### Baked Eggs and Cheese

4 eggs  $\frac{1}{4}$  t. salt  
4 oz. grated cheese Paprika  
1 c. soft bread crumbs

Break the eggs carefully into buttered custard cups, and cook in the oven till the whites begin to turn white around the edge. Have the cheese, crumbs, and seasonings mixed together. Cover the eggs with the mixture and put back in the oven till brown.

### Swiss Eggs

4 eggs 1 tb. butter  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  c. cream or 1 oz. grated cheese  
very rich milk Salt and paprika

Put the butter in a shallow sauce pan. Add the cream or milk and heat. Break the eggs into it very carefully, sprinkle with the cheese, salt and paprika. When the eggs are done, put them

on slices of toast, pour the cream over them.

### Cheese Omelette

Cheese may be added to plain omelette in various ways.

1. Before folding an omelette, sprinkle grated cheese over it.
2. Grated or chopped cheese may be added to the egg and seasonings before putting it in the pan.
3. A thin cheese sauce may be poured over the omelette when ready to serve.

### Fried Cheese Balls

$1\frac{1}{2}$  c. grated 1 tb. flour  
cheese White of 3 eggs  
Salt and pepper

Beat the egg whites and fold in the flour, cheese and seasoning. Roll in cracker dust and fry in deep fat. Or, double the amount of flour, and drop by spoonfuls into the fat.

## Cheese Salads and Sandwiches

### Cheese Wafers

Cover small crackers, salted or plain, with grated cheese. Sprinkle with paprika and if the crackers are plain, a little salt. Put in a hot oven till the cheese is melted and the crackers crisp.

### Toasted Luncheon Sandwiches

Spread slices of bread with a thin layer of butter, and prepared mustard. Place between two slices, very thin strips of American cheese. Cut in triangles or oblongs, toast on both sides and serve at once.

### Cheese Tea Biscuits

Excellent to serve with salad.  
To ordinary baking powder biscuit dough add grated cheese before adding the liquid.

### Cheese Straws

On plain pastry sprinkle grated cheese, fold and roll out to  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thickness. Sprinkle one half, fold and roll again. Cut in strips about 5 inches long and  $\frac{1}{3}$  inch wide. Bake in a hot oven and serve with soup or salad.

### Cheese Sardine Sandwiches

Mash or grate the cheese, add a little salt, paprika, mustard, and a few drops of mustard, and a few sardines mashed to a paste. Mix well and spread between slices of bread.

### Stuffed Celery

Cut sticks of celery in pieces 2 or 3 inches long. Mix to a paste, soft cheese, chopped pimiento, and chopped olives. Fill the grooves in the celery with the cheese mixture and smooth off with a knife. A little chopped green pepper, parsley, or a tiny bit of chopped onion may be added to the celery mixture.

### Jelly and Cheese Sandwiches No. 1

Butter thin slices of bread, sparingly. On one slice put a layer of grated or cream or cottage cheese. On the other slice spread any desired jelly or jam. Press the two slices together and cut in triangles.

### Jelly and Cheese Sandwiches No. 2

Mash the cheese or grate it and mix with jam or jelly to form a paste. Spread between slices of buttered bread.

### Cheese Nut Sandwiches

Soften cheese to a paste, season with salt and paprika and a drop or two of lemon juice. Add very finely chopped nuts, using walnuts, almonds, pecans or peanuts, or a combination of them. Spread between thin slices of buttered bread.

### Tomato Cheese Salad

Ripe tomatoes  
Cheese balls or cubes  
Lettuce  
Dressing

Scoop the centres from firm ripe tomatoes, and fill the hollows with tiny cheese balls or cubes. Serve very cold on crisp lettuce leaves with dressing.

### Olive Pimiento Sandwich

Mash soft cream cheese and mix with it chopped olives and pimientos, and season well with salt and paprika. Spread between slices of buttered bread.

### Stuffed Dates or Prunes

Remove the pits from dates, or from prunes which have been soaked several hours, then cooked till soft. Fill the hollow with a little cream cheese, or a mixture of cheese, seasoning, chopped nut meats and a little salad dressing.

## What is Orange Pekoe?

An expert says it is simply a name given to a tea which may be good, bad or indifferent, depending wholly upon the elevation at which the tea plant is grown.

"LET me have a pot of Orange Pekoe Tea." How often do we hear this expression in restaurants and tea rooms, but if you ask—"What is Orange Pekoe?"—the answer almost invariably will be "I don't know, but I do know it is supposed to be good tea." The words "Orange Pekoe" being rather unique have been gratefully adopted by the public as a means of identifying a certain quality of tea. There is a general misunderstanding as to exactly what Orange Pekoe means. It refers to a small leaf near the tip of the tea plant. The leaves on the tea twig, according to the maturity of the leaf, range as follows:

The first large leaf is called Souchong. The next leaf is Pekoe (pronounced peck-o) followed by Orange Pekoe and Broken Pekoe, which are smaller, younger leaves, and if grown at a high altitude and carefully manufactured, produce the finest quality of tea.

Orange Pekoe tea is not necessarily the best tea by any means. It may be good, bad, or indifferent. The goodness of the leaf is judged by the flavor only, which depends upon two things—the elevation at which the tea plant is grown, and the care exercised in the manufacture of the leaf. The higher the elevation of the tea gardens the richer the leaf is in essential oil, which constitutes its flavor. This, however, may be spoiled by subsequent treatment, so when buying tea remember that appearance means nothing in relation to flavor.

Before package teas were introduced, the public were satisfied to accept tea of much inferior quality, but through the educational campaigns which have been carried on through advertising in the newspapers, the tea-drinking public have learned to demand a much purer and better tea. This change for the better has come with the introduction of the sealed package, which is the best and most practical means of preserving the flavor of this delicious beverage.



*Fairy Soda Biscuit*

**NORTH-WEST BISCUIT COMPANY LIMITED**

The BIG Box retains the freshness and flavor of this most delicious and nourishing biscuit. At your handiest store.

See the Striped Label

**NORTH-WEST BISCUIT COMPANY LTD**

~ distinctly Superior Quality



**Snowflake**  
THE FULL STRENGTH  
**Ammonia**

~ Use the BEST

33

If you value your furniture, hardwood floors and carpets, fit your furniture with the modern foot-wear.

At your dealer's in all styles and sizes, glass base or smooth metal base.

ONWARD MFG. CO. - Kitchener, Ont.

**Onward**  
SLIDING  
FURNITURE SHOES



For Metal Beds

**PUBLICITY** is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.





**You wouldn't  
go marketing  
blindfolded!**

**and yet that's not  
a bit worse than  
buying canned foods  
without knowing  
what the label  
stands for~**

The label on the can means everything to you. It's your only identification of the quality inside.

Back of the DEL MONTE label stands a far-reaching, responsible organization—pedigreed orchards in the favored valleys of the West—the finest equipment—spotless kitchens—and all the other essentials for ensuring highest quality that have grown up through over 60 years' experience in the canning of fine fruits.

Be sure of the uniform goodness and the flavor of your canned fruits, vegetables and food specialties. Simple and easy!—if you are careful to say "DEL MONTE" to your grocer.

Free—our book, "DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor." California Packing Corporation, Dept. 37, San Francisco, California.



**Be sure  
you say  
Del Monte  
for  
QUALITY  
CONVENIENCE  
ECONOMY**

## With the Women's Institutes in Manitoba

### What the Manitoba Institutes Accomplished in 1923

ARIZONA has for several years contributed to the support of a woman in need, giving her a cash donation each month, and supplying her with food and clothing. In addition to this, they sent eggs and butter to the Robertson Fresh Air Camp. The Hall, which they bought some time ago, is paid for. Last year the grounds were fenced, and prepared for planting. Generous contributions were made to the Parsonage and the Rink funds.

Arnaud makes a special effort to always have extremely interesting programs at the regular meetings, in addition to planning several good times throughout the year for the entire community to enjoy. They helped pay for the electric light plant in the town hall, and sent a generous contribution to the Children's Aid Society of Winnipeg.

Arrow River spent \$200 on improving the condition of their cemetery. They had contributed to the rink fund and to Gimli Fresh Air Camp, and the Children's Aid. A weekly donation of dainties is sent to a sick lady whose appetite needs tempting. During an attack of scarlet fever, a family was kept completely supplied with all cooked foods, meat, fresh eggs, lemons, etc. for three months. \$30.00 was spent in clothing three children in a needy family.

The Ashern Institute has been especially busy doing charitable and welfare work. One member gave a whist drive and tea at which she made almost \$50.00 to aid in this worthy endeavor. 18 families were supplied with clothing and Christmas cheer. An elderly couple were

given groceries, some money, and clothing, and a donation was sent to the Children's Aid Society. A Christmas entertainment was provided for the children of Ashern.

Austin is still working hard for their Memorial Fund. Almost \$1,400.00 was contributed to the Memorial Association. Other causes were not neglected, though, for generous donations were made to the rink and cemetery funds.

Avonlea has built a community hall, which was opened in August. They generously assisted a family whose home was burned, sent clothing for the use of Soldier Settlers' families, helped to organize a baseball team and gave it financial support as well, and are endeavoring to secure rural mail delivery.

Balmoral put a couch in the school for the use of sick children, and have furnished a first-aid kit for the school. It contains such useful articles as absorbent cotton, gauze, germicidal soap, bandages, safety pins, adhesive tape, iodine, court plaster, boracic acid and ointment. We know how countless are the accidents which occur at school. In June they hold an annual clean-up day in the cemetery. \$20.00 was raised at a concert in aid of the rink. The C.G.I.T. girls have the warm support of the Institute. Flowers are sent to any sick people. 25 visits were made, and 12 strangers welcomed to Balmoral. Money was sent to a Fresh Air Camp. Fruit was sent to a Balmoral returned man at Ninette. A lady who is an honored member always has her birthday celebrated by the Institute.

### FIRST IMPRESSIONS—Continued from page 15

is no scrumpy meal, I do assure you. Bread and butter and jam; scones and honey; several kinds of cake and much tea. This meal would be welcomed by me at half past six as a final repast (having dined mid-day on roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, two vegetables and a sensible suet pudding). But nothing of the sort. Tea time is sandwiched between a most solid lunch at one-thirty and an equally substantial supper at seven-thirty. Again I think of those who prepare these meals and wash the dishes, quite apart from the injury this gastronomic custom causes my Canadian-trained digestive apparatus!

I have visited two very fine apartments, "flats," and although the rooms are much larger than those one usually finds on the Canadian side, I was struck with dismay over the lack of the little "fittings" that make so much for comfort and efficiency. No cupboards in the bedrooms; so that one is forced to buy the huge and cumbersome wardrobe. Bath rooms, particularly, are poorly furnished. All the delightful, white-enamelled, clever "contraptions" that are so intriguing to those furnishing for the first time in Winnipeg, are conspicuous by their absence. Yet these patent fixtures are to be secured—I have run them to earth in several large stores. English housewives are slow to adopt the labor-saving devices for which the American continent is famous.

It is amusing to note the look of astonishment—and pity—that passes over the faces of some of the Englishwomen to whom I am introduced as "from Winnipeg." At tea one Sunday afternoon, I plainly saw on my hostess' face (although she was gazing adoringly at her dog) this question: "will the poor dear from Winnipeg know how to behave outside of a wigwam"? I smiled to myself and as I looked around her huge rooms frowning with heavy oak furniture, up-

holstered with dark leather; as I gazed in awe at the enormous, menacing sideboard that looked as if it, like the rock of Gibraltar, could never be moved; as I tried to avoid seeing the dark maroon, worsted, window drapes that defied the sun from even attempting to look in, I thought of my sunlit home in Winnipeg, with its central heating, its electric vacuum, its electric toaster and coffee percolator, and electric stove, yes, and hot water bottle! And I yearned for its bright chintzes, its white enamel, its innumerable cupboards fitted with patent rods that swing out so cunningly to receive one's clothes. And, thinking thus, I might have become quite homesick, had not my hostess asked the delightful question:

"But how on earth do you manage to live in Winnipeg? It's nothing but snow, isn't it?"

"Yes," I replied, gravely, "It's nothing but glistening white snow, and blinding sunshine, and brilliant blue sky. And the air is so dry we can produce sparks of electricity from the tips of our noses. And our houses are so equipped with every convenience conceivable that a mother of a family finds it possible to do all her own work, and rear her children, and has spare time to preserve and pickle and bake, dressmake and go snowshoeing. Madam, at home, we have more comforts than you have ever dreamt of."

And with this *confessio amoris*, I felt better and agreed with enthusiasm that never had I seen so handsome a dog; certainly never had I smelt so strong a one!

First impressions only! Don't amount to much, perhaps. Next month I may contradict each statement I have made. I think not. But next month I hope to tell you of some of the unchanged, unchangeable beauties of this country which I love even though I have discovered slight blemishes in her perfection!

## The secret of a dinner's success—

THE hostess who understands the art of giving successful dinner parties knows that the dessert, even more than the other courses, must have unusual charm and daintiness—the kind that guests like to linger over.

An endless variety of such desserts—and salads too—may be prepared with the simple things you have in the house—milk, eggs, chocolate, and especially your own fruits and vegetables, either fresh or canned—combined with Knox Gelatine. For instance, here is a recipe that has won a reputation for wholesome charm and daintiness:

### Snow Pudding (Serves six people)

$\frac{1}{2}$  envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water  
1 cup boiling water  
Whites of two eggs

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup lemon juice  
Few grains of salt

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve in boiling water, add sugar, lemon juice and grated rind of one lemon; strain, and set aside, occasionally stir mixture; when quite thick, beat with wire spoon or whisk, until frothy; add egg whites, beaten stiff, and continue beating until stiff enough to hold its shape. Then put in mold or dish, first dipped in cold water. Chill and serve with boiled custard or a fruit sauce.

Note: The quantity of gelatine left in the package will make three more desserts or salads, each serving six people.

### For Entertaining at the Home Table

Many a woman is indebted for the charm of her desserts and salads to the unusual recipes found in Mrs. Knox's books. Sent free, upon receipt of grocer's name and 4c for postage.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.,  
Dept. K, 180 St. Paul St., W, Montreal

# KNOX

## SPARKLING GELATINE

"The Highest Quality for Health"

### Physicians Recommend Knox Gelatine in the Diet

—in infant feeding (as an adjunct to milk, fresh or condensed, in proportions prescribed by your physician), to enable the infant to digest and assimilate the milk more easily

—in the daily diet of growing children, to insure their proper growth and strength development

—for invalids and convalescents, to add variety, nutritive value, and palatability to their diets

—and especially as a digestive aid to all those suffering from any forms of dyspepsia—doctors and dietitians prescribe wholesome foods prepared with Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

Write for the booklet "The Health Value of Gelatine."

## Castles In the Air

are part of the "building plans" in every life. They are all right, too, so long as you build foundations under them. The foundations are "the means" whereby you can materialize these airy hopes. The best foundation on which you can build is by saving and putting your savings to work at Life Insurance. Start today on a Great-West Life endowment policy and in a very brief space that investment will go far in helping you to realize some of the cherished dreams of your life.

## The Great-West Life ASSURANCE COMPANY

Head Office

Winnipeg



Savings  
Accounts  
Checking  
Accounts  
Sales Notes  
Collected  
Banking  
by Mail  
Collections  
Made  
Money  
Transfers  
Money  
Orders



### They Had No Banks

**I**N pioneer days the general merchant often kept the money of his customers for them—there were no banks. Buying and selling were largely by barter only.

The coming of the branch bank filled an important need in every community, and to-day the wise farmer, business man or private individual keeps his money in the bank and makes full use of the many services it has to offer.

### THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

*Serving Canadians since 1869*

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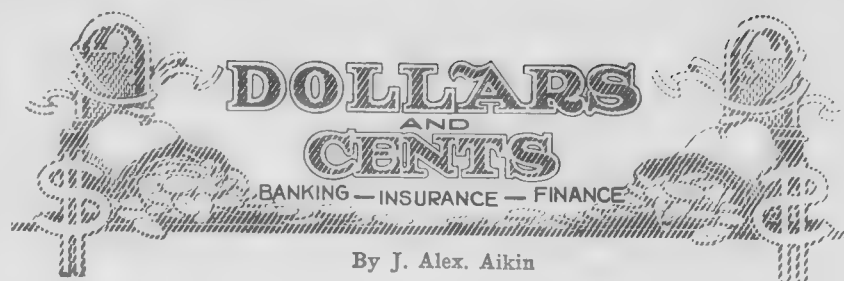
## MONEY IN GRAIN

\$12.50 buys guarantee option on 10,000 bushels of wheat or corn. **No Further Risk.** A movement of 5c from option price gives you an opportunity to take \$500; 4c, \$400; 3c, \$300, etc. **WRITE TODAY FOR PARTICULARS and FREE MARKET LETTER.**

Investors Daily Guide, S. W. Branch, Dept. T-42  
1016 Baltimore Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

## Shiloh Stops That Cough

Your grand-parents used it. Safe, sure and efficient. Small dose means economy, and brings quick relief. Does not upset the stomach.  
Try Shiloh, 30c, 60c and \$1.20



By J. Alex. Aikin

### Fitting the Yoke on Germany

**T**HE fact is becoming evermore clearer that there is a deep national purpose on the part of the Germans to evade the payment of reparations. This conviction has been impressed upon the minds of the experts engaged in making the inquiry and their convictions were more or less plainly given out in advance of the main report and recommendations. The pacifist Prime Minister of Great Britain agreed with the judgment of the French military commander that an inspection and continued military control will be necessary; it being known that the Germans have during the past year engaged in building up the war machine in violation of the Treaty terms. The sale of marks in the outside nations and the organized systematic depreciation of the mark constitute the greatest fraud ever perpetrated. On all three counts the Germans are shown to be guilty of the same selfish and uncivilized purpose which they displayed prior to 1914 and through the war, when they cast aside all the spiritual conceptions which some of their best and bravest had striven to impress upon them.

Whether their mad folly will make it again necessary to resort to force to subdue them is a question which cannot yet be answered with certainty, but it can be stated now with a degree of surety that unless the German attitude of mind undergoes a remarkable change either Germany or France will have to be humiliated. If the latter, it could only be at the cost of dishonor on the part of the Allies of France, a thing which no self-respecting man or nation is willing to admit as possible. If the Allies, including the United States, will continue to apply sufficient pressure there will not be much doubt about what Germany will do for a year or two, but after that what?

The peace terms were worked out on the assumption that Germany was a civilized state and could be depended upon to fulfil obligations undertaken. The commission of experts have proceeded upon the same path. All the plans recommended for the rehabilitation of Germany cast aside the knowledge current covering the fraudulent intent associated with the events of the past five years. The German insistence upon the doctrine of national sovereignty is just so much smoke to cover the real designs and overt purposes for evasion. But it will be of no avail for the immediate present, as the plans for the Bank of Issue outside Germany prove. The German government and financial and industrial leaders on the Board of Directors will always be in a minority until the day arrives when Germany shall have earned the right to control the Bank and its issue. The generous proposals of settlement, related always to fulfilment of obligations with honor, entertained by the British and Americans, afford to the Germans the swiftest road to redemption if they can wipe the fog of deception from their eyes and look at the facts.

The experts agreed that Germany is well equipped for production and for payment and will not require the moratorium asked for. The domestic situation is not without need for betterment but on the whole, considering the clearing up of all domestic debts, the way is open for paying reparations. What has happened in the economic life of Germany through the depreciation of the mark is equal to the combined results of a fifty year jubilee and a levy on capital. To the extent that this satisfactory situation can be turned to good account for payment of reparations will the labors of the experts bring forth good fruit.

It is proposed the new Bank of Issue will have a paid-up working capital of 400 million marks gold, and a reserve of 1,200 million marks gold. Against that it is estimated that 3 billion paper marks

can be issued, having 40 per cent. backing in gold. With that start the new bank could care for the requirements of Germany in both public and private finance and gradually retire both marks and rentenmarks of the old issues. It remains to be seen whether Germany will take the yoke being fitted for her neck, or accept the advice of the wreckers and court national disgrace and ruin. The spring elections for the Reichstag are likely to determine much for the future good or ill of Germany and incidentally for the peace and progress of the world in general.

### The Rebuilding of Russia

**T**HERE is a decided tendency in some quarters to draw the conclusion that upon the rebuilding of Russia and the recrudescence of Germany the fabric of world order and society depends. Unquestionably they will continue to exercise an important part in the affairs of the world as they have done for centuries. The British viewpoint on this question is not identical with that of Asia or even of America. The British social and economic fabric was closely interwoven with that of both Germany and Russia and the weakening of both by war and after evils has had a decidedly bad effect on Britain, just as their reconstruction will have a direct good result on the economic life of Britain.

There are evidences that the spiritual life of both Germany and Russia were injured in the past decade and that the still small voices which call men and nations back to better things have been hushed. In the period of German history when Napoleon disturbed Europe, there was German humility after defeat and in that period Germany recovered not only the national spirit but gave to the world some good things in art and thought. The vanity and bad spirit shown under defeat are not the kind of associates usually found in the company of spiritual leaders.

In Russia the men in the saddle are not only opposed to the principles of political economy generally accepted in the rest of the world and to the political principles of freedom and autonomy dearly prized by all nations, but they are the enemies of the Christian faith and principles of truth and simple justice which have made western nations strong.

There have been questions asked from year to year as to when Russia will come back as a producer and competitor in primary production. The hard fact seems to be evident that the hand of destruction has made it impossible for Russia to come back except at a slow pace for a long time. Not only were very many of the best lives taken but much of the art and skill went out with those lives in war and the after blood letting and mock trials and villainous executions. The cities and trade and industrial centres, the railways and transportation means, the forest wealth, the church and residence property, all suffered by the hand of the destroyer or from lack of attention from the men in control who were otherwise engaged in excesses which the abnormal situation made possible. It would appear that the men in the saddle at the immediate present have determined upon measures which will make for reform and betterment in conditions.

The recognition of the Soviet government by Great Britain, followed as it has been by several other nations, will undoubtedly give an impetus and inspiration to the Bolshevik regime and compel them to strive after a somewhat improved national life since they have been admitted to the Family of Nations.

The Russians are seeking a loan from Great Britain of £150,000,000, of which two-thirds will be credits for goods ordered and one-third cash, delivery to be made over a period of three years.



## DOLLARS AND CENTS

Continued from page 40

It is understood the entire question of debts will be considered at the same time as the advances are being made, which means that repayments by Russia will help to restore France, to whom she owes so much for help in past days. British claims are large and the manner of their settlement will, as in the case of Britain's settlement with the United States, be a precedent for others in their claims against Russia. In the case of Russia, as with Germany, it is accepted that a preliminary necessity is to restore the normal life of the debtor before he will be able to pay on his obligations.

The experience of the American relief organizations was sufficient to prove for Britain that it will be well to fully assure that the money and goods are all for purposes of reconstruction and none of them for war or propaganda of the red type.

## SUN LIFE OF CANADA HAD A GREAT YEAR

THE Fifty-third Annual Report of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, with an accompanying statement covering its transactions for the year 1923, is made public this week, and affords remarkable evidence of all-round prosperity and progress.

In all branches substantial increases are shown. Business in force reaches the colossal figure of \$703,765,243—an increase of \$72,360,373 over 1922. The total number of ordinary policies in force at December 31st last was 318,443, while in addition, employees of commercial and industrial institutions to the number of 22,731 were protected under group assurance contracts. These figures are significant as indicating the great spread of benefit which, in the natural order of things, will accrue eventually to policyholders or their beneficiaries.

New business applied for during the year amounted to \$119,804,657, while policies actually issued and paid for numbered 35,975 for a total of \$107,391,255. This is the highest total ever reached by the Company in a single year. An arrangement with the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York for the reinsurance of their British business brings a further 8,200 policyholders to the ranks of the Sun Life. The established organization of the Company in Great Britain lends itself to the economical and convenient absorption of this business.

Payments to policyholders and beneficiaries in respect of Death Claims, Matured Endowments, Profits, etc., amounted to \$22,145,979. This affords striking evidence of the degree in which the Company is fulfilling its mission, for these payments actually exceed the total annual assurances issued fourteen years ago. Since the organization of the Company, the great sum of \$151,916,489 has been paid out to policyholders or their representatives.

Turning to the items indicative of the strength of the Company, the figures are even more impressive. The cash income for the year from all sources advanced by \$10,714,317 to a new high record of \$46,965,639—equivalent to over \$900,000 for each week of the year. Assets passed the Two Hundred Million Dollar mark, and at December 31st stood at \$209,257,313—an advance of \$35,168,454. During the year the amount available for investment was unusually large, the purchase of new securities and loans made amounting to \$84,027,336, exclusive of loans on the Company's own policies. This command of money afforded special opportunities for securing large blocks of high-grade, long-term securities on advantageous terms. The interest earned on the mean invested funds was 6.20 per cent.

Profits to the amount of \$4,417,068 were paid or allotted to policyholders. Substantial appropriations were made for investment fluctuations and other contingencies, the reserves so established now amounting to \$3,500,000. After making these provisions, the net surplus over all liabilities and capital stock amounts to \$17,872,868—an increase of \$3,603,000 over the previous year.

## The Patroness of Families

THE Grecians honored and paid special worship to a goddess called Hecate, who was deemed the patroness of families, and of children. Her statues were erected before the doors of the houses, and at every new moon, that is to say once a month, a feast was provided for the poorer of the citizens.

The modern Hecate is the assurance company, true guardian of the homes, and the feast is the monthly payment which supplies food for the mother and children.

The monthly income insurance is growing in popularity, because of its many and manifest advantages.

If you become totally and permanently disabled through accident or disease, the policy becomes immediately payable to you and, when you die, is payable to your beneficiaries for life on a monthly, quarterly or yearly plan as arranged. In the event of disablement, no further premium is payable.

At your death, the full amount of your policy will be paid your beneficiary without any deduction or waived premiums, or your heirs may prefer to be paid on the monthly income plan for life.

There are other privileges in these liberal contracts which are offered to the public but almost any agent will explain them to you.

The majority of men are beginning to feel that to leave their wife and children a monthly income is better than to leave them a fortune. In this way, men actually save what they bequeath, as well as relieving their widows of the onerous responsibility of managing the family estate.

The United States Government has told us the experience of life assurance companies is that the average existence of a lump sum payment to a beneficiary is less than nine years. Large sums of money are lost yearly by the purchase of "securities" which were never anything but absolute insecurities.

It is not surprising, however, that women untaught in financial affairs could do better with these bequests when men skilled in monetary matters are constantly making wrong investments. Besides, women are accustomed to handling a monthly allowance, and usually know how to lay it out advantageously.

Sir Andrew McPhail once said the catastrophes of history and also of private life were largely due to one cause—the cessation of temporary conditions that were believed to be permanent.

What we call certainties are not unoften most uncertain. Even "the everlasting hills" are washed into the valleys and disappear in time. This is a good idea to ponder over and to apply to your domestic and business affairs, in order that you may provide against the coming changes with as little delay as possible.

So far as we know, an income policy is the best method yet devised to safeguard one's family against disaster and dependence upon the charity of others.

Talking of this matter, a gentleman said recently to his friends, "There have been many suggestions as to the pains of hell, but my idea of it would be to wake up dead and realize I had forgotten, or neglected, or been too bull-headed, to take enough insurance for her and the kiddies."

Perhaps the reader will agree with us at this point that the modern Hecate is the life assurance policy—true guardian of the homes.

Mary F. Murphy.

## Protection as an Investment

In 1903, when Hugh Clifton took out a North American Life Endowment Policy for \$10,000 he did so with the clear-sighted knowledge that here was the ideal way to save money and provide for an independent old age for his wife and himself.

In September, 1923, this policy matured.

Reviewing the entire transaction, Hugh Clifton finds:

- (1) That the cheque which he received from us at the maturity of his Endowment Policy was for \$3,250 more than he had deposited during the twenty years.
- (2) That not only did the \$10,000 protection which he provided for his wife during those years cost him nothing, but that he actually made money while providing it.

Could any contract have been more liberal and satisfying than this?

You should acquaint yourself with the many unique advantages of insuring under the North American Life Endowment Plan. The attached coupon will bring full information.

"AGENCIES IN EVERY IMPORTANT CITY IN CANADA"

I would like to read "Twenty Years Ahead"

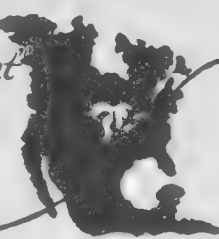
Name.....

Address.....

Age..... Occupation.....

**NORTH AMERICAN LIFE**  
ASSURANCE COMPANY  
"Solid as the Continent"

Head Office, Toronto, Can.

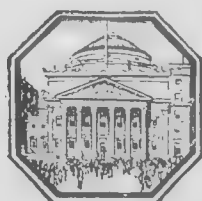


## Farm Book-keeping

More and more the experienced farmer realizes the importance of accurate book-keeping.

The farmer who opens a Chequing Account with the Bank of Montreal is enabled to keep an exact record of receipts and expenditure and to have the helpful advice of an experienced banker whenever he needs it.

We shall be pleased to supply you with a Farmer's Account Book free of charge.



**BANK OF MONTREAL**  
Established over 100 years

# The Young Man and His Problem

By  
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

St. John's Technical High School  
Winnipeg

## Answers to Correspondents

**C**ORRESPONDENTS at Kindersley and Roche Percee, Saskatchewan, and at Medicine Hat, Alberta, are being written to directly.

H. G. J., at Lestock, Saskatchewan, is informed that the book he inquires about, Canadian Commercial Correspondence, is published by the Macmillan Publishing Company, Ltd., Bond St., Toronto. It is a volume of 350 pages and contains, among others, chapters dealing with the choice of words, the construction of sentences, paragraph structure, punctuation, business letter writing, effective speaking, the preparation of reports, and the writing of advertisements. The price is \$1.50.

## A Last Will

**S**OME years ago, a lawyer of Chicago left for probate a will, that while it followed the usual form of wills in which property and money were left for distribution, proved unusual because it left no personal or real property for division.

Because of its unusual character, it attracted considerable attention, and it is understood that it was put through officially for probate.

"I, Charles Lounsbury, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this, my last will and testament, in order to distribute my interests in the world among succeeding men."

"That part of my interests, which is known in law and recognized in the sheep bound volumes, as my property being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposal of it in this my will. My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but, these things expected, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath."

"Item. I give to Good Fathers and Mothers, in trust for their Children, all good little Words of Praise and Encouragement and all Quaint Pet Names and Endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the needs of their children shall require."

"Item. I leave to Children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every the Flowers of the Fields and the Blossoms of the Woods, with the right to play among them freely, according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against Thistles and the Thorns. And I devise to Children the Banks and the Brooks and the Golden Sands beneath the Waters thereof, and the Odors of the Willows that dip therein, and the White Clouds that float high over the Giant Trees. And I leave the Children the Long, Long Days to be merry in a thousand ways, and the Night, and the Moon, and the Train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to Lovers."

"Item. I devise to Boys jointly all the Useless, Idle Fields and Commons where Ball may be played, all Pleasant Waters where one may swim, all Snow-clad Hills where one may coast, and all Streams and Ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate, to have and to hold the same for the period of their Boyhood and all Meadows with the Clover Blossoms and Butterflies thereof, the Woods with their appurtenances, the Squirrels and Birds, and the Echoes and Strange Noises, and all Distant Places which may be visited, together with the Adventures there found."

"And I give to said Boys each His Own Place at the fireside at night, with all Pictures that may be seen in the Burning Wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any incumbrances or care."

"Item. To Lovers I devise their Imaginary World, with whatever they may need, as the Stars of the Skv, the Red Roses by the Wall, the Bloom of the Hawthorn, the Sweet Strains of Music, and aught else that may be desired to figure to each other the Lastingness and Beauty of their Love."

Item. To Young Men jointly I devise and bequeath all Boisterous, Inspiring Sports of Rivalry, and I give to them the Disdain of Weakness, and Undaunted Confidence in Their Own Strength. Though they are rude, I leave to them the Power to Make Lasting Friendships and of Possessing Companions, and to them exclusively I give all Merry Songs and Brave Choruses to sing with lusty voices."

"Item. And to Those Who Are no Longer Children or Youths or Lovers I leave Memory, and I bequeath to them the volumes of the Poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of Other Poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully without tithe or diminution."

"Item. To our Loved Ones with Snowy Crowns, I bequeath the Happiness of Old age, the Love and Gratitude of their Children until they fall asleep."

## Ponder This

"**T**HELWELL thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it had come to years of discretion to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden. 'How so?' he said; 'it is covered with weeds.' 'O,' I replied, 'that is only because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil in favor of roses and strawberries.'"

—S. T. Coleridge.

## The Use of Leisure Time

**I**N a recent issue of a periodical, the "News Letter," published occasionally by the Great-West Life Assurance Company, appears some interesting paragraphs concerning the use of leisure time by those whose work is of an exacting mental nature.

Some of these paragraphs are reproduced because they touch on many points of interest to young men. There is also another side to the question. In a rapidly developing country, young men are often largely occupied in manual pursuits, and in such cases, leisure hours should be filled in by mental studies.

"Why is it that a wholesome fad does not add to fatigue and life strain instead of relieving it? The answer is that the work of most civilized men involves the use of mental processes that have developed only lately in the history of the race. Thinking, planning, analyzing, figuring—all of this type of work which men and women in executive, professional and clerical lines are required to do, involves a mobilizing of brain power and a demand upon the nervous system and the related glandular system. From this demand primitive man was wholly free.

It has often been noted that mere rest from mental activity, from business or professional strain, is not in itself adequate to maintain good health, and it may actually destroy health; it may invite boredom and worry. By bringing into play these primitive activities, the insistent higher mechanism of the brain and nervous system is more completely rested and there is afforded opportunity for more complete self-expression. These primitive demands are always with us, and if we suppress them wholly we suffer by it.

We should like to emphasize particularly the value of mechanical work as a fad. A man who is daily engaged in work at a factory would not, of course, benefit by such a fad; but the business man, the professional man, the commercial worker, will find that some form of mechanical labor, which does not impose undue mental or physical fatigue, will provide the best balance to vocational strain and the stress of social life.

Just as football, baseball, tennis and golf call up the primitive exercise of mind and body and stimulate the old primitive strife with nature, so does mechanical work stimulate the old activities that primitive man was compelled to engage in order to make his weapons, build his home and protect his existence. The release of these activities is often like balm to a tired and discouraged soul.

One of the greatest menaces to health and to society is boredom, an aimless lounging condition which many people drift into during the intervals of work. As working hours are shortened the menaces increase. Even when people do not drift into vicious indulgence or dissipation in the endeavor to escape boredom, they often fill in their time in ways that give no opportunity for self-expression. The movies, the theatre, reading, study—all have their place; but self-expression can only be attained by personal activity, by doing something ourselves, by seeing something grow and develop under our hands or our brain. Hence a mechanical fad supplies this requirement, this secondary type of work that differs from work and yet is not pure recreation."

## In This Country

**I**T is not unusual to hear residents of Canada who have been here for ten, fifteen, or twenty years, use the expression "in this country" more especially when matters are not going exactly to their liking and some criticism is being offered. This is hardly a desirable way of putting it because it suggests a frame of mind that has not quite entered into full citizenship. The man who has left another land and who has been doing fairly well on Canadian soil might as well recognize that for him there is no turning back and that "this country" ought now to be "his country."

When a man speaks in terms of "my country" and "our country" he is more likely to play the part of a representative citizen.

## A Set of Sayings

**I**HATE to see a thing done by halves; if it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.—Gilpin.

The hardest thing to do is to know one's-self, the easiest, to find fault with other people.—Thales.

Man was sent into this world not merely to see, but to do, and the more he sees, the more he is bound to do accordingly.—Charles Kingsley.

The bow cannot possibly stand always bent, nor can human nature or human frailty subsist without some lawful recreation.—Cervantes.

When one inquired of the refiner of silver how he knew when the dross was sufficiently separated, he received for answer: "When I can see my own image perfectly reflected in it."—St. Thomas Aquinas.

When any fit of anxiety, or gloominess, or perversion of mind lays hold of you, make it a rule not to publish it by complaints, but exert your whole care to hide it: by endeavoring to hide it you will drive it away. Be always busy.—Dr. Johnson.

## How to Advertise

**T**HE McGraw-Hill Book Company, publishers of technical books at Penn Terminal Building, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York, have recently published a 750-page leather bound volume, "The Advertising Handbook," by S. Roland Hall, one of the most capable advertising writers on the continent. Into this book, Mr. Hall has packed the knowledge of years of experience and for those of our readers who have business interests and who are interested in developing business by means of tested advertising plans, it is hard to imagine a more useful publication.

It is written in plain language and yet the important technical parts of the subject are made clear, and it is very freely illustrated in half-tones and in colors. The first illustration shows the old town crier calling his announcements and from that point right through the book, the subject is dealt with in all its varied aspects down to the most modern use of trade-marks.

Among the many important branches of advertising that are discussed in this handbook may be mentioned: What advertising is and does; The writing of copy; Magazine advertising; Newspaper advertising; Letters and follow-up systems; Cases for counters; Catalogues; Color in Advertising; Farm conditions; Good-will; Window display; Retailer aids; Sales letters; How to get the reader to remember; and Timeliness in advertising.

In building up their libraries, young men who are engaged in retail work ought to make a place for this book.

## A Liberal Education

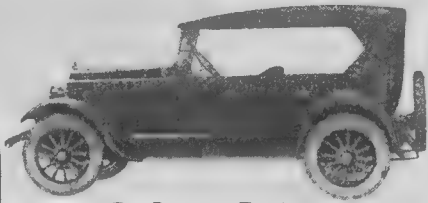
**"S**UPPOSE it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would one day or other depend upon his winning a game of chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and moves of the pieces: to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allowed his son, or the State which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?"

Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, the happiness, of every one of us, and more or less of those that are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game that has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of Nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know to our cost that he never overlooks a mistake or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And the one who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse.

Well, what I mean by Education is learning the rules of this mighty game. In other words, education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of Nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws.—Thomas Huxley.



## MASTER FOURS



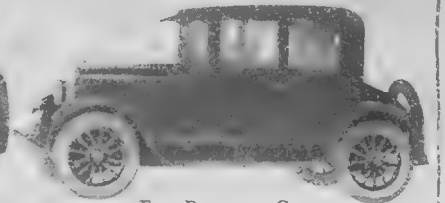
Five-Passenger Touring



Two-Passenger Roadster



Five-Passenger Sedan



Four-Passenger Coupe

## MASTER SIXES



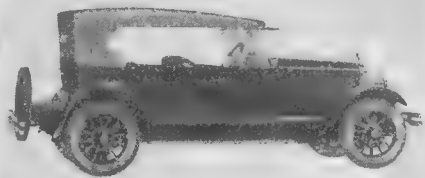
Seven-Passenger Sedan



Two-Passenger Roadster



Five-Passenger Sedan



Four-Passenger Sport Touring



Five-Passenger Double-Service Sedan



Five-Passenger Touring

## A Model of Canada's Standard Car to Suit Every Buyer

EVERY individual preference and requirement is met by the sixteen new models of Canada's Standard Car. From the dependable, low-priced Master Four Roadster, to the luxurious Master Six Brougham Sedan, there is a McLaughlin-Buick for every motoring need. And, in each model, the unvarying standards of McLaughlin-Buick quality prevail. Examine these new models and you will find at least one which makes instant appeal to you. Visit the McLaughlin-Buick dealer for a demonstration.

McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO., LIMITED

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OSHAWA, ONTARIO

Branches in Leading Cities

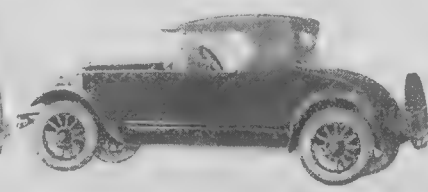
Dealers Everywhere

M-2024

## MASTER SIXES



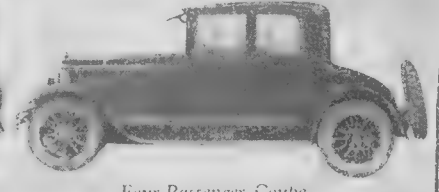
Five-Passenger Brougham Sedan



Three-Passenger Sport Roadster



Seven-Passenger Sedan



Four-Passenger Coupe

# McLAUGHLIN-BUICK

## Flowers-



What you raise depends on what you plant. Select the varieties you want from McDonald's Annual. Plant and cultivate them by its practical directions and be sure of raising exactly what you had planned on in the first place. McDonald's seeds are pure bred and tested for vitality and germination. They will produce abundantly and true to type.

**Kenneth McDonald & Sons, Limited**  
26 Market Square  
Ottawa Canada

## Boils

may be a blood disease—but they certainly "come to a head" quickly and heal cleanly, when a few drops of



**Absorbine Jr.**  
THE OLYMPIAN LINIMENT

—full strength—are applied every few hours.

Absorbine Jr. eases the pain, cleans the sore, destroys pus, kills all germs and starts a healthy healing from the bottom.

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### Notes on Planting in the Garden

LIKE everything else, in regard to the dealing with young life, great care must be exercised in the early stages if the best results are to be expected, therefore in the planting of vegetables, fruits, etc., a little extra care at the beginning of the season will mean a great deal at the end.

In the first place obtain good stock, following the old adage "the best is the cheapest"; inferior stock in the hands of a good horticulturist means that all his care, expense and work will yield him perhaps a fifty per cent. result.

In the case of young trees, see that the roots have not become dried out before planting, and when the ground is ready for them, plant them as carefully as possible, exposing them to the air in as short a time as speedy planting will allow.

When taking the young trees to the location selected for planting, it is a good plan to wrap them in wet sacking and take out each tree in turn from the sacking as soon as the hole is ready for it. The hole should be dug large enough for the roots in a spread condition. For instance, suppose a medium sized hole is dug and the roots somewhat crowded, they will have rather a struggle to get straightened out and formed into a proper root system. Then again, the hard walls left by the spade will form a barrier that will retard the young roots somewhat. A far better chance is given them by digging the hole large enough for the root system to be in loosened soil when at their fullest extent.

The surface soil should be thrown to one side of the hole while the lower and coarser soil should be on the other and in filling in when the young tree is in position the order of the soil is reversed, that is, the top soil is placed in first as it is finer and will gather round the roots much better than the coarser material. It is advisable to throw a little in before the tree is put in so as to form a soft bed, then the remainder should be carefully worked in among the roots, finally topping off with the original lower soil. Unless the soil is worked well in among the roots, there are apt to be "air pockets" which are detrimental to the growth of the tree. It is advisable to tramp the soil well when the hole is about half filled so as to insure moisture supply to the roots.

In regard to planting vegetable seed, the surface soil should be made as even as possible; the smallest seeds should be planted about one-quarter inch deep, while such seeds as pea or corn should be about two inches deep. In order to insure moisture rising to the seeds, the soil should be made firm, for when the soil is loose it will dry and the seeds will not germinate.

Be prepared to fight the weeds and keep up a steady programme of cultivation as it is a disappointing end to a bright beginning when carefully planted seeds bring into being sturdy plants that become victims to the ravages of weeds.

### Preparing for the Honey Season

ALL supplies should now be on hand and any home carpenter work should be done as soon as possible, such as putting hives together, nailing frames and wiring them, etc. Every colony should have enough stores to carry it through until summer, in spite of what may be expected to be gathered in spring. It is as well to have a good supply of supers and comb foundation on hand as early as possible in order to be prepared; far better to be well ahead of time than to be caught with increases and no way of accommodating them.

The spring is a very important part of the year with apiarists as at that time the bees are starting to gather up energy for the approaching season and it is often a case of "touch and go" with some of the colonies that have become weak through shortage of stores, or dysentery caused by the consumption of unwholesome stores.

In the case of where bees have been put into winter quarters with a plentiful supply of stores, there is not much cause for anxiety in the spring, but should some of the colonies be expected to run short of stores before they are placed in summer quarters, or if there has been an abnormal number of deaths



By Allan Campbell

in some of the hives thereby exposing such hives to the danger of robbing, then an inspection should be made on a warm day when they are placed outside. Combs containing stores may be taken from colonies that have more than they need and given to those that are deficient, provided no disease is present.

Colonies wintered out of doors should be kept in their wintering cases until settled warm weather. In most places this is not until the latter end of May or the first week in June. The amount of protection to be given to colonies that have been wintered in the cellar will depend on the spring climate and the extent of shelter from wind. The size of the entrance should be kept small in early spring—only an inch or two in the case of weak colonies.

Bees need water in spring. It should be supplied in a warm sheltered place near the apiary. The colonies should be examined weekly, if the weather permits, to see that the brood nest is expanding properly, the aim being to get the bees gradually to consume the stores and replace them with brood. If stores accumulate it may be necessary to remove a portion of them and give empty comb.

The best stimulus to breeding is the natural gathering of honey and pollen in favorable weather; these are usually supplied in abundance, first by the willows and maples and later by dandelions, and, where it is plentiful, fruit bloom.

Periods of weather unfavorable for the collecting of nectar may occur at any time in the spring. Short periods of this kind may be guarded against by making certain that the bees have a reserve store of a few pounds, but longer periods demand feeding to avert starvation especially if such periods occur late in the spring or in the summer when the rate of food consumption is high. As spring advances, the putting on of supers and preventing preparation of swarming will need attention.

A few remarks on the handling of bees will not be amiss at this period. The best time to open the hive is on a fine warm day when the bees are flying freely. It is not advisable to disturb them in cold weather or when rain threatens, and never at night. Care should be taken to avoid stings, not only because they are painful, but because the odour of the poison irritates

the bees and makes them difficult to manage.

To apply the smoke, a bee smoker is required. This consists of a thin fire-box attached to a pair of bellows. The best fuel for the smoker is dried cedar bark, dried rotten wood, planer shavings or a piece of old sacking. To start the smoker, the firebox is opened and a small quantity of the fuel is lit and placed in the box. When, by the work of the bellows, this is well alight the remainder of the fuel is thrown in and the lid shut down. A few puffs given occasionally will keep the smoker alight. When not in use, the smoker should be stood on end, as, if laid down on its side it usually becomes extinguished.

To protect the face from possible stings, a bee veil should be worn. The veil should be made of light and durable material, such as Brussels net. The upper end of the veil is gathered with an elastic band so as to fit closely around the crown of a broad brimmed hat. The lower end of the veil may be tucked inside the coat collar or held down with a string around the waist.

Before opening the hive, have the smoker well alight and then drive a light puff or two into the entrance. Stand to one side of the hive so as not to interfere with the flight of the bees. Lift off the cover gently, turn back the quilt and immediately direct a few light puffs of smoke downward between the frames. With the aid of the hive tool loosen and lift out the frame nearest the operator which should be stood up on end against the sides of the hive, taking care that the queen is not on this comb and not to crush the bees when setting it down. Owing to the space thus created in the hive by the removal of the first frame the other frames can now be easily removed and examined without danger of crushing the queen or bees. Avoid any sharp knocks or jars, working quietly and as quickly as possible. Another puff or two of smoke may be required when handling the frames, care, however, being taken not to give too much. The danger of the queen getting injured or lost by dropping off the comb should be born in mind and guarded against. Hold the frame over the hive when examining it. Do not keep the hive open longer than is necessary. Do not smoke the bees heavily unless they have been allowed to become angry.



"The Gap" entrance to the Rockies on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway.



### Obtaining Early Garden Produce

THERE are various ways of obtaining early vegetables. Rhubarb may be forced considerably ahead of time by placing a barrel over a strong root and banking the sides with fresh horse manure, and covering the top of the barrel with a sack. Some early and very tender shoots may be obtained this way.

Where plenty of lettuce, radish, beets and other salad plants and greens are desired for more than a short season, successive sowings should be made so as to insure a constant supply of young and tender vegetables. The south side of a board fence makes a good location for the production of early tomatoes. The best method of handling them is to prune them to a single stem and tie to a stake. They should be protected from low night temperatures by means of bags dropped over them before nightfall.

A very important factor to success in the vegetable garden is to have it sheltered on the north and east at least, if not sheltered all round. The old reliable Caragana makes an excellent tight hedge for garden protection.

To add variety to the sameness of the yearly programme of the garden, the introduction of some of the uncommon varieties that have been found successful in Manitoba, such as Swiss Chard, salsify, broad beans, kohlrabi, etc., should be given a trial.

Excellent greens can be had by making a fairly thick sowing of beet seed and using the young beet tops for boiling.

### Cool and Warm Season Vegetables

VEGETABLES may be divided into two groups. The cool season vegetables do best at a low temperature and may be started in the open early in May, or earlier, or as soon as the ground is fit to work up properly. Peas, carrots, beets, parsnips, turnips, radish, spinach, lettuce, parsley, cabbage, cauliflower, celery and onions are the principal cool-season crops. Plants for transplanting may be started at a temperature of 50 to 55 degrees and if grown in an atmosphere above this temperature they may be weak and unthrifty and not make satisfactory plants.

The warm-season vegetables, such as tomatoes, cucumbers, melons, corn, beans, peppers, and egg plant, require a temperature not lower than 60 degrees to develop properly. They cannot be set in the open ground until danger from frost is past or toward the latter part of May. Seed of these sown in the open ground should not be sown until the weather is settled and the ground warmed up, or after the middle of May. Warm-season vegetables should have warm soil and a southern exposure, whereas the cool-season vegetables may be put on cooler and later soils in more northern situations. For very early vegetables the southern exposure is always desirable.

### A Few Poultry Pointers

IT has been well said that we do not require instruction as much as reminding, hence a few pointers on any subject are likely to have at least a few that may be acceptable.

The egg shell is porous, consequently dirt, mould and disease germs can pass through and spoil the egg.

It costs almost as much to produce a bad egg as to produce a good one.

Poultry turns waste into profit. Do not buy mongrels but invest in first class hens. Do not think that good chicks can be obtained from poor stock.

If "boarders" refuse to lay, give them a chance to save their reputation by converting them into a tasty meal.

Let as much sunlight into the poultry house as possible in spite of the protest of disease germs that do not like it.

Keep eggs in a cool, dry place free from bad odours.

Eggs are almost as perishable as meat and milk; the shell does not serve as a tin container.

### O'Hara's Economy

O'Hara once saw an advertisement in a street car reading: "Buy your stove at O'Brien's and save half your coal."

"Begorra," he said, "I'll buy two stoves and save all me coal."



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### MORE SPRAY FROM THE ATLANTIC—Continued from page 13

sea, as I know of their tearing and biting at a swimming boy until they dragged him under and drowned him.

Poor lads! they perish at sea as well as the fishermen. One dear boy, bringing a motor boat into the harbour, leaned over as he had often seen his father do, and caught the mooring buoy. He held to it so firmly that the still advancing motor-boat drew away from him and let him fall into the water and he was drowned in sight of his friends, for strange to say, very few of the fishermen who live by the sea can swim. They trust to their oilskins to keep them up. A neighbour of mine was swept from the deck of his schooner during a storm at sea and passed right under her bottom and came up in her lee,

hopeless, perishing. Suddenly he noticed that he was floating nicely and he just lay there motionless, lest more air escape until the captain managed to let a dory down to him in the awful seas. He is very much alive today. Many of our neighbours and friends down here pass most of their lives afloat. Some go to the banks "winter" and "summer" fishing. The "banks" are one to two hundred miles off shore and in water of fifty to 200 fathoms. Others are "Shore" fishermen, in twenty to fifty fathoms, catching cod and haddock, pollock and mackerel, herring and bait fishes, two to ten miles offshore.

Most of this shore fishing is by handling over the side of the boat, but much of it is done just as they do on the

banks, by "dory fishing." That is one or two men to each boat, twenty boats, row away from the schooner at daylight with tubs of baited trawl lines and kegs. These are thrown over and the long baited line between them is left for some time and then hauled back aboard the dory. When the man or men, two usually, has a boat load of fish, perhaps one to two hundred, weighing one quarter to three quarters of a ton, it is time for him to pull back to the schooner.

In the meantime wind and fog, rain and snow, have done their best to chill the fisherman and hide the schooner, so often at night he is guided back to his vessel by the horn, or the conch shell, in the smaller boats.

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## Sleeplessness

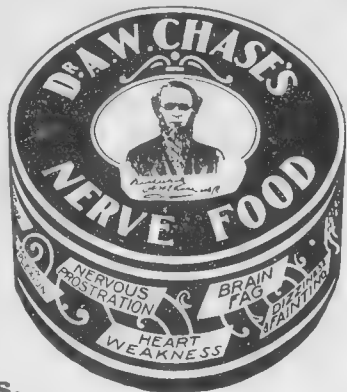
Sleeplessness, like insanity, is greatly on the increase. Modern life, with its hurry and worry and noise, brings an enormous strain on the brain and nerves.

The temptation to depend on sleeping powders or tablets must be fought off if you would avoid catastrophe. Means of reconstructing the starved nerve cells must be sought. Since the digestive system fails to supply nourishment to the blood and nerves it is necessary to employ such treatment as DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD to instil new strength and energy into the tired nerves. This is Nature's way of affording lasting relief.

You will notice that while the price of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has been increased to 60c. the box now contains 60 pills instead of 50 as formerly.

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## CORRESPONDENCE

### A Prosperity Suggestion

Dear Readers:

The courtesy the Editor extended to me in publishing my last letter has given me courage to open what I think will prove a helpful discussion and make the correspondence columns a place where we can discuss our problems and indulge in constructive criticism that will be helpful to ourselves and to the community. Much has been written during the past year or two of depression of how we might best overcome that depression: a better immigration policy, diversified farming, etc. To my mind an intelligent combination of mixed farming and better immigration facilities would be a considerable aid towards a happier condition, but without the aid of the big industrial captains we would fall far short of our object. In addition to our reorganized immigration policy, we must interest the industrial heads in the benefits to be derived from a country such as ours with all its natural advantages. Interest them in cities such as Winnipeg with its extraordinarily cheap power and light. By doing so we would encourage them to introduce manufacturing concerns which, in turn, would attract workers, who, in turn, would be potential consumers of the products of the mixed farm, and thus with a larger home market, much of the farmers' difficulties re freight charges and export troubles would be avoided.

What do other correspondents think?  
Yours,  
Jock.

### The Thrills of Spring

Dear Editor and Readers:

I have been a subscriber to your wonderful magazine, for about eight years, but I have never decided to try my luck at joining this page before.

I am not a westerner, but I hope you will not turn me down on that account. I used to see a letter from N.S. once in a long time so I thought I would be the one to represent our part of the country this time.

It is needless to say how much I enjoy reading the W.H.M., as it is a settled fact that every one enjoys its pages.

I wish "English Rose" could learn to ski, I venture to say she would not be so ready to uphold the dance. I'm sure the members who indulge in this sport will agree with me that it is fascinating, thrilling, and wholesome, and not as hard to learn as one might suppose. Take for instance, Margaret L. Towne, of Berlin, N.H., who only three years ago made her first attempt at skiing, and is this winter thrilling thousands at Quebec by her daring and graceful ski jumping. Of course it stands to reason everyone could not learn so quickly to accomplish her feats.

I see everyone mentions the W. P. B. as though it is a thing to be dreaded beyond words. For my part I wish to forget it entirely.

I would like to have correspondence with girls from anywhere, who can write "honest to goodness" letters and would not be adverse to sending them to a chap twenty-two years of age who lives on a farm. Hoping to have a nice bunch of letters soon. I will close.

Thanking you, Dear Editor, for the many pleasant hours you have afforded me. I am,

Yours sincerely,

"Peter Vibart."

### Not all Sunshine

Dear Editor and Readers:

I have been an interested reader of your Correspondence page for the last four years, but this is the first time I have picked up courage enough to write.

I am a homesteader living in Northern Manitoba. I have been living here for the last four years and a half, and might say that I am getting rather fed up on homesteading. I still like the country, but the inconveniences are so many that it makes it terribly hard to get along. The roads are practically impassible in the spring, on account of

so much water. I live thirty-five miles from a railway station.

Lady Nowah, I sure agree with you in your letter concerning education, at least in the higher grades. I don't understand what good ancient history is to a girl or boy. I believe if they were taught the history of Canada more thoroughly and given a better insight into what is going on in Canada at the present day, it would be more to their benefit.

I guess maybe I have said too much already. Hoping to see this in print. I remain, with best wishes to all.

Doc.

P.S. Would be pleased to hear from Lady Nowah and others if they care to write.

### Reciprocity Not Wanted

Dear Editor and Readers:

Having read so many nice letters in the W.H.M. of late issues. I think I will try my luck again. I have read the W. H. Monthly for many years as my people have taken it for as long as I can remember. I enjoy the whole of its contents. I always enjoy Mrs. Hamilton's talk with the young girl and her problem very much. And even try my hand at some of the problems on the men's page too.

I live in the sunny Okanagan Valley amid the mountains of B.C. I see the latest discussion on this page is "Reciprocity with the States." It may be all right for the prairie farmers, but I know the Okanagan would be doomed for selling fruit any more if we had free trade. And it surely is hard enough now to sell fruit. I wish some of you prairie farmers would have a better chance to buy it. Even now at this time of the year we have all kinds of apples left.

I am glad to see a letter from Lady Nowah again. I agree with her that quite a lot of unnecessary work is contained now-a-days in the teachers' course. She wants to know how many readers sew. I have just started and like it fine. It saves a lot of money too, if you are successful with it.

I love reading and do quite a lot in the winter months. My dear little mother is dead, so I am kept quite busy keeping house for my father and sisters, but my chief "hobbies" are painting and elocution. I do quite a lot of the latter, at all concerts, etc., as this part is quite a settled part. We play the piano and organ quite a little too. Country life is not very dull if you have a little variety of amusements occasionally. We have no brothers so have to do quite a bit outside in the summer. My sister and I picked all kinds of apples alone last autumn and hauled them in to the bins with the car. There is quite a lot of hunting and fishing around this part, my father does a lot of it in the seasons.

Now this letter is getting long so I must close hoping to hear from some readers and if they have a camera would exchange snapshot views of the different parts of B.C. I have visited since having one.

With all good wishes for the coming season.

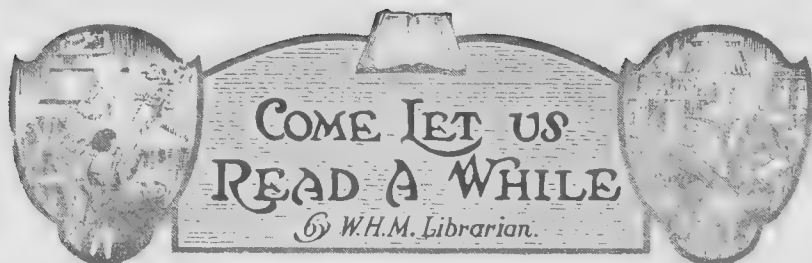
Sincerely

Rowena.

Kitty, aged four, had been naughty and her father had had to administer vigorous correction before going to business. That an impression had been made was apparent when, on his return from business in the evening, Kitty called upstairs with frigid politeness, "Mother, your husband's home."

"A woman can't keep a secret," declared a mere man. "Oh, I don't know," retorted the lady. "I've kept my age secret since I was twenty-four." "Yes, but one of these days you will give it away. In time you will simply have to tell it." "Well, I think that when a woman has kept a secret for eighteen years she comes pretty near knowing how to keep it."





**C**LEARLY, "The Play's the Thing," as Shakespeare said. Quite a flood of interesting dramatic publications this month. But before I tell you about them, I have this to say: I've had an argument! We were talking of a certain book—

Said I: "I must tell my Western Home Monthly readers about it."

Said he: "Oh, I don't know—do you think that kind of a book would interest them?"

Said I, sharply: "And why not? What kind of a book does not interest one or another in a community of readers scattered from Winnipeg to the Coast? They're folks, even as you and I."

The Canadian Author retired, vanquished. All the same, I would like to hear from some of my readers that I'm correct in presupposing your interest in all types of books. You may not want to read them—nobody wants to read every book a reviewer mentions. But, you see, a reviewer must keep this in mind—so many readers, so many tastes, and therefore, a page devoted to books should serve up literary dishes for all the varied appetites of mankind!

Some of you, I am sure, are intensely interested in modern plays. Teachers especially are always asking me for the names of new publications, and they are realizing more and more what an important part the play has in modern education. Hence the following notes on dramatic volumes just to hand:

#### Three Modern Japanese Plays (Stewart Kidd)

**T**HE joint editors of this book, Yozen I. Iwaski and Glenn Hughes, are at pains to point out in the introduction that the idiom of Japan is often unrelated to the English, and that the whole background of Japanese thought, tradition and manners tends to thwart those who desire to act as interpreters. A reading of "The Razor" (Nakimura), "The Madman on the Roof" and "Nazi-Kin," the three plays which make up the artistically-covered volume, is sufficient to convince the reader that the translator's fears were groundless.

"The Razor" is considered to be the best modern one-act play in Japanese; it would, we think, compare favorably with the best one-act pieces of any country. A sociological and psychological study, it moves with the certain and tense "creep" of all true drama. Okada, once a village lad, has become a famous councillor at Tokingo. Kimura, his schoolfellow, though equally clever, has remained a barber. Okada returns to the village, visits the shop at a devilishly opportune moment (most cleverly and dramatically led up to), with the result that his throat is cut by his one-time schoolfellow. The height of the tragedy occurs when, the deed done, the barber realizes that it is his own possible self that he has slain—"It is my body that lies before me." Behold! Justice!

The two other pieces, though less powerful, are equally artistic. Their representation before any discriminating Western audience should give no little pleasure and the book may confidently be recommended to any little theatre. The setting, as would be expected, is very simple for each play.

The following one-act plays are in that excellent series, being produced by Messrs. Stewart & Kidd, bound in art paper and sold at the modest cost of 50c. No better library for anyone interested in community drama could be imagined.

**"D**RAMATICS for School and Community," published by Stewart & Kidd Inc., assuredly a "just-what-I've-been-looking-for" book for any teacher or reader who is striving to be up-to-date; and certainly no trainer of youth or community leader can claim to be up-to-date who is not employing, in

some form or other, the dramatic method. As the author of this eminently helpful manual, C. M. Wise says:

"Verbal thought-material is forgotten many times more rapidly than motor skill—Whenever it is possible, therefore, to tie up the verbal memory process with the motor memory process, it is surely economy to do so."

Mr. Wise is Professor of Dramatic Literature at Teachers' College, Kirksville, Mo., and director of the Kirksville Little Theatre. He is therefore highly qualified to write on the subject of communal drama, and certainly does so in a highly interesting manner.

The book itself, indeed, may be described as an example of the dramatic method, being admirably illustrated by splendid cuts, and with diagrams easily understood. The book is a treasury of information on the same amateur drama, no phase of the Little Theatre movement being omitted.

"Scrambled Eggs" by Lawton Mackall and Francis R. Bellamy. A delicious piece of barnyard comedy, where the characters are all feathery people. There is a chuckle in every page, even at a reading. Very suitable for production in a country community, but it would go anywhere.

"Why Girls Stay Home" by Maude Humphrey. A tense piece of comedy, where, as in all real comedy, tragedy lies in the offing. A very modern young lady is about to elope, much to the distress of her mother. With the aid of a friend, the mother cleverly outwits the daughter by herself staging a similar, though mock, stupidity.

"Nevertheless" by Stewart Walker. Two children, a boy and girl, sent upstairs to read, by way of a penalty for ungrammatical speech, stumble over the word "nevertheless." During their dilemma, it happens that a burglar, whose misdeeds are whimsically frustrated by the children, "comes through" in a compact to act out the meaning of the difficult word.

"The Stick-Up" by Pierre Loving. A roughneck fantasy, in which three train robbers have the fear of the Lord put into them with a jolt. Their comic humility and exaggerated fears are excellently told, and what with the "fold on fold of mist-blue shadow" and the "flashing out of blinding lights" the stage representation must be weirdly, if humorously, exciting. Fun and thrill are blended here in an unusual setting.

"A Fan and Two Candlesticks," by Mary MacMillan. "An old-fashioned party on St. Valentine's night"; two lovers and a lady "on such a night," a lost fan, conversation, all cast in the daintiest rhyme, the lady's hand won by gallant Hugh, with Ralph a gallant loser, and what more, pray, could one want to make an altogether charming love-piece?

"The Letters" by Frank G. Tomkins. A highly original plot makes this piece remarkable. Royce is the husband of a famous (deceased) writer. He has been her collaborator; her genius has been the result of their joint talent. It is found that love letters received respectively by an editor, a critic and a poet, were written, not by the beautiful Miss Royce, but by Royce himself! The chagrin of the three, each of whom supposed himself the elected one, may be imagined. A clever situation.

#### You'll Be Glad!

**G**RACE S. RICHMOND, author of Red Pepper Burns, has written another delightful romance called "Rufus" (Toronto, S. B. Gundy). The characters in this entrancing love tale are as follows:

Dr. Lynn Bruce—Once a brilliant surgeon, now a pitifully crippled war veteran who doesn't want sympathy.

Nancy Bruce Ramsey—Young, pretty, wealthy; bent upon "mending" Dr. Bruce.

Continued on page 59



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They make easier, the preparation of better-cooked, better-flavoured foods. "Wear-Ever" is light, bright and easy to keep clean; nothing to crack or chip off.

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PLUMBING FIXTURES

In a Bathroom Five-Foot Square  
Write for Illustrated Catalogue  
**Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Limited**  
TORONTO ONTARIO

### ELOPING WITH SALLY—Continued from page 6

However, all things come to him, or her, who waits, they say, and the late afternoon of Saturday found Sally feverishly stuffing things into a club bag. What she put into it did not appear to matter to her in the least, for she grabbed up everything that came handy. An assortment of gloves and hose, a scarf, her house dress that she had taken off after lunch, a pair of dancing slippers that came back from the shoemakers, all went in together. The truth was she had quite forgotten that it would be unnecessary to take a bag with her, but of course, it would never do to go without it.

Just as she snapped the bag shut, the honk of an auto horn sounded from the front of the house. Sally threw on her long, loose coat without putting her arms into the sleeves, so that the bag was almost hidden from view. She went cautiously down the stairs, hurried past the drawing room door where her mother was entertaining callers, and emerged from the front door with the bag held well in front of her under the coat, so as not to let it be seen from the windows.

"Oh, here you are. 'Fraid you weren't going to turn up," Leslie greeted her. "Hullo, what's that?" catching sight of the bag.

"Oh, just a bag," pushing it in before her and squeezing in after it.

"Do you really want that thing with you?" asked her admirer, somewhat unnecessarily.

"Why of course I do, or I shouldn't have brought it," returned Sally crossly.

Leslie hastened to change the subject, keeping up a running fire of small talk, but he found his companion distraught and inattentive, quite different from her usual bright, happy self. She was continually turning around and looking behind, and scarcely answered when he asked her what was the matter.

They were soon out in the open country, and Parkinson put on more speed.

"Don't go so fast," cried Sally, and when he looked at her in surprise, "we—we can't see anything if we go so fast, you know."

Though what there was to see she did not explain; the prairie stretched around them, unbroken except for a few clumps of small maple trees.

"There's someone following us, a car I mean," cried Sally a few minutes later. And she continued to crane her neck and watch breathlessly the approach of a large auto which was rapidly overtaking them.

"There's plenty of room. What does he want, the whole road?" Leslie spoke

irritably, as the honk of the approaching car grew louder and louder.

And now it passed them, shooting ahead for a few yards, when the driver pulled up, turning his car half around so that it blocked the road.

"Oh, stop, Leslie, we shall run into him."

Parkinson said something under his breath, and put on the brakes.

"What's the big idea?" he queried to the driver of the larger car, who had descended and was walking towards them.

"That is what I want to ask you," retorted the other.

"Why, its Merton!"

Sally exclaimed: "Oh, Don!" at the same moment.

"What do you mean by running off with Miss Watson in this fashion?" Donald Merton demanded.

"Running off with—"

"Oh, Don, it wasn't Leslie's fault, I—I—"

"You were eloping with him, you can't deny it."

"Eloping—" Leslie Parkinson repeated the word, then sat with his mouth open staring at Merton.

"You know very well that Miss Watson is engaged to me," Merton turned to him with a frown, "and I'm going to take her back with me right now, and

so, if you've any objection—" he did not finish the sentence, but made as if to pull his coat off.

"Oh, no!" returned Leslie, politely, if somewhat hastily, "no objection at all. I assure you. I've really no wish to elope with anybody." Then in a lower tone, glancing at Sally, "Is it possible I was being eloped with?"

"No," said Sally, "it isn't. But I'm ever so grateful to you all the same." And she let Don help her out of the car.

"Sally darling, will you marry me right away, tonight, as soon as we can get back? I've got the license and—" he looked at her anxiously, "You don't want to marry him, do you?"

"Of course not. Don, how absurd."

"But you were going away with him."

Sally hid her face in his coat, and murmured something unintelligible about its being "only a joke."

"Well," observed Don, "all's well that ends well, so let's get back as quickly as we can."

"Hi, here's your bag," and Leslie set it out in the road.

Donald went back for it.

"Why, Sally, I never thought you would do such a thing," he remarked reproachfully, as he stowed it in his car.

"Well, I was so miserable, Don. You didn't come near me for three whole days, and I thought you would never come any more. And—and—I shouldn't have married Leslie really, you know. I—" a tear quivered on her long, curved lashes.

"Darling, don't cry!" putting his arm around her. "It was all my fault. But there aren't going to be any more misunderstandings. Come, it's getting late and I said we would be at the minister's house by seven."

He helped her in and started up the engine, but there was something wrong and he had to get out to examine it.

"What a perfectly lovely car, Don."

"Borrowed for the occasion. Had to have something speedy."

Sally smiled happily. She would always look back to the time when Don had eloped with her. Or, was it the other way around? Well, anyway, it was all due to her own cleverness—and then, a thought struck her. Stooping down she caught up the robe and shook it, then Don's coat which he had flung off. A number of things fell out of the pockets of the latter, among them a crumpled half-sheet of note paper. This she hastily smoothed out. It was written in a large scrawling hand, was unsigned and read as follows:

"Dear Mr. Merton:

This is to let you know that a certain young lady, whose name begins with "S," will go for a car ride on Saturday afternoon between three and four o'clock with a dark man. They will take the road to Beauville, where it is believed they have arranged to be married."

Sally breathed a profound sigh of relief and tore the sheet into innumerable tiny fragments, which she allowed to flutter out into the road.

"My goodness, I'm glad I found it," she murmured softly. "I wouldn't for the world have him guess that I wrote it!"

### Easter 1924

By Frank C. Steele

**F**AIN hearts who weep beside the early dead,  
Who cry despairingly that the Christ has fled,  
Who, fearful, scan the fogs and fens forlorn,  
The earth with all its beauties, bruised and torn;  
O, foolish souls! Why fear? Where is your faith?  
Look off to Galilee unto Him who saith:  
"I am the Way, the Truth, the Life,  
The Prince of Peace, the enemy of strife."  
Brave hearts and free, stand firmly at your gates,  
The Christ shall visit him who patient waits;  
O, slaves of fear, forsake your cheerless prison—  
Rise! Hail the morn! Christ, the Lord, is risen!



## YOUNG OLD—Continued from page 7

she was seventeen. Wasn't it dear of her? Mother and I always were chums. Now, let me see, yes they are all here, every note he ever sent me—fifteen in all—what a pile of them! But then Henry never could talk, till he got into court. He made the most ridiculous sort of a lover, but I've seen him make a whole court-room full of spectators weep, and then roar with laughter, the next minute!"

Miss Matilda wiped her eyes with a bit of old lace. "He hasn't seemed so near in years," she said softly to a frank boyish face that peeped up at her from an old locket long discarded. The front door bell pealed.

"Mercy me!" gasped Miss Matilda. "Visitors! and I was to chaperone the children to the golf links this afternoon!" Then her eye caught sight of the tiny clock that ticked away on the shelf.

"Impossible!" she gasped. "Why it must have stopped last night! It surely isn't four o'clock, yet! Robert was to have been here sharp at two, and Robert is always on time. That's one thing I like about him—he's always on time. That was one of Henry's annoying faults, he was always so full of business, he never remembered. But mercy me! Peggy must be out. This is Thursday, of course, but Clorinda—"

Miss Matilda opened a crack of the door and called loudly. There was no response—nothing but the repeated loud peal of the front door bell.

"Mercy me!" she wailed. "Are they all deaf? Can it be they've gone without me? There's no telling what young folks will do now-a-days!"

A GLANCE at the golf-links, plainly seen from her window confirmed her suspicions. For the first time in ten years that Miss Matilda had held the reigns of her widowed brother-in-law's household in her hands, Clorinda had taken things in her own hands.

Indignation was Miss Matilda's first emotion, then she reflected: Clorinda would be eighteen in September, and after all, three months didn't really matter so much. What to do with the persistent caller, whose vigilance at the door bell was evinced by repeated peals, long drawn and vigorous, with little short intervals, was the problem then at hand.

To receive any of the austere residents along Cedar Avenue, in the girlish sprigged voile, was not to be thought of. Her hair was also impossible, and a cap at four o'clock in the afternoon was an impossible breach of good housewifely art. Still the door bell pealed on.

"That couldn't be anyone on Cedar Avenue,—they'd have gone long ago," argued Miss Matilda. Then a terrifying thought struck her—suppose someone was hurt! She for once forgot strict adherence to a long accustomed Cedar Avenue convention. With a deft twist of her long silky hair, she hurried down stairs, and to the front door.

Something in the attitude of her caller struck Miss Matilda as familiar, as she opened the door to a middle-aged trim man in a business suit.

"I couldn't wait a minute longer, Margie," he said by way of greeting. Miss Matilda started—the voice was that of her girlhood lover.

"I'd have known you in Honolulu, Henry," she fluttered, flushing like a school girl.

With as much composure as she could command, Miss Matilda led the way to the spotless living room, and they sat there talking of other days as if the years that were gone had never been. Two pink spots showed in each of her cheeks, and there was a look in her eyes that was youthful in its gladness.

"You haven't changed a mite, Margie," the Judge told her, and she looked down with a pleased look at the girlish sprigged lawn.

"I always did like those flowery gowns,—they look so sort of comfortable," said he.

"Sister Jane sent it," Miss Matilda told him, drawing a long uncomfortable breath. Her elder sister had evidently forgotten to account for the plumpness that comes with oncoming years.

"Sister Jane is a sensible woman," was his idea of it.

"She will never grow old," she commented.

"Nor you—you don't seem a day older," he said.

"And you—you're just the same," she retorted.

"When there isn't a mirror at hand," he laughed, running his hand across his temple where the dark hair had silvered.

"I've known a tell-tale glass myself," she confessed. "The children will be coming home," she hastened to add, to cover their confusion.

"The children?" he interrogated.

"Yes—Clorinda and Robert—they have gone to the golf-links. I was busy and—"

"Clorinda—" he echoed. "Why I thought she was—she was—"

"Eighteen next September," she prompted.

"And you were—let me see—you were seventeen, weren't you, Margie—the time you had a birthday and we—and I—," he faltered.

Miss Matilda frowned. "Young folks were more grown up those days, Henry," she rebuked.

"Perhaps that's why we never grew old—being old so young," he retorted.

Miss Matilda tapped the call bell decisively. Then she recalled that it was Peggy's afternoon out, and excusing herself brewed tea, and heaped a plate with dainty cakes, the work of her own hands.

"What a master-hand at home-making you are, Margie," he complimented her as she deftly served him.

HIS hostess flushed happily, then quite by accident his hand touched hers ever so lightly as she poured him a second cup of tea, and then he had imprisoned one unresisting hand in the other, and he was stumbling over the same words that had cried for utterance twenty years before. And she was answering with the same gladness thrill as in that other day, only there was a maturer joy, a lack of uncertainty, a solace of comradeship that they had both lost in the time that had elapsed.

"The children will be pleased," she told him, after she had filled his cup till the silver pot was empty, and she had waited on him and cuddled him with that mothering instinct men never get too old to yearn for.

"Love is always interesting," he remarked.

"It keeps us young," she acceded.

"Then we will always be young, Margie," he whispered.

"Just as young as we were that other time," and there was content on his countenance.

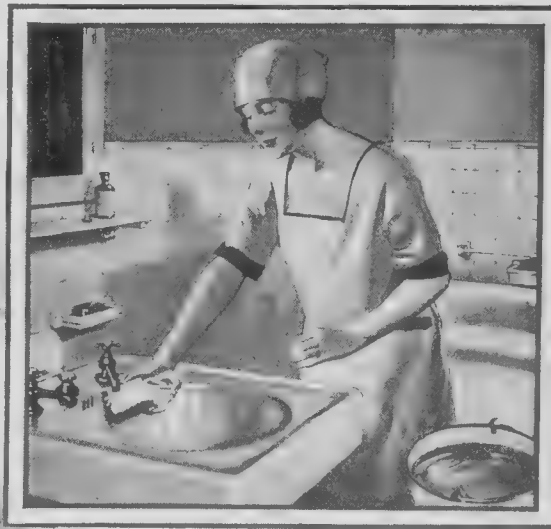
"It was yesterday," she prompted.

"And we will always be looking joyously forward to tomorrow," he agreed. "A glad tomorrow when our souls will never be warped nor old, but in our hearts the well-spring of youth, the kind of old that is always young."

Miss Matilda was silent, but her happy glance took in the spring-time gala attire of the great outside, beyond the room where they sat. A great peace settled upon her. To him she knew she would never seem old, nor outgrow her usefulness. It was a great satisfaction, for instead they would pass on together, down the corridors of life—it would be like two children coming home at the end of the day.

## 9,000,000 germs on one cleaning cloth

Microscopic examination of a brand new cloth, used for only one week in the usual cleaning work around a house, revealed 9,000,000 germs or bacteria—even after the cloth had been thoroughly washed with soap and water.



## Germ-free cleanliness in every part of your home

IF THE cleaning cloths, the brooms or the brushes which you use around your home were placed under the microscope, you would be startled at the army of germs that would be revealed.

These countless germs are a perpetual threat to the health of your family. In normal health the system can resist their attacks, but whenever the vitality becomes lowered, illness often results.

Positive sanitary safeguards demand germ-free cleanliness in every part of your home. Soap and water cannot destroy germs. Only in one way can they be destroyed—by the use of an effective disinfectant.

Put a little "Lysol" Disinfectant into the water every time and everywhere you clean. Dip your cloth or brush or broom into this solution. Then you will be keeping your home not only clean, but safe and healthful throughout.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is completely soluble in water. It forms a clear, transparent solution, every drop of which is 100 per cent. effective in destroying harmful germ life. And because of its soapy nature, it helps to clean as it disinfects. It is economical to use. Two teaspoonfuls in one quart of water make a thoroughly effective germ-killing solution.

"Lysol" is the disinfectant used by hospitals—endorsed by physicians—sold by all drug stores. Insist upon obtaining genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant.

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Renovating: Cellar, garret, storeroom.

Sterilizing: Combs, hair brushes, clothes brushes, nail brushes.

**Lysol**  
Disinfectant  
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

For household and personal use





# PAINT POT MAGIC

Is Wrought by the Brush of the Amateur

By Sylvia Sims

**T**HE beauty of freshness! The freshness of beauty! Which comes home to us more clearly, in these days of early spring?

Beauty is so much a part of Spring—and what fresh beauty it is. The crisp and exquisite fairness of the adventurous crocus, pushing its brave little head above ground that was very lately ice-bound; the laughing loveliness of the daffodil that reflects the very brightness of the spring sunshine; the shy, tender green of the trees, newly leaved; the joy that we feel as we see these things about us, feel the new freedom of fine weather—or even, if spring still lingers beyond the hills, our delight in the promise of these coming joys!

Inside the house, a fine urge possesses us to rival this new world that is opening up around us. Away with sooty fires, storm windows, the wrappings and trappings of winter; let curtains flutter in the breeze—sunshine welcomed by surfaces as fresh and shining as the spring cleaning can make them.

We talked of this cleaning last month; tried to simplify it as much as possible; drew into the old familiar job whatever helpfulness has been offered us by up-to-date appliances and methods, as tested and advocated by the experts who are giving unlimited time and effort to the big questions of the household arts.

But the best of cleaning leaves us, sometimes, unsatisfied. We know that no speck of dust, no slightest soil, remains. But our house still fails to echo, even dimly, the happy note of the out-door spring.

There is help for us, however. Splendid help. And it is ours at small expenses and with no heavy or unpracticable effort. This help lies—in the magic of the paint pot.

Please, please don't say to yourself, "I can't afford to bring in the decorators," or "I could never do painting myself." or—worst error of all—"Paint wouldn't give me very interesting results."

Paint doesn't need an expert to apply it.

Paint can be successfully used by an amateur. The older children can wield the brush for you.

Paint is the most interesting, the most useful, medium the home-maker can turn to her delightful purposes.

## You Can Do It Yourself

**T**O prove my bold assertions to you.

First, to dispense with the services of the skilled painter, who is perhaps too busy to give you immediate attention, now that his spring rush is on, or whose cost per hour is more than the re-furnishing budget will stand. You have seen him mix his paints, matching colours—a delicate tint here, a full, rich tone there—with a practised hand. You couldn't do that, you say?

Quite so, probably you couldn't. But you could ask your nearest dealer to show you a colour card of mixed, ready-to-use paints, of whatever established and reputable brand you may choose. You have seen those cards, a whole kaleidoscope of colour; but if you haven't looked one over with a definite purpose in mind, you do not properly appreciate what a range they cover. Shade after shade, of every colour—your chances are excellent for obtaining exactly what you want.

Buy a paint brush at the same time. Tell your merchant what you are going to paint—he will advise you which brush will best fill your requirements.

Go home, put on an old dress, tuck your hair into a cap or big handkerchief (if you share my tendency to wave my fore-lock into whatever I'm painting, when I'm thoroughly enthralled by the job in hand), draw on a pair of old gloves—and paint to your heart's content.

Paint what?

That is the question—and a question, perhaps, with a long list of answers, for you may find a score of places in which to wave your paint-pot wand.

Let us look first to the surfaces that are already painted.

The woodwork in the sunny bedroom, perhaps. The light grey paper is still fresh, the white woodwork looks a bit scuffed around the base-board and sills.

No trouble to give it a fresh coat—and while we are about it—would it be an improvement to change

from dead white to a silvery grey that will blend directly into the walls? (Ivory paint if the walls are creamy tones, and so on.) You know what this one-colour effect will do for your room—it will give an impression of a greater size if you do not break into a different colour for doors and trim.

But in the next room, we pause.

The paper here is not so fresh. We don't want to re-paper it just now, either.

Two points quickly convince us that the cure here lies in a few packages of cold-water paint. If the paper were torn at all, or if the walls were likely to be rubbed in passage, we should not prescribe water-paint so readily. But as the paper is quite sound and there is no necessity for marring the finish, water-paint is just the thing.

The paper here is not so fresh. We don't want these water-paints as are shown in the oil-paint cards. And do not overlook the important advice the manufacturer gives to you—apply a coat of size (of the same brand) to the walls first. This is essential, to prepare the walls for the paint coat.

## Flat Coats Most Artistic

**F**LAT finish, be sure, for your walls. By that, we mean to avoid the old-fashioned shiny paint which until recent years kept painted walls strictly within kitchen and bathroom limitations. The new flat paints give us an entirely different effect—walls that receded instead of rushing forward by reason of their high gloss and reflected lights. Walls that are soft and restful and charming. Walls, in short, that are chosen by discriminating decorators for the very loveliest rooms in the very finest houses.

With our flat water-painted walls, we shall use flat oil paint in a harmonizing tone for our woodwork.

**P**AINTING, you will find, is just as insidious an occupation as knitting. Every woman knows the temptation to "do just one row more." The paint brush lures one along just as the knitting needles do. It is so fascinating to see accomplishment grow so rapidly at every touch.

Continued on page 60





CANADIAN horizons have been so broadened by travel and intimate contacts with the cultures of other lands that exotic beauty is now made welcome in countless homes of taste and refinement.

Until recently, it was not easy to find furniture uniting essential comfort with lines, proportions and color in accord with cherished souvenirs from overseas. This was true particularly of bedroom furnishings.

But now Simmons beds are provided in such a wide range of designs, either modern in spirit or reflecting the beauty of great French and English periods, that you

can secure exactly what you need both in lines and in color to carry out almost any scheme of decoration you may desire.

For that important third of life that you spend in bed, Simmons mattresses and springs supply restful and lasting comfort. Made in many types: sold by leading merchants everywhere at the lowest prices they can be built of *new, clean materials*. See the Ostermoor, the finest and most luxurious mattress made in Canada.

No substitute equals any Simmons product at its price. Before you buy, look for the Simmons label—your sleep insurance.

*From the six-panel Chinese screen of painted silk behind the beds, the color scheme of this effective chamber is derived. The orchid tints that bloom on the screen are repeated in the silk window hangings, the lamp shade and the cushions of the slipper box and bench. The bed covers are of Shantung silk in pale primrose, with flounces recalling the gray blues of the screen. They could be made of either silk or mercerized cotton poplin or taffeta. Carpet is Chinese blue. Slipper box in lacquer red and gold. Base of lamp is Chinese pottery in soft greens and blues. Walls are tinted soft gray-green. Beds are by Simmons, shown here in jade green, but supplied also in other colors and in finishes reproducing the beauty of walnut and mahogany. For nine other interesting and unusual schemes of decoration, write for "Restful Bedrooms" to Simmons Limited, 400 St. Ambroise Street, Montreal, Quebec.*

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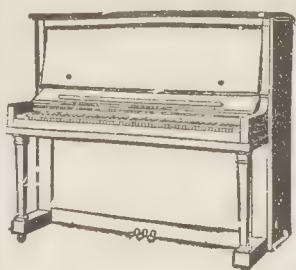
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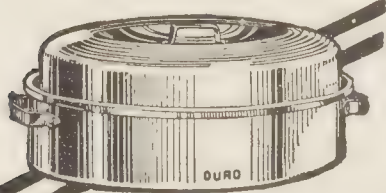
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**DURO**  
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**KITCHEN UTENSILS**

**SEVEN COME ELEVEN**

By H. S. Swallow

"NOW I want you to understand that I won't have your old chickens rooting up my garden." Mrs. Margot stood with her hands resting firmly on her hips as she delivered this ultimatum. She was an imposing looking figure in her wrath. At least so thought the meek looking man who faced her. He even felt thankful that a fence was between them.

About this time Mrs. Margot noticed the white apron which covered him almost completely from the chin down to the toes. She also noticed that his shirt sleeves were rolled up to the elbow and that there was unmistakable signs of contact with dish-water plainly visible on his arms. The lady's eyes flashed.

"You would be much better employed building a chicken run and let your wife do her own kitchen work." With this last shot the irate lady withdrew.

Poor Sykes felt the rebuff keenly. He also felt sorry that his chickens were a cause of annoyance to a neighbor. If only his wife had not died and left him with seven children to care for, as well as a small farm to manage. Then things would be different. But why rail against fate, that would not help. Still, he bitterly resented the slur cast on his wife, as though that good soul would have him fussing about her kitchen, if she was alive. No, indeed.

Then he suddenly realized that his neighbor was a new-comer in the district. She had only recently purchased the farm adjoining him. Therefore she would be ignorant of the fact that he was a widower. That would account for her harsh words.

Having thus excused his neighbour's apparent lack of feeling, Sykes went back to finish washing the dishes, though first he sent the twins to look after the chickens which were so fond of his neighbour's garden. By the time his housework was finished, Sykes found it was time for him to go to the field, so giving particular instructions to the twins regarding the chickens he hitched up his team and went afield.

In the meantime his fair neighbour busied herself in the garden, until she was interrupted by the advent of a visitor. It was Mrs. Brown, the official visiting representative of the Ladies' Aid of the Baptist Church.

Over a cup of tea the two ladies became very sociable. The visitor learned that Mrs. Margot was a widow with small children to support. Also that she was a Baptist. This established another bond of sympathy, and in return the visitor gave Mrs. Margot much valuable news of the neighbourhood.

That evening promptly at six, Sykes came from the field. He assisted his daughter of twelve to get supper, and after that was finished he went into the garden to wage war on the weeds.

It was while leaning on his hoe after a vigorous spell spent in uprooting lambs quarter, that he saw his fair neighbour coming straight to the fence which divided their gardens.

"It's that plaguey black minorca, the kids say they can't keep it off—" began

Sykes, then he stopped. His neighbour was smiling.

"Oh, I am not coming to complain about the chickens this time. I know hens will be hens and scratch gardens. I want to apologise for my remarks about letting your wife do her own work. I must have hurt your feelings. I did not know then."

Sykes nervously fingered the hoe. "It's all right Mrs.—eh— I realized that you did not know."

The lady continued. "My name is Margot. I also am a widow so I know how the allusion to your dear lost one, would hurt you. Now after this don't get excited about the chickens, why those dear twins nearly broke their little necks to keep the hens from my place today."

"It is very good of you to say that, Mrs. Margot. But I certainly will fix that black minorca."

Mrs. Margot then returned to her own house, while Sykes brought his hoe blade down on a big weed, just as though he was getting even with the offending fowl.

The next evening when he came from the fields he found that his fair neighbour had sent over two loaves of home-made bread. Later, when he found the opportunity to thank her for the kind act, she said: "That was nothing. I was sure you would appreciate the home-made bread as a change from the bread purchased from the bakery."

However, Sykes evened the score by sending the twins over with a dozen eggs. Then it became a regular routine to exchange eggs for home-made bread. But the twins were relieved from the task of carrying them over, as their father found time to do that.

Very often he and Mrs. Margot would sit on the verandah and discuss the problems of life, and at times they became very absorbed in these discussions.

So much so, that little Billy said to his twin brother:

"Daddy and that lady were sitting on the verandah talking and that black hen was picking at the best cabbage in the garden—and they didn't even say 'Shoo'!"

The two adults were not thinking of hens and gardens. They had come to realize that though they each had lost loved ones, they still had some love left to bestow on one another, and that life would be easier if they went through its vicissitudes together.

So they were quietly married and Mrs. Margot moved over to the Sykes house taking along her four children.

That evening at supper, as both adults were busy tucking bibs under eleven chins, the new Mrs. Sykes addressed her husband.

"Your family has grown, John."

"Yes," he said playfully. "It's a case of seven come eleven, but that is nothing, wife, if we can only bring them up to be God-fearing men and women."

And down at the foot of the table the smallest little Syke with his spoon poised above his bread and milk, thinking his father was saying grace, murmured—"Amen"

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## MUSIC AND THE HOME

### The Piano in its Relation to the Home

MUSIC, I take it, is one of life's great primaries. We can hardly imagine a people without a love for it. For however rudimentary it may be it is to be found in every clime and nation: and though we know so little of its origin, there's hardly a tribe or people, primitive or advanced, who do not own a national music.

I think it was Carlyle who said that music was the speech of angels, and that all nations have prized song and music as vehicles of worship and prophecy, and whatsoever was in them was divine.

Very wonderful is music, far more so than speech, for to the heart it speaks direct: it soothes us, stirs us, and ennobles us: it melts us to tears or exalts us with joy, and in so marvellous a manner as nothing else can. Charles Kingsley once said: "Music has been called the speech of angels. I will go further and call it the speech of God himself."

Gradgrinds often say: "What is the use of music?" We might reply, "What is the use of emotion?" What would life be without it? Does it not make more beautiful the grandest thought? Have not multitudes listened enraptured to the glorious music of the "Messiah," or the almost equal "Elijah"? Beautiful are those lines in Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream":

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,

Where oxlips and the nodding violet grow;

Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine, With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine."

The words themselves are gems, but when wedded to harmony they are lifted out of blank verse and become a never-failing delight that makes the heart throb and brings a "mist before the eyes." I know!

I firmly believe that in no time in our history have the claims of music been more insistent or more recognized than at the present moment. I feel sure that there is scarcely a greater influence on earth better fitted to help us in the wear and tear of life as this wonderfully beneficent thing. It is as effective in the battle of life as it was to our soldiers in the Great War not so many years ago.

I remember reading a passage in some paper, the utterance of Captain R. Hughes of the U. S. Infantry: "There is nothing that helps the troops across the miles like music: nothing that cheers or solaces them more in camp: nothing that more vividly expresses glory and the rapture of sacrifice, and in expressing it, enkindles it." And so it does.

And so in our daily fight for bread a real vital influence for spiritual strength is music; it should be in every home, that place where we gain refreshment and strength for that war day after day, a war in which there is no release. Believe me when I say that the greatest and most beneficent investment, next perhaps to making provision for our loved ones, is the investment in some musical instrument, for it is a "tie that binds."

OUTSIDE the home circle, at this period more than at any other time, "all is rush and hurry." We rush to business, we rush home, we rush to our friends, to our amusements. We rush through our meals, through the countryside, never heeding the beauties that surround us. Everything is sacrificed to rush, and one of its greatest, most potent incentives is the automobile. Without wishing to derogate its great usefulness, and source of revenue, it is a most expensive adjunct to our everyday life, while its upkeep is a serious drain on one's resources. I am an old-fashioned fellow, so it has "little charm for me."

The investment that I would recommend is a good piano, for it is the very soul of domestic bliss. In somebody's life of Mendelssohn, whose sweetly flowing melodies I think I love beyond all others, we are told that it was his practice when quite young, with the assistance of his brother and his two sisters,

to give a concert every alternate Sunday in the dining room. Felix himself was so tiny that he had to stand on a stool to conduct his miniature orchestra.

Young as he was he could play and compose: sometimes he would play his own pieces on the piano himself, often he passed them over to his sister Fanny (another musical genius). His brother Paul played the 'cello, his sister Rebekah sang. What an ideal family! What a beautiful home life! What a wonderful education was gained in the art they all loved.

Of course, we are not all Mendelssohns, and I admit that the charms of home music are dependent largely upon all the members of the home circle, all of whom may not be musical, but there is always one, at least, who is so, and to that one it would be the keenest delight to create as it were, a musical atmosphere out of the "concord of sweet sounds," so that very soon the others would inevitably be drawn into the magic circle and experience the truth of those words, "music exalts each joy, allays each grief, and satisfies the soul as no other pleasure can do."

While there is nothing more enjoyable than home music, there is no better way afforded for getting a mutual musical acquaintance than by the aid of the piano. It is so friendly, so handy, always open and ready to respond to the touch of those who love it, and by its aid sight reading and technique are benefited, the appreciation of each other's attainments is recognized by those who practice, and persist in its study and use.

Of all the many musical instruments (many very beautiful) none seem so fitted in every way for the home circle as the piano, for it is so thoroughly in harmony with every kind of music, it so beautifully accompanies a song, and is such a marvellous exponent of the composer's genius.

LET me tell you what Liszt, who played like one inspired, and whose mastery of the instrument was supreme, once said of it in a letter to a man who strongly advised him to abandon the piano for orchestral work: "You do not know that to speak to me of abandoning the piano is as much as to point to a day of mourning: is to rob me of the light that has lightened the whole of the first part of my life. My piano is to me what the Arab—nay more, it has been indeed, till frigate is to the seaman, his horse to the now, my ego, my speech, my life. It is the guardian of all that has moved within me the hot days of my youth: to it I bequeath all my wishes, my dreams, my joys, my sorrows. Its strings have trembled under my passion: its docile keys have obeyed my every caprice."

No doubt if we could get from the other great performers what their ideas of the matter consisted of, they would be couched in very much the same strain. For let it be repeated, there is no more delightful instrument in the hands of a good player than the pianoforte, and it deserves to the full all the encomiums passed upon it. It has found its way into many homes, and is the source of many of our greatest pleasures: the heart and soul of many happy, happy gatherings, the solace of many a weary heart.

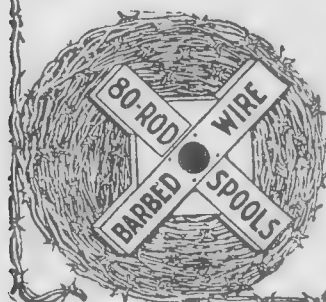
### AN ENGLISH COTTAGE

Continued from page 19

up and down—and those little gossips of the water-side, the water-voles, combined to make a fascinating picture that one yearns to see again.

Much as we would like to see our cottage again, we have a feeling of dread, because the chief glory of the place, and indeed of the whole of Surrey, was the timber—the century-old elm, beech, oak and yew—and so many trees had to be destroyed during the war. Better, perhaps, to cherish a pleasant memory—a lovely dream than to face a painful reality.

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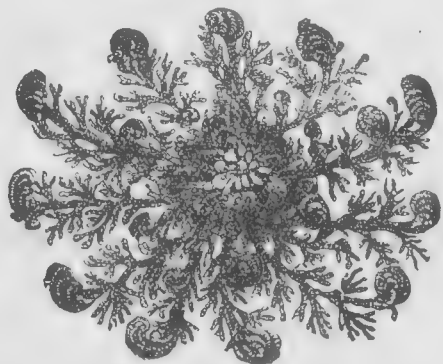
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## ACIDS IN STOMACH CAUSE INDIGESTION

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How to Treat

Medical authorities state that nearly ninety per cent of the cases of stomach trouble, indigestion, sourness, burning, gas, bloating, nausea, etc., are due to an excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach and not as some believe to a lack of digestive juices. The delicate stomach lining is irritated, digestion is delayed and food sours, causing the disagreeable symptoms which every stomach sufferer knows so well.

Artificial digestents are not needed in such cases and may do real harm. Try laying aside all digestive aids and instead get from any druggist a few ounces of Bisurated Magnesia and take a teaspoonful in a quarter glass of water right after eating. This sweetens the stomach, prevents the formation of excess acid and there is no sourness, gas or pain. Bisurated Magnesia (in powder or tablet form—never liquid or milk) is harmless to the stomach, inexpensive to take and is the most efficient form of magnesia for stomach purposes. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no more fear of indigestion.

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Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength Othine; it is this that is sold on the money-back guarantee.

## HOME DOCTOR

THE objects for which clothing is worn are many. Those of importance from the hygienic standpoint are the protection of the body from changes in temperature and from wetting. Upon how it fulfils these objects depends the character of material used.

Unfortunately, in the effort to retain the various articles of attire on our irregularly shaped and constantly moving bodies, pressure is often improperly applied so as to interfere with the free circulation of blood and lymph and to even produce deformities. The knowledge of how to avoid this will, if put into practice, avert a great deal of disease.

Materials are considered in regard to their power of keeping the skin warm (or cool) and dry. There is no heat in a garment itself. But substances that have the power of conducting heat, aid in dissipating the natural body heat, while others that lack this power act as a barrier, preventing the escape of the heat generated by the body. Similarly the capacity for absorbing moisture varies in different materials.

### Heat Conductivity

Wool, silk, fur, and air are poor conductors of heat; linen and cotton are good conductors. As cotton and linen permit the heat of the body to escape, they are admirable materials for summer clothing. On the other hand, wool and silk are best when the weather is cold. Wool, however, is irritating to many skins, especially when not finely combed. It is less likely to be so if mixed with a small amount of cotton.

The presence of air in the interstices of loosely woven garments helps to prevent the dissipation of heat. This is what makes linen mesh underwear comfortable in winter.

A layer of air between two garments also acts as a barrier against cold. Hence two light garments will retain the body heat better than one that is thick and heavy.

### Capacity of Absorb Moisture

Wool and silk are both good absorbents of moisture. These materials can, therefore, absorb ordinary perspiration without becoming damp; they also allow it to evaporate slowly without chilling the skin.

The power of absorbing moisture is lacking in both the linen and the cotton fibre. Garments made of these materials consequently are made wet or damp by perspiration and permit of rapid evaporation of the contained water.

### Underwear

It is, therefore, evident that wool and silk are the best materials for underwear. The are especially desirable for persons of low resistive power, who "catch cold" easily, and for those suffering from rheumatism and consumption. At night the underclothing should be removed and allowed to dry and air. For this reason, if an undershirt be worn at night, a second must be provided. In like manner the garments worn in bed must be thoroughly aired next day.

It is important to change the underwear frequently, so they can be washed.

### Deformities

CONSIDERABLE injury is caused by supporting heavy skirts from the waist. The weight of skirts should be reduced as much as possible and should be borne by the shoulders by means of a waist or suspenders. But if the pressure upon the shoulders be exerted in the wrong place, it may produce the round shoulder or stoop shoulder deformity, so common in growing children, and so difficult to correct. The condition is usually outgrown by boys but often persists in girls, especially when they are poorly developed.

The underwaist supporting all the lower garments, including the stockings, is usually so made that the weight is applied at the outer portion of the shoulder. This is the movable portion of the shoulder, held in position by the muscles supporting the collar bone in front and the shoulder blade behind.

These muscles cannot stand the constant drag of three or four pounds on each side, the average weight of the clothing, but give way under the strain, with lowering and tilting forward of the shoulder. It is the resulting permanent weakness of these muscles that prevents a cure in most cases.

Many waists assist still further in dragging the shoulder forward as well as down by means of a strap that draws from the outside of the shoulder to the middle line in front. Pain across the shoulders and upper spine is sometimes due to a deformity of the shoulder blades, also produced by supporting the clothing during childhood on the outer portion of the shoulder. The cause is seldom recognized, the condition being usually diagnosed as rheumatism and treated by means of the drugs given in this disease.

### The Proper Waist for Children

These defects are corrected and the physical conditions improved by a waist devised by Dr. Goldthwait of Boston, which applies the weight at the base of the neck, or the rigid part of the shoulder, where any amount can be borne without the shoulder being lowered. At the same time it prevents the drag upon the front of the chest with the consequent flattening.

It is made of firm cotton material and is cut high in the neck with a rather narrow back, but with a loose, easy front. Two straps made of double thickness of the same cloth are sewed to the waist, and upon these the chief drag comes. The straps start well at the side in front, cross the shoulder near the base of the neck, and cross the back to the opposite hip.

In this way the chest is left free, and whatever drag there may be tends to draw the shoulder backward rather than forward.

The stocking straps are attached with the side buttons for the clothing at the side just between the ends of the shoulder straps so that the drag is applied most favorably. They should never be attached in front, as this produces muscle strain with resulting faulty attitudes.

## FASHIONS AND PATTERNS—Continued on page 31

**A Pleasing Apron Style—4098.** This could be of unbleached muslin with bands of red and black gingham, or of black sateen with self bands, and cross-stitching for a finish. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. A medium size requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material.

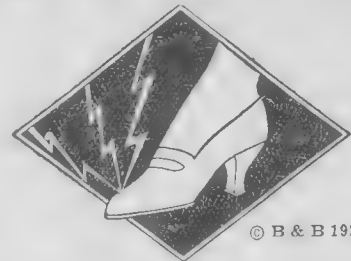
**A New Smart Blouse—4690.** Figured silk was used for this model. The collar and vest may be of self or contrasting material. This is a good style for linen, silk, alpaca or flannel. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the blouse for a 38-inch size requires 3 yards of 32-inch material. To make the collar and vest of contrasting material will require ½-yard 40 inches wide.

**A Comfortable Corset Substitute—4689.** Satin, sateen or drill are good materials for this model. It is a style that is suitable for slender and stout figures. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36, medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure.

A medium size requires 1 yard of 36-inch material.

**A Pretty Dress for the Tiny Tot—4570.** Soft nainsook was employed in the making of this model. Embroidery and narrow ruffles form the trimming. This is a good style for crepe, lawn, voile or soft silk. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 6 months, 1 year and 2 years. A 1-year size requires 1½ yard of 36-inch material.

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### What Is Canada?

A VISITOR in Winnipeg from Washington recently said, in speaking to The Philosopher about the place Canada has made for itself among the nations of the world: "What is Canada? It is a strip of land three hundred miles wide and three thousand miles long, cut up by mountains, great lakes and arms of the seas. It is a chain of loosely-linked divisions extending across the continent. Its sections are different in climate, in production and in problems. There are other differences—of habits, of thought, even of language. But in spite of all that, you Canadians are one nation, solidly united, strong in your Canadianism, and holding a proud position in the world. It is true that Canada is a strong, young nation. Nations, like men, can increase and preserve their vigor by right living, by avoiding excesses and by wisely taking advantage of the lessons derived from the experiences of other nations. No nation can live and grow without change. Nothing is at rest in this world, neither men, nor nations. But in the life of the nation, as in the life of the normal man who governs himself in accordance with the dictates of reason and righteousness, the change from year to year does not mean any departure from the permanent underlying principles which are the foundation of national life, as they are the foundation of individual life. Canada's vitality has been nourished and built up by "good habits", and it is the duty of all Canadian citizens to see to it that evil does not creep into the national life. It is true, as the visitor from Washington said, that there are diversities and differences between the different provinces of the Dominion, but with all Canadians working to overcome those diversities and differences by sympathetic understanding we can build up a united Canada that will grow from strength to strength and endure among the nations.

### European Seeds in Canada's Garden

IT is expected that immigration to this country from European countries will show a great increase this year. The Government officials have the duty of seeing to it that the newcomers are fit and desirable additions to the population of Canada. The question of the contribution of newcomers of different racial strains to the upbuilding of composite Canadian type of the years to come is discussed by J. Murray Gibbon in a paper read at the last meeting of the Royal Society of Canada at Ottawa. Mr. Gibbon entitled his paper, *European Seeds in the Canadian Garden*. He began by setting forth the fact that in 1901 out of the total population of Canada, which was then 5,370,000, the Canadians of British race were to those of continental European racial extraction (exclusive of those of French racial origin) in the proportion of eight to one. By 1921 the proportion had been reduced by immigration until it was four to one. In the intervening time the proportion of Canadians of British racial origin to Canadians of French racial origin had remained about the same. Mr. Gibbon expresses no doubt that the newcomers from continental Europe who will fulfill the immigration official's tests of desirability will become good Canadians. Their children born in Canada will be assimilated into the Canadian population, and the admixture will be one to which, he writes, they should be no looking forward with misgiving. "Our fear should be rather lest the materialism and prosperity-worship which permeate the civilization on this continent may destroy the poetry and the artistic impulse which so many of these immigrants bring with them," he adds. They must be educated into good Canadians; and it cannot be said of them that they are not anxious for education. It is of interest to note that according to the figures of the last Dominion census, which was taken in 1921, there are in Canada 167,000 of Scandinavian racial origin, 126,000 Jewish people, 66,000 of Italian racial origin, 53,000 of Polish, 20,000 of Belgian, 13,500 of Roumanian, 12,000 of Swiss, and nearly 6,000 of Greek. In addition there are 750,000 classified as "other Europeans". Those of German stock number 340,000, mostly German only by ancestry, as the exodus from Germany slowed down after 1880. Those of Ukrainian stock, according to the last census, number 106,000.

### Poisonous Stuff

IN reading over some of the printed matter issued by an organization in the United States which is working against the evils of the habitual use of narcotic drugs, The Philosopher was struck by what was said about the drug "heroin". It is made from opium, and its peculiar effect at first upon the unfortunate person who becomes addicted to its use is to make him feel heroic. Hence its name. The heroic illusion induced by the drug continues only for a time which becomes rapidly less and less as the victim of the drug uses it more frequently. The end comes soon, in the destruction of the victim. So perilous is the use of this habit-forming drug that the medical profession are in favor of doing away with its use in medical practice. But the profit to be derived from selling it to its victims is so great that "dope peddlers" have developed a profitable trade in it—a trade which is nothing less than a menace to civilization. It is only one of

# The Philosopher

the habit-forming drugs they peddle, of course. The statistics given in the printed matter received by The Philosopher, which is mentioned above, indicate that there is an immense number of drug addicts in the United States; and the figures for Canada stated in the House of Commons at Ottawa last session by Dr. Beland, the Dominion Minister of Health, while they are only estimates, show that the evil has been spreading in this country. In thinking over the name "heroin", the idea presents itself that there is another form of "heroin" that is being peddled openly. Printed matter that makes weak-minded, criminally-inclined individuals think that crime is heroic is also a dangerous drug. Pictures of "bandits", sensational stories about their skill and daring, and sensational stuff about them which makes immature minds feel heroic for the moment in reading about the exploits of those human beasts of prey and enemies of society, and admire them, and then crave similar admiration, are unquestionably crime-promoting, and deserve to be classed with habit-forming drugs.

### The Real Line of Cleavage

IN recent years there has been in many parts of the world more preaching of dissension between classes than ever before. In this country there has been little of it, and that little has of late been rapidly lessening towards disappearance. The more one considers all such crusading for the production of class antagonisms, the more it will become evident that the real line of cleavage between people is not the line of division between class and class, between capital and labor, or between any of the sections into which the theorists and advocates of various economic and political doctrines and panaceas divide human society. The preachers of the doctrines of communism according to Marx separate people into three classes, namely aristocracy, bourgeois and proletariat, and the present regime in Russia, which came into being as the result of Marxian propaganda falling upon soil prepared for it by the injustices and cruel inequalities in Russia under the old regime, describes itself as "the dictatorship of the proletariat"—that is, of the workers. But in Russia, as in every other land, the real cleavage is not in accordance with the lines mapped out by Marx. Nor is it between the educated and the ignorant. It does not correspond with or parallel any of the artificial lines which superficially separate human beings into classes. The real line division is between those who are sensitive to the wrongs and injustices of the artificial and think and care about the deprivations and sufferings caused by them, and those who are insensitive and do not care. A very great deal in the lives of us depends on environment and opportunity and circumstances; and more depends on character—but environment and circumstances often have more than a little to do with the shaping of character. However it comes about, some people have quick, responsive hearts, and some have dull and unresponsive hearts. Some care, and some do not care for the things involved in human brotherhood. That is the real line of cleavage between people.

### The Many Queer Notions in the World

WERE there ever before in this world so many queer notions and theories as there are now? Most people possess some at least of a long list of beliefs that might be compiled, including the idea that human beings are "descended from monkeys" (an idea which neither Darwin nor any other scientist ever put forth), the idea that the sun is made of radium, the idea that the earth is getting hotter, the idea that the earth is getting colder, the idea that the earth will eventually be smashed up by running into a comet, the idea that the world is going to starve to death from overpopulation, the idea that drinking sour milk, or gland-grafting from certain animals will greatly increase human vitality and the length of human life, the idea of spiritualistic communications, and many more such ideas. Some of the notions which find believers in great numbers are false; some are hypotheses, which may, or may not, be true, or have some truth in them; and some are truths so badly expressed as to be completely disguised, or seriously distorted. We may think the showing a poor one; but we must remember how very old humanity is, and how young science, that is to say, organized human knowledge, is. Even the most simple-minded followers of pseudo-science, the devotees of astrology, the ouija-board, dream books, and palmistry are affected in their daily lives by real science. Real science possesses the unique quality of really working. Only real chemistry can provide the basis for the great industrial inventions

and developments by which the world benefits. Only real electrical science can give us electric light and power. Only real medical science can combat disease and increase health. Only real science can give us such things as telegraphs and telephones and ocean cables and radio transmission and railways and steamships and improvements in agriculture and a thousand and one other things that make for the improvement of the conditions of human life and work and for increased well-being and progress. And the amazing thing about it all is that science has always had to fight against ancient prejudices and superstitions, for the privilege of aiding mankind. But real science will in the long run prevail over what the Bible terms "science falsely so called", because it can prove itself by its works.

### A Short-Cut to Self-Satisfaction

THERE is a short-cut to self-satisfaction which many of us take occasionally, when we indulge in the feeling of superiority which is easily attained by comparing ourselves with others who we believe to be our inferiors in character, or in ability, or in some other title to esteem. These comparisons are usually illusive tests, and serve only to cheat us of true self-scrutiny. Anyone can esteem himself a pugilist, if he does his fighting in his mind. Anyone can persuade himself that he is swift of foot, if he races only with imaginary runners. There is no greater mistake than to despise others. Somewhere or other in the world, we may imagine, exists the worst living man. We may imagine further a neighbor of this human brute, who almost matches him in dissoluteness and villainy. Almost, but not quite. In all probability we should find each one of this precious pair proud of his superiority to the other. The one who was not as degraded as the other would probably say, "I thank God I am not such a brute." And the other would say, "I thank God I'm not a hypocrite." Thus two types that are to be found in most communities, the conventionally reputable and the conventionally more or less disreputable, often scorn each other and delight in themselves. The Philosopher will confess that he has more than once said to himself, "I know I'm not all that I might be, but at least I'm not hypocrite, like that fellow." And in taking that easy short-cut to self-satisfaction he was guilty of an offence which was a hindrance to self-knowledge, to say nothing of its being possibly an unjust judgment and a hindrance to good will and helpfulness.

### Our Nearest Neighbors in Space

THERE will be three eclipses of the sun this year, and two of the moon; of the eclipses of the sun too will be visible in the Antarctic regions, and the third only in the Arctic regions. On May 7th the small planet Mercury will cross the face of the sun, taking about eight hours to do it; but only the beginning of the transit will be visible to this continent, just before sunset. The most interesting astronomical event of the year will be the approach of the planet Mars to within 34,630,000 miles of our planet, which is very nearly, if not quite, as close as it can ever come to us. Every fifteen, or seventeen, years Mars and our globe, in swinging round the sun in their somewhat egg-shaped orbits, arrive at positions where they are nearer each other than they are at any other times. The last of these occasions was in September, 1909, when they came within 36,180,000 miles of each other. It will be on August 22nd of this year that the closest approach will occur. On that day Mars will come a million and a half miles closer to us than it came fifteen years ago. Mars thus periodically comes closer to our planet than any other planet except Venus. It was on the occasion of the "close opposition" (to use the astronomers' term) of Mars in 1877 that the Italian astronomer Schiaparelli made his much-debated discovery of the "canals" of Mars, which he studied again at the "close opposition" in 1879 and 1881. This year those remarkable surface markings on Mars will be studied more carefully than ever before, and with improved instruments. Those who believe them to be watercourses base their belief on the fact that at certain times there appears to be a greenish tinge extending from them on both sides, which is conjectured to be thick vegetation; that tinge is absent during part of the year of Mars, that is to say, the time it takes Mars to make its journey round the sun, namely, 680 of our days. Some astronomers hold the opinion that the "canals" on Mars are natural watercourses; others hold no less strongly the opinion that they are laid out in a way that indicates plainly that they have been planned and constructed. If there are dwellers on Mars who can plan and construct such great engineering works, what sort of beings are they who inhabit that planet whose reddish tint (contrasting strongly with the whiteness of Venus and Jupiter) has caused it to be given the name of the war god of the Romans? Perhaps the astronomers may be able next August, if the conditions are favorable, to see something which will help a little towards an answer to this question. But 34,630,000 miles of space is an immense gulf to spy across, even with the most improved spy glasses.





**R**ADIO has undoubtedly done more than any other invention to stimulate home life, for it keeps the father at home in the evenings and provides the children with pleasurable occupation, according to the view expressed by Samuel L. Levy, president of the E. B. Myers Company, Limited, 240 Craig street West. Mr. Levy told of receiving several testimonials to this effect from wives and mothers, and gave it as his opinion that the number of so-called "radio divorces" will be very much smaller than the number of divorces which radio will prevent.

"There are well over 20,000 registered receiving sets in Canada, according to the statistics issued by the department of marine and fisheries," said Mr. Levy, who pointed out that this is probably less than half of the actual number. In support of his contention that radio has come to stay, the president of the E. B. Myers Company instanced the cases of five big united newspapers which have within the last few weeks adopted radio departments, one being The Pittsburg Post.

"When such newspapers as The Pittsburg Post will adopt radio departments as permanent features of their news," said Mr. Levy, "we may accept their action as the final decision that radio has come to stay."

The fact that radio is not a sudden mushroom growth was shown by E. B. Myers, chief engineer of the company, who has worked at radio for the last 19 years, and who in 1912 underwent the interesting experience of being arrested in New York on the charge of interfering by his broadcasting with the messages transmitted to ships in the harbor.

"In the same year," said Mr. Myers, who originated the Myers tube and is an inventor of note, "Lee Schubert, the theatrical man, ordered a dozen radio sets and presented them to a number of his friends, but with a few exceptions they were so sceptical that they would not even deign to use them, thinking the feat they were supposed to accomplish altogether impossible."

Mr. Myers told of the years in which radio was looked upon as nothing but a fad, and contrasted this state of affairs with the situation of the present day. He quoted a recent address by David Saranoff, vice-president and general manager of the Radio Corporation of America, delivered at Buffalo, in which Mr. Saranoff said that the manufacture of radio supplies is an industry which already yields approximately \$150,000,000 a year to Americans alone, and predicted that this amount in five years will be increased to an annual income of \$500,000,000 from the same source.

The close relation of radio to wireless, from which it sprang, was traced by the chief engineer, who explained that the later development differed from wireless principally because it transmitted the human voice. Mr. Myers was inclined to give the real credit for the discovery of radio to Thomas A. Edison, however, rather than to Marconi, the Italian inventor, for Mr. Edison, he said, used what the famous inventor termed "inductive telegraphy" and abandoned it, as being without possibilities in 1883.

#### W. G. R.

We are indebted to the Federal Telephone and Telegraph Company, Buffalo, for their courtesy in sending us advanced weekly programs. W.G.R. has an enviable record having been heard all over this continent and also in Europe. Up here in the West it is a mighty popular station.

**I**N view of the various claims set forth for different types of panelling material, many amateurs and manufacturers have asked for actual, technical test figures on radio panels. In the course of experiments by the United

States Bureau of Standards a series of exhaustive tests were made with Laminated Phenolic Insulation material.

The following figures published as the result of experiments with Condensite Celoron speak for themselves:

Brinnell hardness, .30 to .40; specific gravity 1.4; moisture absorption, 24 hours 0.2 to 1.0. These figures cover quite a number of tests, ranging from 1/4-in. to 1/2-in. thickness. The following are the results of the electrical tests made in grade 10 Black Panelling.

Surface Resistivity—Approximately 2,000 to 4,000x10<sup>8</sup> ohms per square centimeter at 25% humidity.

Volume Resistivity—from 6000 to 9000x10<sup>8</sup> ohms per cubic centimeter.

Dielectric Constant—Ranges from 4.7 to 4.9.

Phase Difference in Degrees—From 2 degrees to 1.8 degrees.

Average Dielectric Strength—For Grade 10 Black Celoron, ranges from 200 to 800 volts per mill. thickness.

Dielectric Strength volts/mm 27,000 to 45,000.

Tensile Strength, lbs. per sq. in. 10,000 to 25,000.

Water absorbed in 24 hours immersion, percentage of weight 0.2 to 1.0.

Thermal Expansivity at 20 to 60 degrees centigrade, 20 to 30x10<sup>6</sup>.

Heat—Not readily inflammable; will withstand continuous temperature of 149c (300f). Heat tends to complete the reaction and volatile substances are driven off.

Sunlight—No visible effect.

Nothing could be more conclusive than the above figures which prove that all the claims made by the makers of Celoron radio panels are amply justified; namely, that they are high in dielectric strength, low in dielectric losses, and intensely water-resisting as well as being able to withstand the severest mechanical and electrical stresses.

Besides this Celoron is easily machined in any manner in which it is possible to machine metal, without cracking, chipping or roughing. Celoron panels are beautifully finished in black, mahogany or oak—so that the radio devotee has the choice of three finishes to suit the surroundings of his set. Every panel is protected by a Glassine Envelope and will keep the beautiful finish indefinitely. Unlike some materials which deteriorate with age, Celoron actually improves and preserves its dielectric properties; unimpaired. It will not warp and is unaffected by moist air, steam, acetone, alcohol, ammonia, aniline, benzol, carbon, bisulphide, ether, naphtha, oil of turpentine, weak acids, etc.

There are 11 standard sizes to choose from, covering all the requirements most commonly called for. There is scarcely a piece of radio apparatus in which Celoron cannot be used to advantage. Every man has his likes and dislikes, but those who are interested in high grade insulation and those who are experimenting and building either transmitting or receiving apparatus, cannot go far wrong in making a thorough investigation of Celoron.

#### A Generous Offer

An African king had taken a liking to a missionary, and wishing to please him and make him stand between him and the white governments which were inclined to punish him for certain crimes, brought before him the five hundred most beautiful maidens in his kingdom.

"They are the loveliest flowers of my land," said the monarch; "pick one from among them for your wife."

The missionary, who already had a wife at home, was greatly embarrassed. But not wishing to hurt the feelings of his host, much less offend him, replied diplomatically:

"You honor me, but I dare not choose lest the others grow jealous."

"That's easily fixed," replied the monarch; "take them all."—Tit-Bits.

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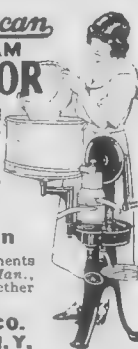
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## THE COMPLETE WANGLER—Continued from page 8

of it as a pittance but rather as a quite desirable income. Let those who are dissatisfied with their present employment go in for these big salaries. After all, my work claims me. These people were too impertinent.

All this I told them in a letter which I wrote at once, striving for dignity in my choice of words in spite of my anger. Also I ventured to point out to them one glaring weakness in their argument. I mean to say, the very fact that "thousands were crowding into this new profession" would surely result in its being overcrowded at an early date.

I felt that my letter would quite squelch them but not so.

Shortly thereafter they wrote again, quite ignoring my own letter and the fact, expressly stated, that I had no intention of changing my profession. They now offered me the full course including the degree or diploma for the "Special Reduced Price" of twenty dollars—five dollars down and the balance in thirty days.

They felt "that this magnificent offer would remove every possible obstacle that could prevent me from entering this newest and most profitable of professions."

"Why do they keep annoying me?" I exclaimed to my wife. "I have fully explained to them—"

"Why answer them, silly?" scoffed my wife. "Don't pay any attention to them. Throw their letters in the fire."

My wife is a most practical person. The obvious merit in her suggestion appealed to me.

So, although two more letters came, I quite ignored them. Not just the thing, I admit, but what other course can one take when pestered by people of that sort?

On a following Saturday, having donned an old suit of coveralls, I was busily engaged in setting out the *Rugosa* shrubs—I had finally decided on the *Rosa Rugosa* as most suitable for my purpose—when a youngish man came up the drive from the street.

"Where can I find Mr. Sykes?" he inquired. "Mr. A. J. Sykes."

A youngish chap with the aggressive manner of the salesman—dressed rather well, too, but betraying a certain very apparent ignorance as to details. In his speech also, little neglected details appeared like weeds which flourish in a bed of flowers.

"I am Mr. Sykes," I said.

"Ah! a gardener, eh?" he exclaimed. "And a good one, too, if this is your work."

I am rather proud of the appearance of our place. I found myself showing him about. My early-flowering perennials particularly the peonies, drew gusts of admiration from my visitor.

"With a little intensive training, what a future is in store for you!" he cried.

"Future?" I echoed.

"No doubt of it with your natural talent. There's no limit to the salary you can wangle. Why I know plenty of fellows with just a fraction of your ability who today are in the ten-thousand-dollar class." (The phrase sounded unpleasantly familiar.) "Yesterday they were—well—clerks, laborers, chauffeurs, gardeners."

With the last word his eyes, which had been wandering about the grounds, came back to me piercingly. Under his scrutiny I felt curiously uncomfortable. Somehow it told me that I had been instantly appraised and classified, pinned down like an entomological specimen among the army of hopeless incompetents. That word "gardeners" was the pin.

Extracting a card from a pocket, he handed it to me and draped one knee over the spade handle. (We had returned to the *Rugosa* shrubs.)

"As you will note, Mr. Sykes, I represent the Absalom School of Engineering with whom you have lately been in communication," he rolled on smoothly. "We are seldom able to give our applicants the benefit of a personal interview but, since I was in the city today, it occurred to me to call on you and just talk things over."

"Not at all necessary," I hastened to assure him but he interrupted me:

"Let me take up a few minutes of your time just to make things clear to you, to tell you of our willingness—eagerness—to help you and others towards a better and pleasanter life. Bear in mind that, in what I have to say, I have your own interests entirely at heart."

HE launched into a rapid fire of words which I could not seem to interrupt. I looked longingly towards the house. My wife would have silenced him quickly enough. She has a way, forceful but effectual.

I gathered from his somewhat vivid speech that life as I was living it was dreary, hopeless. I had no particular prospects. As I looked down the "long vista of the years" I could see only an endless chain of toil-filled days—ill-repaid toil.

But my salvation was at hand! The future which he painted for me, once I had obtained the coveted L. E. degree was rosy in the extreme. He was supremely confident that I would then be able to "wangle" a handsome salary. After puzzling over the verb, "to wangle," I judged its meaning to be: to obtain something easily, with little effort. I have since found that Webster is silent on the point.

"There is no doubt about the value of our course," he was saying when I again gave him my attention. "One of our students has figured that every hour he studied was worth a thousand dollars to him!"

"Remarkable!"

"Let us help you out of the rut!" he urged, finally, producing an application form and a pen.

"I find it a rather pleasant rut," I ventured feebly.

"You must admit you aren't getting enough out of life—not enough money return for your labors."

"I fancy few men would admit that they were getting as much of this world's goods as they were entitled to. But I don't complain. Besides—"

"There you are!" he cried. "You are content to drift. That attitude will never get you anywhere. Why shouldn't you have the things that other people have—the things that money alone can bring? For instance look at that fine 'Hudsonia' there—"

"You are quite mistaken," I said. "That is a *Bellis Perennis*, or English Daisy, one of the earliest blooming perennials."

He looked at me strangely for a moment then his face brightened.

"I was referring to the car," he explained, "not to the flowers."

"The car! Oh, yes, it is a Hudsonia. I should prefer something smaller myself. But my wife drives it mostly so I let her choose."

"Is the car yours?" he asked. Rather taken aback he seemed.

"Certainly," I replied.

"You own it! You—do you own this place?"

"Rather. Did you think I was the gardener?"

It was said in a joking way but I actually believe the fellow had, up to the moment, failed to see in me the owner of the place.

"But you are Mr. Sykes," he urged.

"A. Johnstone Sykes," I agreed, irritated now at the man's denseness.

"Not Professor Sykes of the University!" The fact had just dawned upon him evidently.

I nodded. He gulped, then muttered something under his breath.

"As to your proposition," I began, taking advantage of his evident confusion, "I will be glad to put an end to this discussion once and for all by assuring you that I have no intention or desire to forsake my work and take up your new profession even if it were all you claim for it. And I strongly doubt if it is a bona fide profession at all."

"I have no doubt there are reputable and efficient landscape engineers in this country but they were not turned out over-night by your mushroom 'School,'"

"While I am sure there is a legitimate field for correspondence schools of the better type, it strikes me that yours is



## COMPLETE WANGLER

Continued from page 54

not operating in that legitimate field. I venture to say that, if your course teaches anything at all, it is only the gentle art of 'wangling.'

"As to you, yourself," I concluded, "I can place you without difficulty. You really belong to one of the oldest and least worthy of the professions known to man, a profession sadly overcrowded in these days. You are a Flim-Flammer, sir—a Bunco Artist!" (The expression is one of my wife's but I thought it rather good.)

"In my opinion, your 'new profession' is the flim-flammiest kind of flim-flam!"

A. H. Watrous, L. E.—that was the name on his card—was now hurrying down the drive. My voice rose, I fear, to a most undignified pitch as I gave him a parting shot:

"I would suggest—having your own interests entirely at heart, remember—that you take up Agricultural Engineering, the oldest and best of the professions. Push the old plow around. Wangle the odd crop for the good of humanity and your own soul. Be a producer, not a—a parasite."

HE was out of hearing so the interview was over. I found myself perspiring but jubilant, with a curious desire to report my victory to my wife who is somewhat skeptical of my ability to deal firmly with the book-agent or salesman type. I found her in the kitchen with the cook.

"Olga is giving notice," she shot at me unpleasantly as if, indeed, I was to blame.

"Leaving, Olga!" I cried in alarm.

"Yes, sir. I've finished my course, see? Don't you remember me telling you about it? And I got my Diploma as a Household Engineer!"

She handed me a large envelope addressed to "Miss Olga Hansen, H. E." from which I drew a highly ornate diploma issued by the "National School of Household Engineering." The certificate announced that Olga Hansen, having completed the required course with the school, was now granted a diploma in Household Engineering.

"Engineering!" scoffed my wife and enquired where people obtained that "Engineering stuff."

Indeed, the name seems to be enjoying a wave of popularity. Presently, if the craze holds, we may expect to have Tonsorial Engineers instead of barbers, Excavating Engineers instead of ditch diggers—all that sort of thing.

However, beneath Olga's eager eyes, I could do no less than congratulate her.

"Isn't that fine, Olga! I hope you will have abundant and—er—fruitful success in the glorious field you have chosen."

"Thanks, Professor. My, if you don't say it for all the world like the School catalogue!"

"I fancy there is a vocabulary common to all the professions. Have you got a position yet?"

"No, sir, but I'm advertisin'. There's a great demand and the salaries they pay are simply swell."

"Yes, yes," I murmured. "We shall be sorry to lose you but we would not wish to have you turn down any such swell opportunity as this appears to be."

"However, I would suggest that you stay on here until you actually get a position. We will promise to let you go whenever the professional opening occurs."

"Thanks, sir," she beamed. "That is good of you."

"Well!" cried my wife, pushing ahead of me into the living room. "You seem to be encouraging the girl in this foolishness. For myself, I don't for one moment believe that there is anything in this over-night Engineering."

"Nor do I," I returned. "For that very reason, I think I wangled it rather well."

"Wangled? No slang, please, Professor. It falls as becomingly from your lips as Billy Sunday language echoing through Westminster Abbey."

"But don't you see—" I persisted. "If, as I believe, this Household Engineering course of Olga's is a mere

fiction—a scheme devised to wangle (the term really seems to fit the case, my dear) to wangle money from Olga and others like her, she, with her qualifications, will get her ten-thousand-dollar-a-year job about the time my *Rugosa* hedge bears nice, yellow *Perle des Jardins* blossoms.

"Meanwhile, she remains with us."

## Enough Was Too Much

Judge—"Why didn't you stop beating him when he cried 'enough'?"

Sambo—"W'y, ye see, sah, dat niggah is sick, a liah ye can't nevah believe 'im."

—Judge.

## Both at Once

A German farmer left his horses unhitched in front of a hardware store in Gary. When he came out, after an interval of half an hour, they were gone. There had been no sound of a runaway, so the farmer, surmised that they might have gone home. He telephoned his wife, saying:

"Chaulia, is der horses dere?"

A negative came over the telephone, for he added:

"Nor de wagon, eider?"—Chicago Post.



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ESPECIALLY manufactured to suit Canadian climatic and water conditions, Winsome is the soap for the Canadian beauty.

The skilful blending of the very finest materials, the distilling and blending of the rarest perfumes into the unique fragrance of Winsome, the absolute purity insisted upon at all times in the manufacture of this famous toilet soap are the reasons why it is so rapidly growing in favour and popularity with young Canada.

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Make a rich pure Winsome lather with warm water, and massage it well into every inch of your face and neck. Rinse well and dry with a soft towel. If your skin is naturally dry, use a little Winsome Vanishing Cream before you wash, and a little after. If your skin is naturally oily, use warm water, but rinse in cold.

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W-44

## COME LET US READ AWHILE—Continued from Page 47

Dr. Katherine Ferris—Good to look upon and good in works.

Dr. James McFarland—Lacking humanity, he lacked greatness.

Aunt Maria Bruce—A grenadier. A dictator. A most talkative woman. Doesn't approve much of anything or anybody.

Rufus A foundling.

These characters and others step from the pages of Grace Richmond's new novel and enact for us upon the stage of life a throbbing, vivid romance, with tears and laughter, sorrow and happiness, bitterness and love well intermingled.

## Jimmie is a Darling

JIMMIE is a black bear cub. The cleverest, cunningest, cutest, most endlesome cub that ever was.

Mr. Everest Harold Baynes has told the story of "Jimmie" (Toronto, The Macmillan Co.), and Mrs. Baynes has illustrated this delightful novel with

photographs taken by herself. Grown-ups and children alike will just be enthralled by this beautifully written story. Says the author is his preface:

"The story of Jimmie is a true one and I have tried to make a faithful record of his life with us. He will be seen in scores of situations which seem to suggest conscious humor or intentional d. viltry. But we must avoid hasty conclusions. We must not accept the suggestions of imagination as facts until they have been proved to be facts."

## "The Care of The Baby"

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A MANUAL for mothers and nurses, containing practical directions for the management of infancy and childhood in health and disease. By J. P. Crozer Griffith, M.D., Professor of Diseases of Children in the University of Pennsylvania. Seventh Edition thoroughly revised. 12-mo. of 478 pages, with 104 illustrations. Philadelphia and London: W. B. Saunders Company.

## PAINT POT MAGIC—Continued from page 50

So with fresh walls, fresh wood trim around us something else may beg the same rejuvenating touch. Have you admitted the attraction of painted furniture in your home? It is undoubtedly the thing—you will see it in what is just now the Most Famous House in the World—The Queen's Doll's House which will be exhibited this year at the British Empire Exhibition. The lovely little painted bedroom suite—"fit for a queen"—is pictured on page 50.

There is the painted suite in one solid colour—usually a delicate shade chosen with the back-ground and other furnishings in mind. Or the plain surfaces may serve, themselves, as a back-ground for a delightful, decorative motif—a festoon or quaint, conventionalized basket of flowers, perhaps. Or a panelled effect may work into the design very well. A little study of the lines of the furniture will quickly show the most advisable treatment.

For homely or shabby furniture, there is no transformation so happy as that given by a coat—or rather, by several coats—of paint.

## Right Preparation Is Important

OLD finishes must be removed, remember, before new ones can be applied; at least, if the old finish is a different one. Varnish left beneath your paint will eventually bubble through in the most fatal fashion. So make your first purchase a can of varnish remover, a metal scraper and some sand paper. Follow directions exactly and you will find no trouble. When the old surface is off and the bare wood is dry and sandpapered smooth, you are ready to begin painting.

When the old finish was paint, you won't need to do so much preparatory work. One pointer: "a good cleaning is the equivalent to an extra coat of paint," as a rule. Wash well, using a paste of whiting and water for light-coloured paint. Dry, rub over with a fine sandpaper, and—on with the paint.

Sandpapering after each of the early coats will help to give your furniture that exquisite smoothness seen in the very fine pieces designated "French enamel." And when I say *fine* sandpaper, I don't mean merely No. 1—I mean 000 or 0000. Insist upon it from your hardware dealer.

LET us dissipate any idea I may have given by first instancing the bedroom as offering happy use for paint on walls and furniture, that it should have any monopoly of this form of decoration. I began with the bedroom largely because to many people, there is still something radical about painted walls for beauty, painted furniture for individuality and charm. Where this state of mind exists, a person will venture an experiment on a bedroom, while reluctant to try it on the important living rooms of the house.

But experience breeds confidence—and it isn't long before the one-time doubter will bring her new acquired appreciation of paint as a decorative medium, to bear on her other furnishing problems. A painted table or cabinet, for instance, may find an important place in the living room scheme, just on account of its single strong note of colour. If behind its excellent effect there was originally the necessity of replacing an old or ugly finish—how much greater one's satisfaction with the results.

## On Familiar Ground

AND finally, a word on paint in its long familiar aspects. The kitchen and the bathroom declared for paint when its chief virtue was cleanliness. There, it was decided, a high shine didn't matter. Perhaps the gloss was a welcome relief from the horrible dull colours that were, for some unfathomable reason, declared "suitable for the kitchen."

Suitable, forsooth! Nothing is suitable for the workshop of the home, the room in which the average woman spends a major part of every day, but the brightest, most attractive colour scheme she can evolve. (Oil paint should be chosen for the kitchen and bathroom, because steam will have no effect on it.) I have a wonderful prescription to cure the "kitchen blues" induced by an old-fashioned, ugly kitchen. In case there are still some victims of this painful malady amongst our readers, I'll give it here:

**Ivory paint**—soft, yellowish, rich, the tone of old ivory, please—in sufficient quantity to raise the walls to heights of beauty. Woodwork to match. It's lightness doesn't matter—whatever their colour, kitchen walls have to be *clean*, and the whiting-and-water paste already mentioned will keep your light walls immaculate.

**Soft old blue paint** for chairs and table legs (if your table-top is wood, cover it with white oil cloth). Give your artistic sense full reign when you choose the tone of blue—let it be the loveliest one in the whole colour card.

**Chinese-red paint** to cover the insides and the shelves of your cupboards. You know the brilliant, light red the Chinese use so effectively? It will give you a thrill every time you open the cupboard or pantry door. To complete the effect—gather a good collection of tins for your stores of cereals, sugars, spices, et cetera, and give them all a couple of coats (on the outside) of the ivory paint. Letter each one with the red—and you will never want to close the door on them.

So much for the mere generalities on the subject of paint magic. You can only find the full extent of its sorcery when you try, yourself, to test its powers.

## UMINGMUK—Continued from page 16

The fore part of his body came down heavily, the incisors slipping when the stronger supporting teeth gave way. His limbs stuck out far-sprawled and wobbling to maintain his balance, his motion as ridiculous as a man pulling on a taut rope when the rope gives way.

In that second, Umingmuk was himself again, doubly full of fight from the pain by the wolf inflicted. Down came his head with a mighty whack on the back of the wolf unbalanced, and Amaruk was flattened to the snow. Before he could arise, the musk-ox struck again, this time a blow better delivered, and more telling, on the shoulder; a blow from the head as hard as ironplate, backed by two hundred and twenty pounds of angry weight. No pity here of youth for age, nor courtesy to a foe down-fallen; only head and horns striking to rip and flatten and to kill.

Amaruk snarling strove to rise, his only thought to fly. But now, with three bunting blows delivered, Umingmuk turned his head a little, bringing into play one maturing horn, down-curving from the base, small as yet but hard

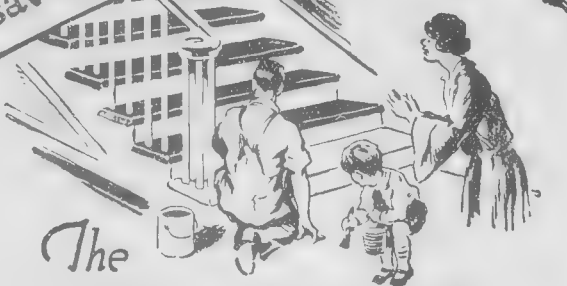
and sharp to pierce objects much tougher than this old wolf's hide. Then quick he turned his head from side to side, drove them home deeply, now to the heart, now to the liver and intestines.

With snarl and snarl and futile snap Amaruk gamely strove to give battle. But prone here on the snow, no chance given to arise, his head sideways turning, was a weapon futile and impotent. Still he so struggled, gored now and bleeding; while ever that iron head above him gored and gored, till all the battered living tissue of bone and muscle and directing brain ceased to function, and Amaruk lay still—one more broken emblem of youth's conquest of age.

Blowing loud through his nostrils his snoring triumph, Umingmuk stood lordly and grand above the quiet foe. He had drawn blood; had smelt it; felt the fury of combat's initiation; and had conquered in this first strife to maintain his life.

At last he turned away walked slowly across the Barren toward the cave to seek repose delayed so unexpectedly. The chill faint breeze that

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The

## GRAND STAIRCASE

OF course Dad's proud of his handiwork, and mother is proud of the finished appearance of the front hall, and paint and varnish were all that was necessary to keep the stairway fresh and new.

But that is not the big thing after all. The real reason for that added beauty and protection lies in its influence on the children's minds. Beauty and order in the home are as important to the full development of the growing, impressionable child as any school taught lesson.

A beautiful and well ordered home will subconsciously sing through all our after lives melodies of old-remembered joy.

And the home that is regularly painted and varnished seems never to grow old.

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## UMINGMUK—Continued from page 60

had kept the wolf smell from him a little time ago had freshened, and sang across the Barren, the whistling fore-runner of the laggard dawn. Sharp and frosty with biting breath it went sweeping over the striated snow, and wailed around the ridge and into the crevices of the musk-ox's cavern, a dreary threnody of this Arctic waste, as though the Mother North Wind were improvising a lamentation for that old grey form bruised and flattened and stiff with death on the ensanguined snow.

CHAPTER SIX.  
The Deer Pit

ON the day following this first defending of his life, Umingmuk once more took up the march, impelled ever forward by the strange, amorphous longing which he still did not fully comprehend, but which grew stronger with each day's passing. Something there was in his life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished, a void that never would have existed save for the untimely coming of Buffalo Smith.

So northeast Umingmuk went across the Barren, as flat now as though some sea had turned white and motionless through the agency of a vast necromancy.

When hunger cried his stomach's need, he halted to browse, pawing away the snow and baring the moss, brittle but rich fodder, filled with so much nutrition that even starving white men lost on the Barren had at times been succored by it.

The musk-ox, unlike in the past, did not now prolong his browsing, making of it a pastime as well as an appetite satisfying pleasure. There was no reason for hurry, yet Umingmuk cut down his hours of feeding under the influence of this queer urge to keep travelling.

Day after day he went on, halting only when blizzards blew and made all the Barren a whirling world of driving snow, billions of rotating particles as hard as sand, moving as resistless walls, breath-snatching, making all the world opaque, through which no beast was mad enough to try to force a way.

At such time Umingmuk lay down, and some of the drifting snow gradually collected about him, as it always does around an unmoving object, till he was drifted over. Lying thus, with an air space made by judicious movement of his head while the drift was forming, Umingmuk let the storm rage, quite uncaring, resting, though at times he grew uncomfortably warm, for, strange paradox, snow is a protecting blanket against the cold, a fact well known to the arctic creatures, and of which they take due advantage.

Late in the afternoon of a day near the end of February, the first clear, still day after a week of storm, Umingmuk came to a halt to stare at an unusual appearing snow bank some ten yards ahead.

During the last few days of his travelling the level Barren had given way to a stretch of little rolls and ridges, along the sides of which many deep banks of snow had formed. On one of these Umingmuk fixed his eyes. The fact that this particular drift was peculiar in shape, quite different from the ones around it, did not particularly attract the musk-ox's attention. What drew his eye was half a dozen spots and streaks of light golden discolorations on the snow at the very top of the farther end of the bank. To Umingmuk the discolorations were an important thing. The snow here contained salt by wolves deposited, and Umingmuk needed salt, for it was weeks now since he had come upon ground which wolves had recently passed over.

So quickly he went up the sloping side of the snow bank piled against the ridge side seven feet high and packed so hard and deeply his feet sank in only a few inches. Reaching the rounding top of the bank he moved eagerly forward. Then, when the salt patches were just within his reach, three feet from where the snow bank ended, the snow beneath him gave way with a treacherous suddenness and he went head foremost down, bringing up all in a heap seven feet below where a moment ago he had stood upon seemingly solid footing. Floundering to his feet in the square of snow he had brought down with him and reaching nearly to his hocks, Umingmuk stared about in vast amaze.

Walls of snow shut him in. Now he saw what he had not noticed when approaching the bank; that it had been artificially heightened; that the hard surface of the real bank was only a little above his head. The bank had been cut into right down to the Barren; and the snow, which on the Barren can be taken out in blocks had been removed so as to leave a rectangular-shaped prison about the size of a piano box, but deeper by a good three feet. Around this white enclosure the blocks of snow taken from the bank had been laid to form three walls, the end left open facing in the direction from which Umingmuk had come. The top had been carefully covered over with thinner slabs of snow cut by long punnars, the dags or snow-knives which the Eskimo handle so cleverly. Upon the treacherously thin snowslabbed roof, fine snow had been scattered, making the bank look nearly natural.

Greatly apprehensive Umingmuk surveyed his position. No knowledge had he that this was a Kudgitook, a man-made artifice—the ingeniously contrived deer-pit of the Eskimo, into which they lure caribou by cleverly gathering the slat by their sleigh dogs deposited, and placing it at the top of the snow bank where they have built the trap. But though having no comprehension of how this box-like enclosure came to be around him, the wild beast's instinctive alarm at being housed in a place confined fired Umingmuk to instant action. The walls on his either side were too close to permit his turning and attacking them. He could only move in one direction—straight in front of him upon the wall only twelve inches distant from his nose.

IN the ordinary course of events Umingmuk would only have remained about five minutes, when the watching Eskimo hunter nearby would have been down upon him and cut his throat. But fortune this time favored him. The trap was many days old, and deserted by a travelling Eskimo party, numbering a half dozen families, who finding the caribou few in numbers and very wary, and being themselves out of ammunition, had resorted to the deer pit, building a dozen in the vicinity. Those not yielding any return they had not bothered to destroy. With a very little fresh meat so procured they had hurried on in search of better hunting on their way to where yearly they met a lone white trader.

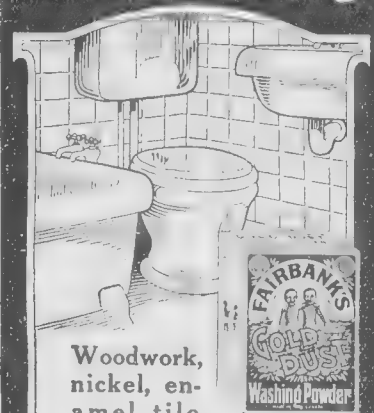
With lowered head Umingmuk began butting his head against the wall in front and cutting into it with his horns. But though his attack was aimed at a point where the drift was thinnest, he soon desisted driving his head in this manner, realization coming he was not making any progress.

He stood breathing heavily. The taking of this interval to rest served to calm him. The first panic past, he thought more clearly. In the next minute his mind, tuned to arctic living, and therefore resourceful in the face of obstacles, pointed out the way to freedom. With his sharp hoofs he had cut during countless previous days the snow crust that kept from him his food. So now, with this same crust snow barring his way, even though it now stood perpendicular before him and twice as hard, he began slowly pawing into the wall. Slow, the work; awkward his position; unnatural the movement his legs were forced to. Still he persevered, cutting into the snow with one out-thrust hoof, then the other, till at last the light gleamed through. Wider became the aperture.

Presently it was large enough that by holding his head very low he could thrust it through. Then he put forth all his strength in prodigious effort; with four legs cutting into the moss beneath his hoofs from the pressure he exerted, his whole frame gathered and straining like a dray horse against its collar when drawing heavy load, Umingmuk threw himself against the barrier.

A minute of mighty striving, then it gave way with such suddenness he was propelled out upon his nose, his feet sprawling out from under him, for a thin snow wall, once broken through, is lacking in much further resistance.

Scrambling to his feet Umingmuk broke into a run, not stopping till he had put this strange place many miles behind. Continued in the May issue

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## CABRIA—Continued from page 5

white disc certain scent glands were automatically brought into play, and the visible signal was supplemented by a scent signal. The kids would then scatter, but instead of returning to their mothers, as lambs or goats would, they simply defaced themselves from the landscape, and in five seconds there was not a kid to be seen.

ONE morning a hungry old cinnamon bear, who for several days had watched the herd of youngsters playing between the two lines of mothers, came down before daybreak and buried himself in the sand under one of their play banks. As the herd surged in that direction, with little Cabria, the gamest and swiftest, leading the chase, there rose from the earth a great cloud of dust, with forearms thrashing the air at invisible speed.

Bruin made a lightning slash at Cabria, but the latter, with his token of good luck dangling from his neck, ducked and shot under the thrashing forepaws, all but dashed over by the rush of air. The other kids were racing pell-mell towards the murderer, and the bear, throwing himself flat, rolled over and over to meet them, crushing two under his massive hulk, hurling a third into eternity by a mighty sweep of a forepaw. The rest scattered, and simply vanished, while the mothers came up red-eyed and stamping, and the old bear fled—leaving the feast to await his night time leisure.

But the old bear never reached the timber edge. He was done to death ere he got there—pounded into a pulp by those knife-edged, lightning-darting forehoofs. Then the mothers turned to hasten away, but there was one mother which dabbled in the rear, calling, waiting for her son. And he, still with his omen of good luck dangling incongruously from his neck, was dealing ferocious little cotton wool butts upon the carcass of the dead bear, poking it with his tiny, polished forehoofs, avenging the deaths of those of his playmates who would speed with him no more.

### Chapter III

DURING the summer months Cabria and his playmates grew rapidly, and their one delight in life was to race each other, to exercise their glorious running powers, on which, indeed, their very lives were yet to depend. Each day found them fleet, till by August they could leave behind the fleet winged nighthawks which skimmed low at dusk. The very wind could not overtake them, for they seemed to delight to race before the thunder gale for the joy of leaving their own dust rolling in pursuit. But the swiftest, the strongest, the wariest of all was the one which wore about his neck the Mission Station medal.

The goldenrod and the dog weed had faded in the hollows, the murmur of the springs had taken on a new melancholy, the nighthawks had already gone, when one dawn there appeared on the skyline a great buck antelope, almost twice the size of any does in the herd to which Cabria belonged. He stood clearly in silhouette for a minute or more, while Cabria's herd flashed their white danger signals, then he proceeded to walk majestically along the ridge to the windward side, while at his heels two other bucks moved into relief, sedately following him. Thus, having given the herd their body scent, they came down into the valley, and after a good deal of bashfulness on the part of the does, they were finally admitted to the little social circle.

They were merry fellows, those three great men of the race, each bearing upon his brow a couple of upright horns, similar to those of a goat, save that they were forked. Far fleetest than the does they were, and at this season each of the bucks seemed to be possessed of endless pent-up energy. Most of the days they spent playing with the kids, and now it was not Cabria who led the merry race, but old Pronghorn, the master, or one of his two male friends. It was a pretty sight to watch them—old Pronghorn sweeping off, his legs moving at invisible speed, little Cabria

striving, striving to catch him, but ever losing ground, and behind Cabria, likewise losing, the rest of the rabble buffeting each other in the dust. Then old Pronghorn would turn and face about, head lowered, forelegs braced, and little Cabria would race up to him and prance around, standing on his hind legs and shaking his little woolly head.

One morning, shortly after the arrival of the three bucks, a new scent came down to Cabria's nostrils, accompanied instantly by the musk danger signal of his own kind, and by the flashing of white rumps. The kids scattered and made for cover, where they crouched, while the adults bounded off—old Pronghorn crashing heavily through the underbrush, travelling across wind, in a direction of his own. And never would Cabria forget that scent, intermingled in his memory with the danger musk of his own race. So to the wild folk scents play a greater part, in recalling sad hours or happy ones, than they play in our own lives.

For ten minutes, perhaps, there was no sound, then came the thunder of racing feet, drawing nearer, nearer, coming downwind but away to the left of the underbrush which the herd had sought. A moment later old Pronghorn appeared, bounding as he ran, rising a clear eight feet from the ground at every bound, so that he could see well over the low-lying scrub. He was not hurrying, despite the fact that there appeared almost at his heels a great bristling hound of death—a timber wolf, its jaws clicking together at every bound in fruitless endeavour to jam string his fugitive, which ever had bounded skywards a fraction of a second too soon.

Cabria trembled where he lay, for in that great grey hound he recognized the foremost of his natural foes, but he trembled yet more violently when from the very ground at Pronghorn's feet there rose a second wolf, one that had crept in to intercept him. It leapt to meet Pronghorn, but in mid-air the great ram seemed to gather himself, to dart aside, and a moment later he smote the sand again, and went rocketing off in a way which was marvellous to behold. He merely tapped the hilltops and floated out of the valley, leaving the wolves behind, far behind, for the antelope is far swifter than the coyote, and the coyote, in turn, can leave the wolf behind, or there would be no coyotes left!

Cabria had been a light coloured youngster, and when that Autumn he shed his hair the new coat grew still lighter, marking him out among his fellows, for at a distance he looked almost white. And that autumn, indeed, he and the other kids began to lose their baby ways, and it was as well so, for their mother's interest in them was flagging. They were no longer hid when danger threatened, for the slowest of them was already far swifter than the swiftest wolf. So Nature had them fully equipped to hold their own with the shedding of their protective coats.

AS they had played together, so now with the mating season the young antelopes faced life's sterner realities together, bit by bit learning to live their lives apart from the parent herd. At first the two herds were always in sight of each other, then one day little Cabria, at the head of his tribe of youngsters, led the way upwards towards the higher plateaux, which, his instincts told him, would be wind-swept of snow when the storms of winter came.

Many times that winter Cabria led away the wolf pack, but always he ran up wind, his eyes watching his pursuers, his nose "watching" the trail ahead. He would lead the wolves in a wide circle, and if, at the completion of it they were still at his heels, his many tricks—the back track and terrific side leap, the log running, the endless circle—having failed, another member of his band would link its trail with his, and Cabria, bounding aside, would seek with lolling tongue and heaving flanks some place of safety. So they too resorted to the relay system, and now we see why the antelopes lived



## CABRIA—Continued from page 62

in herds. Singly none could have survived those dread winter months; united they formed a breastwork which their foes, unaided, could not shatter.

But the Storm King intervened, and that blizzard, which lasted three weeks and swept the whole of North America from Alaska to the Gulf, was unprecedented within living memory for its severity. I remember how the wild elk came into the cities, wide-eyed and pitiful, seeking shelter, how flocks of crows and even Snowy Owls were to be seen voyaging south, while all up and down the wolves were driven into the settled areas, where they did enormous damage.

Cabria and his herd were driven by the remorseless gale into a sheltered little valley, and standing with their heads towards the storm they were slowly but irresistibly buried. Five feet, ten feet, twenty feet above the blizzards piled itself, and so they lived for days—those of them which still lived—nosing among the snow to get at the mosses buried with them in the darkness of their tomb. Hunger fell upon them, and Cabria, still ahead of the herd, struggled for hours to force a way out. Bit by bit he extended the tunnel, his second in command jostling at his heels, and so, after three days of fighting, lank, trembling, and exhausted, they broke through the frozen crust into the pitiless world without.

But of the herd, which had numbered nine, only Cabria and the other young buck emerged. They called and waited for the others to appear at the tunnel mouth, but from the darkness within there came no sound, and when spring thawed away the snows it revealed the little herd, all bunched together, their heads towards the northwest—still standing rigidly upright in their mantles of ice.

Cabria was weak for want of food, but the other young buck was in a far worse state than he was. His coat was wet from the melted snow, and he did not possess strength enough to shake himself dry. Thus, slowly, remorselessly, the ice encrusted him, and upon it and to it the snowflakes clung, till, staggering from point to point at Cabria's heels, he was eventually weighed down in his tracks. Cabria stood over him for awhile, sniffing, entreating, unable to leave his playmate and friend, but the Long Sleep came at length, and Cabria went his way alone—the sole survivor of his herd.

A little while later the musk scent of his own kind came to Cabria's nostrils, and gazing up wind he saw a great antelope approaching him. At first he did not recognize the individual, for old Pronghorn had shed his horns. He too was as thin as a rail, and since he was alone we can only conclude that, like Cabria, he possessed the unenviable honour of being the sole survivor of his herd.

Thus Pronghorn and Cabria threw in their sorry lot together, burrowing under

the snow and sharing each other's warmth when the stormy winds blew. So feeble were they that often one or the other would stick in a drift, and there remain, struggling and panting for hours on end, while the other searched and searched for food not far away, and overhead the great owls flew.

BUT, far spent as the antelopes were, their inbred curiosity and inquisitiveness lived on, and one night when they saw afar off a great fire blazing they were drawn towards it, their big eyes wide with wonder, as though by magnetic force.

They had reached the end of their endurance, and would have turned to anything that was strange in the hope of finding in it relief from their present plight. Fear was dead within them: there remained only that fantastic clinging to life which knows no foes and fears only a living death.

So, up, slowly up, to that earth born star, they made their way, till in a shiding between forest and foothill, hidden from the great Northwest, they stood in the outer ring of darkness, staring into the Indian camp. Men and women sat about the fire, and in the background were three great teepees, over which the snow had been piled to keep out the frost.

Pronghorn shook his head and would have turned back, but Cabria seemed mesmerised, and with slow and stumbling steps, his pretty head aloft, the grey antelope strode on into the circle of light.

A whisper passed from one to another of the huddled braves, then one of them moved slowly into the nearest teepee, from which he returned after a few seconds with a Winchester in his hands. There, like some strange ghost beast, close up to the fire, looking fearlessly at the braves, from the braves to the women, stood the young grey antelope, whose name later became famous—his great eyes sparkling in the firelight, and behind him, Pronghorn.

The Indian slowly raised the weapon and brought the sights to bear. He was in the very act of pressing the trigger when something caught his eye—something dangling from the neck on which the sights were levelled—a little bronze cross!

The hunter put down the rifle, and spoke in a low, even voice to the chief. There was a dramatic pause, during which Cabria turned, and sniffed fearlessly at the blanket about the shoulders of an old squaw seated by the fire. Then the chief spoke.

"It is well that you did not shoot, my brother," he said, "for this beast is sacred. Had you slain him some great misfortune would have befallen us. See they seek our fire knowing that the great Inua will protect them, and it is for us to feed and shelter Cabria and his brother till the Chinook bears again the fragrance of the Golden Rod."

## THE FLOWER GARDEN ON THE PRAIRIES—Continued from page 20

Passing on to the Perennials, we find many old favorites, such as Golden Glow, Canterbury Bell, Columbine, Bleeding Heart, Larkspur, Iris, Perennial Phlox, Peony, Gypsophilla, Oriental and Iceland Poppy, Sweet William, Pinks and Pyrethrum Roseum.

I would not advise to raise all of these from seed, but rather buy the roots or plants. There are a number, however, that would not be difficult to raise from seed, but you would not get much bloom the first year. Perennials can be left in the ground over winter, but should be covered with strawy manure or other litter.

Of the less hardy varieties, I might mention the Dahlia, roots of which may be planted in the spring, will give a good show of bloom during the late summer, but the roots must be dug up after the first few frosts and stored in the cellar over winter. The Foxglove and Hollyhock are very desirable plants

but are not hardy enough to stand a severe winter.

The above list of plants although by no means complete, will give some idea of those varieties that may be expected to grow and give satisfaction under prairie conditions.

We will assume now that planting time has arrived and that you are going to start on your mixed flower border. I would advise you to start in a small way and gradually increase as you become familiar with plants and their requirements. For a start you could have a border from 5 to 10 feet wide and from 20 to 30 feet long, or even less, it depends on the time and money you wish to spend on it.

When it comes to the actual arrangement and planting you will find plenty of scope for exercising your good taste and judgment. You will need to bear in mind the various heights to which your plants

Continued on page 64



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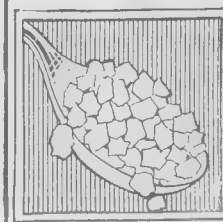
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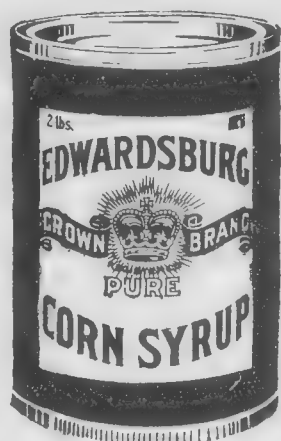
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and Pyrethrum may be planted from 6 to 9 inches apart, while the larger and more spreading varieties like the Larkspur, Bleeding Heart, Iris, etc., need from 2 to 4 feet of space each.

If the weather is at all hot when the young plants are at first set out it will be necessary to water them frequently, either in the evening or early morning, and in some cases it may be necessary to provide temporary shade.

When your garden is planted and everything growing you will not have a great deal to do apart from keeping all weeds out, with the hand or hoe, and stirring up the soil now and then to conserve the moisture. Some of the taller plants will need to be tied to a stick for support, and all dead bloom should be picked off. This not only improves the appearance of your plants but tends to keep them in bloom longer.

Towards the end of the summer when early frosts may be expected you can often save many of your more tender plants by covering them at night with paper or a piece of burlap supported on sticks driven in the ground.

Just before the severe weather sets in cover your whole border with 3 or 4 inches of strawy manure, having previously marked the position of your perennial plants with small stakes, so that you will not disturb them or possibly dig them out when you begin work again the following Spring.

#### Neighbours

"Well, really my dear,  
I consider it queer  
The style they keep up on nothing a year!  
Looks fishy to me,  
I'm sure you'll agree  
There's something behind it that ought  
not to be!

"That woman! My word,  
Why, surely you heard,  
They tell me her conduct was worse than  
absurd.  
Poor simple young Brown,  
She *did* let him down,  
And now he's a laughing-stock all over  
town!

"A terrible child!  
No wonder I'm wild,  
And his mother actually stood there and  
smiled!  
The best one I had,  
Yes, it just is too bad,  
If I had my way I'd horsewhip that lad.

"Her new 'Girl' can't bake,  
I tasted her cake,  
And it made me so sick I was all of a  
shake.  
Like her pastry, she's tough  
Very dirty and rough,  
I've heard she's so mean she won't feed  
them enough.

"Those two foolish things!  
He thinks she has wings,  
He won't when he finds out a few little  
things.  
As for *him*—did you know?  
Yes! A friend told me so.  
If I weren't kindhearted I'd soon queer  
their show."

Thus every day in every way,  
We're getting worse, so the neighbours say  
—Isobel Wilson

#### Seedin' Time

When the grass is drenched and sparklin'  
And the air is crisp and sweet,  
You'll find the busy farmer  
Aputtin' in his wheat.

Seedin', seedin', seedin',  
'Pears to be a treat  
To the feller sittin' on the drill  
Aputtin' in his wheat.

He's waited long and patient,  
With a pluck that can't be beat,  
But now the sun's ashinin'  
For the seedin' of the wheat

The farmer has the sort o' will  
That never knows defeat—  
And he'll look beyond a hundred clouds  
To the reapin' o' the wheat.

To the reapin' time and harvest,  
When the threshin's all complete;  
When the banker has the money,  
And the miller has the wheat.  
—Frank C. Steele.

### THE FLOWER GARDEN ON THE PRAIRIE—Continued from page 63

will grow and take care that you do not put low growing varieties at the back where they will be hidden by the taller ones. A good arrangement for a border of this kind is to have some shrubby such as Lilac, Honeysuckle, Caragana, Dogwood, Spirea, as a background, or a fence covered with climbers, or even a trellis of lath or chicken wire with Sweet Peas may be made to serve the purpose. In front of this you may plant some of the taller growing perennials like the Golden Glow, Larkspur and Canterbury Bells with some of the taller annuals like the Flowering Tobacco Plant, Cornflower, Marigold and Zinnia. In front of these may be planted some Columbine, Bleeding Heart, Iris, Perennial Phlox, Poppies, Calliopsis and Stocks. These being of medium height,

they should occupy the middle space of the border. As you get towards the edge, lower growing plants should be used until you reach the edge where plants like Alyssum, Ageratum, Phlox Drummondii, Portulaca, Lobelia and Pyrethrum (Golden Feather) should be planted. By such an arrangement you make the most of your different plants. Do not make the mistake, however, of planting each kind in a formal row, but rather plant in clumps and mix them a little. A profusion of bloom is, to my mind, more attractive than flat formal masses of flowers.

Once your border is started you can add to it each year. The annuals, of course, have to be renewed each season, but the perennials will be good for many years. When well established they may

be lifted and divided and replanted. In this way your stock of plants will continually increase so that after a few years you will have to enlarge your border.

I will make a few remarks on the general care of the mixed border during the growing season. As the seedlings come up they should be watched carefully, as they are liable to be eaten off by cutworms; they must be kept free from weeds, and when large enough must be thinned to give them growing room. Neglect to thin them results in weak, sappy plants which will not bear much bloom, and stand a chance of being damaged by wind.

When putting out plants bear in mind the amount of space they are likely to spread over. Small plants like Lobelia



*Mrs. Ruth Arakie Cohen—Continued from page 14*

husband came to Winnipeg where he soon became favorably known in the legal world as one of its brightest young members.

During the first years of her married life, Mrs. Cohen pursued her readings, particularly into the fields of modern poetry and drama, but she did no creative work until her son reached the age of seven. Then her first article appeared. It was on "Eugenics" and came out under the name of Sheila Rand, in the Manitoba Free Press. It was written at a time when the subject was being discussed with great interest on all sides, and for her efforts in this matter she received a check from the paper for \$1.69.

Feeling now that the fortunes of the House of Cohen, if not made, were at least on a solid foundation, Mrs. Cohen was led to further activity, which took the form of reviewing two books which had been given her by a friend, "The War God" and "The Next Religion," both by Israel Zangwell. Success greeted this effort as well, for the articles were run in the Winnipeg Telegram, as editorials, on the literary page, but no check was received.

In due time a letter made its way to Sheila Rand, from Professor Allison, of Manitoba University, who was in charge of the Telegram's literary section, asking if it could be possible for an interview to be arranged between Sheila Rand and himself. The meetings took place, and Mrs. Cohen was told she had "the makings of a good reviewer." She was handed an armful of novels and told to go to work. She went.

From then on, she did a series of reviews, and gazed each week with pleasure on her name in print. However, this being the only glory connected with the work, and as it occurred to her that she might be making a little pin-money if she had a different market for her writing, she agreed to subscribe a column a week to the Winnipeg Post for \$5 a column. At the end of six months she was given an increase of \$2.50 a week, and the paper promptly went on the rocks. However, the editor, who was transferred to the Winnipeg Telegram, took Mrs. Cohen with him and until 1919 she superintended a weekly page of matters of interest to women, book reviewing, and special features, all the while writing because she loved it, and choosing those subjects which interested her most.

Then suddenly, the situation changed. Mr. Cohen died, and it became necessary for Mrs. Cohen to turn the writing, which she loved, to better account from a financial point of view. First of all, she joined the city advertising staff of the T. Eaton Company's Winnipeg store. Here, she came rapidly to the front, and now does more unique and individual writing than any other worker in a similar position in America. Everything from beefsteaks to Hudson seal coats has, and does, come within the scope of her versatile pen, but it is in such features as her children's toy page and her "Teco" column that her work is seen at its best. The former consists of a full page advertisement devoted to Christmas presents which Santa Claus has in store for the little ones. Amidst a profusion of pictures are dozens of little verses describing the various points in connection with the toys planned for the youngsters—just the page a boy or girl could con over for hours before writing that annual letter to the good old saint.

The "Teco" column is written "with a twinkle in the eye, and an imp on the shoulder of the author," as I have heard it expressed by one who did not know who that author was. Accompanied by the "twinkle" and the "imp," Mrs. Cohen roves around the store, poking into corners and seeking purple patches. Her observations on the newest styles and inventions coupled with the best values in the various departments, are to be found, charmingly put together, in a special column devoted to the opinions of one who signs herself with the initials of the store. So much for her "hack" work, which, so far from living up to that name, is just bubbling over with originality and fun.

After hours, the really interesting part of Mrs. Cohen's activity begins. Then it is she finds time to read countless new books and review them, sometimes in prose, and sometimes in rhyme. As a prose critic, she contributes an article for every issue of the "Western Home Monthly," while her rhymed reviews, when coupled with the name of Sheila Rand, have brought her recognition from England and the United States as well as her own Dominion.

That Winnipeg has shown her appreciation of her writer and critic is shown by the fact that Mrs. Cohen is now second vice-president of the Canadian Author's Association. In 1922 she was sent as a delegate to the convention of this association which was held in Ottawa. Then too, she has been asked to carry her thoughts and work before the public of the city on several occasions. In 1921 she took an active part in a "Canadian poets' night" at a meeting of the Dickens' Fellowship, and shortly after, she gave a lecture on books, to children, at the Carnegie library. Last year, she addressed twelve different organizations on literary subjects, in which connection it may be pointed out she looks after all the advertising of the book department of Eaton's store.

Yet Winnipeg is not the only appreciative public. From the Old Country and different parts of the United States have come letters, expressing the senders' sense of the value of Mrs. Cohen's work, be it signed Wilhemina Stitch, Sheila Rand, or as a prose reviewer. From such eminent writers as Hamlin Garland, Eden Philpotts, Joseph Hergesheimer, Archibald Williams and May Sinclair down to the lonely wives of prairie farmers have come lines of appreciation for the work which she has done.

A second "after hours" occupation which is proving remunerative is the composition of the daily "Stitches." These are little fragments of rhymed prose, some whimsical, some sentimental, some clownish, some witty and some real poetry, but all embodying comments, observations or feelings which might be expected from such a young matron as would sign herself "Wilhemina Stitch." The Metropolitan Newspaper Service has the contract for marketing these, and at present they are being run in a dozen or more papers throughout Canada and the United States with every prospect of being sent over even wider fields before the year is out.

From the time she entered the business world, there were two aims at the back of Mrs. Cohen's mind; the first, to bring up her son as she would want her son to be brought up, and the second, to own a house with a fire-place. In 1922, when it seemed as if young Ralph were on the way to fulfilling his mother's ambition for him, the second ambition was also realized. The house with the fire-place was built. Designed after plans laid down by the busy little author, the house for more than a year now has lived up to every expectation, more especially the study, where I defy the laziest person on earth to say he could not write. Cases of books line the walls on two sides. One corner is taken up with a fire-place where birch logs crackle in the winter-time. A filing cabinet and a large window shaded with tan curtains account for the fourth side. A warm toned rug and a few pictures complete the background, while in the centre of the room stands a sturdy desk, hiding a typewriter, and surmounted with a green lamp, and here it is that Ruth Arakie Cohen, Wilhemina Stitch, and Sheila Rand join together to produce articles, rhymes and reviews, with just occasionally a tiny real poem.

When a man or woman can do any duty completely and easily, it is a sure sign that the time has come to step forward to a larger duty, not yet attempted.

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## Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"In Reading There Is Knowledge"

### SOMETHING TO LEARN

When primroses are out in spring  
And small blue violets come between;  
When merry birds sing on boughs green.  
And rills, as soon as 'born, must sing.

When butterflies will make side leaps,  
As though escaped from Nature's hand  
Ere perfect quite, and bees will stand  
Upon their heads in fragrant deeps.

When small clouds are so silvery white  
Each seems a broken, rimmed moon—  
When such things are, this world too  
soon,

For me, doth wear the veil of night.  
William H. Davies

The days are clear  
Day after day,  
When April's here,  
That leads to May,  
And June  
Must follow soon;  
Stay, June stay!  
If only we could stop the moon  
And June!

Christina Rossetti.

**DEAR Boys and Girls of the Cosy Corner:**

I want to tell you this month about something that is on its way to you, a present, a gift, a great happiness—

comes and the sap flows, the buds come out, the leaves appear and the tree is as beautiful as it was the year before. When Christ came into the world nearly two thousand years ago he lived as we did, and died as we will some day, and was buried, but death could not kill Him any more than the frost can kill the trees, and so on Easter morning He rose again breaking through the tomb as the tree buds break through the bark, and because Christ rose from the dead that Easter morning many years ago, we know as surely as Spring follows winter that when we die we will rise again too. That is the beautiful thought that Easter brings us, a thought so part of Spring that I am sure you can hardly think of Spring without thinking of the Resurrection. Spring, April, Easter, three gifts instead of one that come to us this month.

### Something to Make for the Little Ones

#### How to Make Dutch Dolls

These little Dutch people are made from the simplest materials. A small cork is needed for the body. Cut away part of the curved surface in order to get two flat sides for the front and back of the body. For the head, take a medium-sized butter bean. Indian ink should be used to indicate the hair and the features. The head is fastened to the body by means of a long pin put in



"How happy I could be with either!"

Spring. I have lived in this world quite a long time, at least a great deal longer than any of you have, and I have received one of these gifts for every year I have been here and I find it still as beautiful, still as strange, still as much of a surprise as ever.

In the winter the snow lies deep and white on hills and valleys, in towns and cities and country; there are a few sparrows chipping, and sometimes we see a flash of orange-gold against the snow and we know that we have Master Grosbeak with us, but the trees are gray-brown, the sky has a cold blue, and the wind nips even the warmth from the sunshine. And then one day there is a change, we can't see it but we can feel it, there is a greater warmth in the sun, there are thick little tight brown buds on the trees, the sparrows are frisking in and out of mud puddles and even venturing onto the pools of water on the river ice, the snow has become soft and spongy looking and very dirty, but the sky is a warm deep blue, the air no longer nips but is soft and there seems to be a stirring of life everywhere as if the earth were waking from sleep and stretching as we do on waking. By something in ourselves and in the air around us we know even before the first robin comes that spring is here. God has once more kept the world through frost and cold and given to us all again the gift of spring. Isn't it wonderful when you think that if you, with brains and heart and blood were to stand outside even for one night in winter, you would be frozen stiff, and nothing could be done to restore you to life, but the trees stand out there month after month, the frost enters to their very centres, and down to their roots, and yet spring

at the top of the butter bean head and secured by the cork body at the other end. Children are delighted when they find that the pin neck allows the head to turn from side to side. The arms and legs are made from match stalks, pointed at the end to be put into the cork. A bend is made in the arms for the elbow. The wooden sabots are made from pieces of butter bean or cork into which the pointed ends of the match are pushed and kept in place by a drop of secotine.

Any odds and ends of material will make the numerous petticoats which the Dutch women wear, and the little photographs will show how to dress the dolls in everyday and "Sunday-best" costumes.

### Something To Do

**I KNOW** very well how fond you all are of guessing things. Every time we have asked for riddles we have had so many sent us, and the thing I think you all like next best is a competition where you have to find out something yourselves. Now here is an idea. The other day a lady said to me, "Do you know I believe my sister only knows the names of about three flowers, she knows a rose, and a tulip and a pansy but I don't believe she knows any others." The sister was there and she laughed and said she did know many more but she couldn't remember. Now very many of us have been brought up on the prairie and we only know a few garden flowers and a few wild flowers and I think it would be good for us all to know some more and as all our houses are full of seed catalogues now I am going to give you something to do in the gardening line. This is what I



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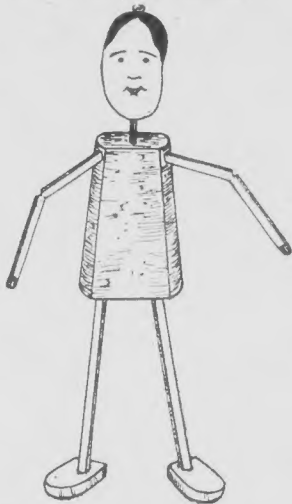
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COSY CORNER—Continued from page 66

want. I am going to give you a long list of flower names, some will be house plants, some will be garden plants, some will be wild flowers. Now I want you to put these in lists—all the house plants together, all the garden plants together and all the wild flowers together, and write opposite each a very short description of the plant and flower. For the boy or girl who makes the best list there will be half a dozen packages of flower seeds to plant in your garden, and a gold button as well, now how do you like, that for a prize? For the next best list there will be three packages of flower seeds and a button. So now get out your seed catalogues and encyclopedias and you will be introduced to some plants and flowers you have not before considered your neighbors.



Frame-work of Dutch dolls.

- |                         |                       |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 Cineraria             | 22 Begonia            |
| 2 Aspidistra            | 23 Aster              |
| 3 Trumpet vine          | 24 Pelargonium        |
| 4 Clematis              | 25 Columbine          |
| 5 Wind flower           | 26 Narcissus          |
| 6 Dutchman's pipe       | 27 Heliotrope         |
| 7 Freezia               | 28 Phlox              |
| 8 Sweet briar           | 29 Azaleas            |
| 9 Gloxinia              | 30 Clover             |
| 10 Rose                 | 31 Oriental poppy     |
| 11 Cactus               | 32 Boston fern        |
| 12 Oleandar             | 33 Chrysanthemum      |
| 13 False Solomon's Seal | 34 Delphinium         |
| 14 Meadowsweet.         | 35 Shasta daisy       |
| 15 Anemone              | 37 Carnation          |
| 16 Nicotiana            | 36 Painted Cup        |
| 17 Salpiglossis         | 38 Poinsettia         |
| 18 Indian pipe          | 39 Fuschia            |
| 19 Cyclamen             | 40 Hyacinth           |
| 20 Milkweed             | 41 Lily of the valley |
| 21 Foxglove             | 42 Wandering Jew      |

On the Trail to Lac La Biche  
'Tis dusk on the trail to Lac La Biche,  
'Tis dusk and I'm alone.  
The gloom is deep in the leafless woods  
And there's weirdness in the moan  
Of the wind as it croons its evening song,  
But I force a whistle and stride along.

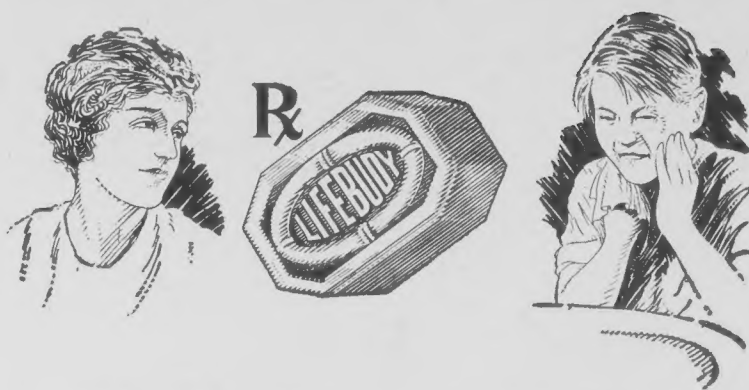
The air grows chill with a rising mist,  
The skies are promising rain.  
From a field of barley somewhere near  
Comes the scent of frozen grain.  
A wagon rumbles far down the road,  
Some settler returning with his load.

The night comes down o'er the northern land,  
Starless and lonely and black.  
An eerie, old owl begins to hoot  
In a creaking tamarack.  
And phantom spirits menacingly  
Slide out of the woods to follow me.

The dead leaves rustle about my feet,  
Winter will silence them soon.  
The woods seem alive with moving things,  
And tonight there'll be no moon;  
But here and there some homesteader's light  
Shines and twinkles out into the night.

The road is rutted with recent rains  
And I find it hard to tread;  
But I hurry along as best I can  
And think of what lies ahead.  
Ten miles have I come since the sun  
Went down.

Another ten and I'll enter the town.  
Mabel Lockhart.



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| Petunia    | Lettuce    |
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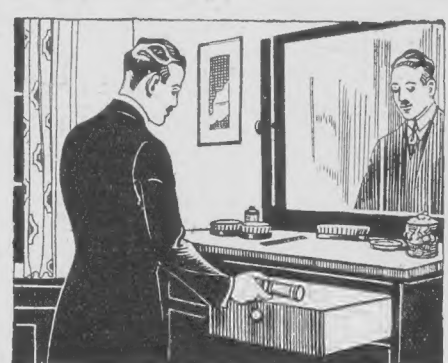
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# WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING



## Sometimes by Bullets, not Ballots

In Mexico, Presidential elections are settled by an uprising vote.—Prince Albert Herald.

## So Many Other Things, Too

Paying taxes, of course, wouldn't be so bad if there weren't so many other things to pay.—Lethbridge Herald.

## Cause and Effect

Those who ride fast over railroad crossings often follow it with a very slow ride a few days thereafter.—Crystal City, Courier.

## A Few Earnest Words from a Worker

Today the editors of the local papers do most work for the least money of any people living.—Hanna Herald.

## A Voice from the Banks of the Wabash

Another thing that this country needs is to turn some of the corn speculators into corn huskers.—Wabash Times-Star.

## There Are Many Such Cases

Many a man who has worked from the bottom has a son who is working down from the top.—New York World.

## Liquor That's Fatal

Much of this present-day whisky is aged in the wood, but the wood is provided by the undertaker.—Buffalo Courier.

## Some Music Certainly Does

Marquette University has given Sousa a degree. He is a Doctor of Music. Well, music needs one.—Cleveland Press.

## Financial Item

A really first class currency is, of course, not a great deal of use unless you are getting hold of some of it.—Saskatoon Star.

## A Remark from the South

To be convicted of murder these days, it would seem that one also has to shoot one of the jurors trying the case.—San Francisco Bulletin.

## Religion

A magazine writer says we need a new religion. But let's not do anything rash until we try the old one.—Brooklyn Eagle.

## Atishoo!

A Vienna doctor says he can tell character by the way a person sneezes. It sounds to us like atishoo of nonsense.—London Opinion.

## There Are Many Such in Every Neighborhood

One of the compensations of this existence is that a girl can be darned good looking without winning a beauty contest.—Milwaukee Journal.

## An Advantage of Radio

One fine thing about broadcasting campaign speeches by radio—it is easier to turn the switch than it is to get up and walk out.—Omaha Bee.

## Some Of Them Are Almost That Bad

That philosopher who says no new crime has been invented in a thousand years hasn't heard many of the new popular songs.—New York Tribune.

## Health Note

"A healthy optimism is a great asset to a doctor," says Dr. Edwin Smith. Providing, of course, that it doesn't belong to his patients.—Minneapolis Journal.

## But Now He Has Been Dug Out

Whatever Tut may or may not have been, when it came to getting buried he certainly knew how to dig himself in.—Nelson News.

## That "Static" Sizzling

Another thing that would help the radio would be if they would get the elements to stop frying beef-steak in the air.—Neepawa Press.

## Two Reducers of Population

Two other reasons why the growth of population in Canada is not more rapid are the number of level crossings and the lack of careful regard for safety first.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

## They Are More Than Willing to Admit It

You have to admire the frankness of the movie producers. They are always willing to admit that their pictures are good.—Calgary Herald.

## Some Are Both Carless and Careless

We sometimes think, after reading the accident lists, that our citizens are divided into two classes, the carless and the careless.—Hamilton Spectator.

## A Frivolous Remark

They have found an ostrich fan in the tomb of King Tut, and the scientists are now at work looking for the powder puff.—Wetaskawin Times.

## Germany Did Not Do So Last Time

It is now said by impartial observers that Germany is preparing for the next war. Well, we hope she is preparing to pay for it.—Philadelphia North American.

## This Flighty World of Ours

Twenty years ago the Wright brothers made their first flight, and it may be added that the old world has flown a mighty long distance since then.—Boston Transcript.

## Different Ways of Getting Together

The cables say that France and Germany are gradually getting together. The last time that they did that was in 1914.—Toronto Star.

## A Thing That's True of Not a Few

Well, of a lot of us it can be said that we never hurt the country by hoarding up our money and keeping it out of circulation.—Moose Jaw Times.

## Russian Regimes, New and Old

A report from Moscow says that Russians are still being exiled to Siberia. The new day in Russia looks a good deal like the old day.—Chicago Tribune.

## Vastly Different—for the Opposition

In England they call on the opposition to form the government. In Russia they call in the undertaker to take charge of opposition.—Edmonton Journal.

## For the Fronts of Locomotives

Pending the elimination of grade-crossings, the locomotive designers might at least replace the antiquated cow-catcher with some sort of automobile mit.—Boston Herald.

## A Problem

We see where a choir sang "Scots Wha Hae" the other night. We know they hae, all right, but the point is: How are we going to get it away from them?—Fort William Times-Journal.

## Efficiency

Kansas City thieves now drive up to a residence in a truck and tote away everything that is loose, and yet a scientist says we are all less than 25 per cent. efficient.—Fargo Tribune.

## A Voice from Ottawa

Hull, England, may change its name because of confusion with Hull, Canada. But look at all the confusion Ottawa has had, although the name is different.—Ottawa Citizen.

## Lots of Shooting Going On

Between the Ku Klux Klan, the bank bandits, women shooting their husbands, etc., etc., the revolver selling industry should be quite brisk in the United States.—Victoria Colonist.

## Amending the U.S. Constitution

Eighty new amendments to the Constitution already have been proposed in Congress. It won't be long until we may be referring to the Constitution as our amendments.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Wheels

"The six-wheel car is coming," says a motor expert. The average pedestrian is apathetic. By the time the two front wheels have passed over him, he is past caring how many more there are.—Montreal Herald.

## A Buoyant Baby

A baby carriage was blown off the docks in New York recently during a high wind, and the baby floated to the shore. A Moosomin editor suggests the baby must have been a buoy.—Weyburn Herald.

## Manitoba's High Birth Rate

Outside of Quebec, Manitoba has the highest birth rate of the provinces of Canada. British Columbia is the lowest. This was for 1923, which wasn't a particularly good year for Manitoba.—The Pas Herald.

## A Dangerous Calling

A gang of bandits in Florida are being pursued vigorously with bloodhounds. The nervous wear and tear of being a bandit must be very considerable, even apart from the other risks in this profession.—Winnipeg Tribune.

## Then and Now

A century ago it was believed by men having some claims to statesmanship that the British colonies were not fit for self-government. Nowadays the most conspicuous examples of that kind of unfitness are found in Europe.—Montreal Gazette.

## Australian Labor Combats Communism

The Australian Labor party is trying to combat communism within its ranks. The Labor M.P.'s are contributing money to help fight the communists, realizing, no doubt, that there is nothing in common between democratic government and communism.—Yorkton Press.

## For a Two-Cent Letter Rate

The 3-cent rate in Canada is a war tax to the extent at least of the 1-cent additional rate which was added to our letter postage during the war. It is time that a good many of these war taxes were abolished, but first of all, we think, the extra postal rate.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

## They Must Be Queer Birds

Canada is far from being the worst place in the world. For instance, a scientist has found in the mountains of northern California a tribe of Indians whose only means of communicating with each other is by whistling. We would hate to have to sit in their legislature.—Selkirk Record.

## A Bird it is Hard to Beat

For grit, ginger, and ability to stand the gaff on a light stomach you have to hand it to the English sparrow. He's one bird that doesn't quit the country on account of not liking this or that. It might not be a bad idea to typify the spirit of the sparrow by giving him a place on the Canadian coat-of-arms.—Calgary Albertan.

## Knocking the H.B.R.

The Hudson Bay Railway is having its knocks, but then, so had the C.P.R., the whole of Western Canada, Cobalt, anti-slavery, representative government, democracy, the flying machine, etc., etc. When scientists were told that a certain baseball pitcher could throw a curving ball they said it was not possible.—Brandon Sun.

## All Criminality is Expensive

The widows of two police officers who met their deaths while trying to capture Leo Rogers, the northern Ontario bandit, have been granted annuities by the Ontario government. Each will receive \$2,500 a year. In ten years this will amount to \$50,000. A bandit is an expensive member of society.—Duluth Herald.

## If They Had a Chance

The papers contain a despatch that Albania has been seeking fruitlessly for a king for three years, and had been unable to obtain one. Under the circumstances it is about to become a republic. It is regrettable that this was not known sooner in Winnipeg. There are a number of fellows around here who would make first class kings if they had a chance.—Winnipeg Free Press.

## Putting Too Much on the Schools

The reason the school breaks down at so many points is because it is overloaded with tasks that do not belong to it. More and more the school is being asked to take over the duties and responsibilities of the family, the Church and the many-sided associations of which human society is composed. Properly conceived, the school is but one element or agent in the work of education.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

## Co-operation That Would Be Far-Reaching

Soil, seed, life, weather—out of this complication of mysteries the farmer and his wife must earn their living. Farming is the most basic of all callings, resting on the naked bosom of Nature; it is the essential stuff of all economies, systems of banking, and commercial and industry; and the co-operative principle applied to it and wrought out in it, would have effects reaching into all other business activities.—Toronto Globe.

## The Jury System

The jury system is the best system that can—in the present state of society—be applied to the correction of human misconduct. That verdicts are often stupid is true. But there is no reason to believe that substituting the decision of the presiding judge for the verdict of twelve citizens would improve matters. Indeed, it is doubtful if any judge could be persuaded to accept the responsibility of deciding the fate of a man on trial for his life.—Toronto Telegram.

## A Wonderful Age, in Many Ways

Frozen into the ice far up in the Arctic the explorer McMillan sat down on Christmas eve and chatted with his sister in Chicago. Thousands of miles of space, leagues of mountains, frozen wastes, and sea divided them, but they were able to exchange Christmas greetings as though talking across a street. Truly we live in a wonderful age. Hardly more than fifty years ago, before the cable was laid, it took a month to send a letter to London.—Ottawa Citizen.